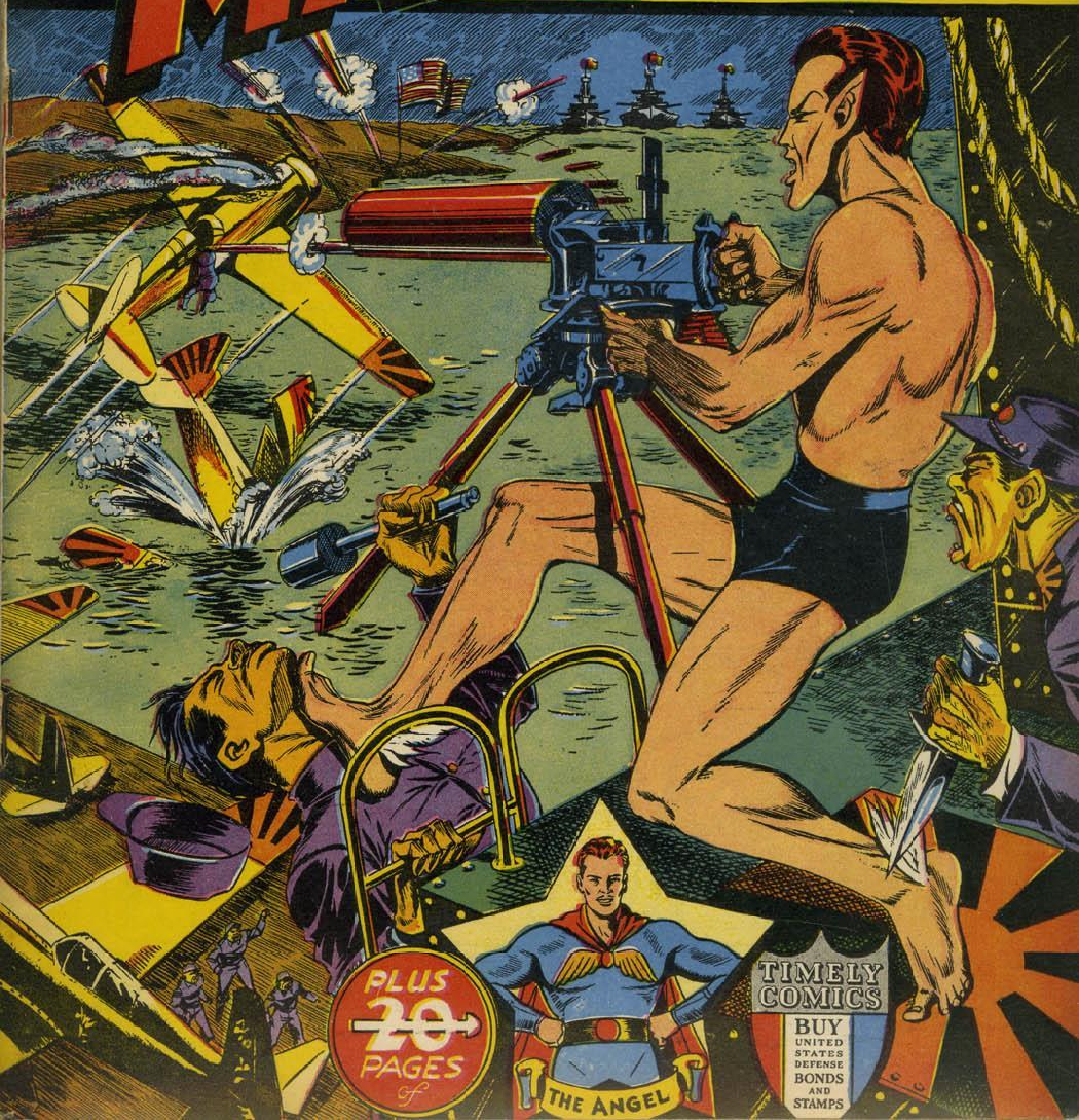
# SUB-MARINER COMICS

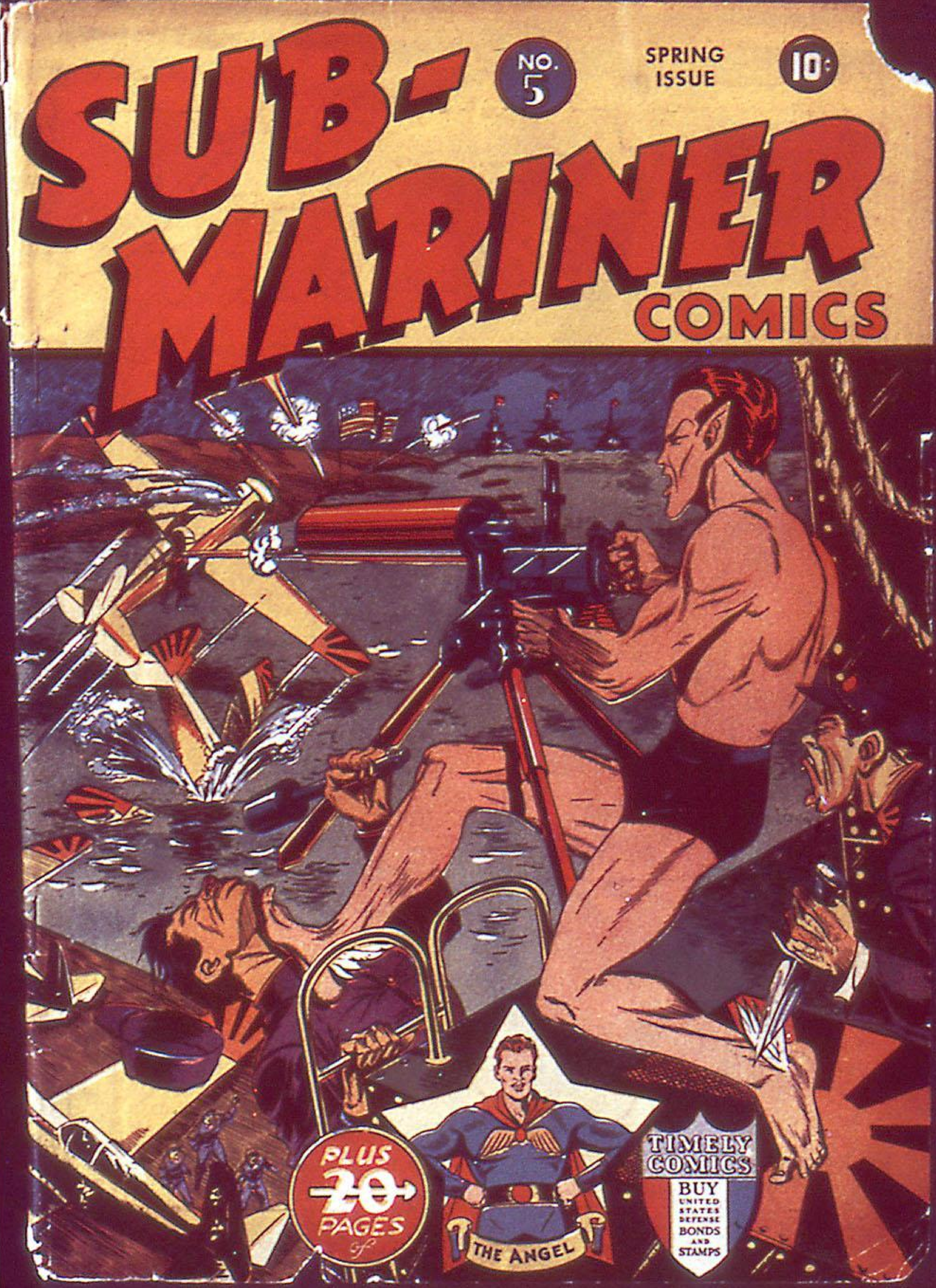
NO. 5

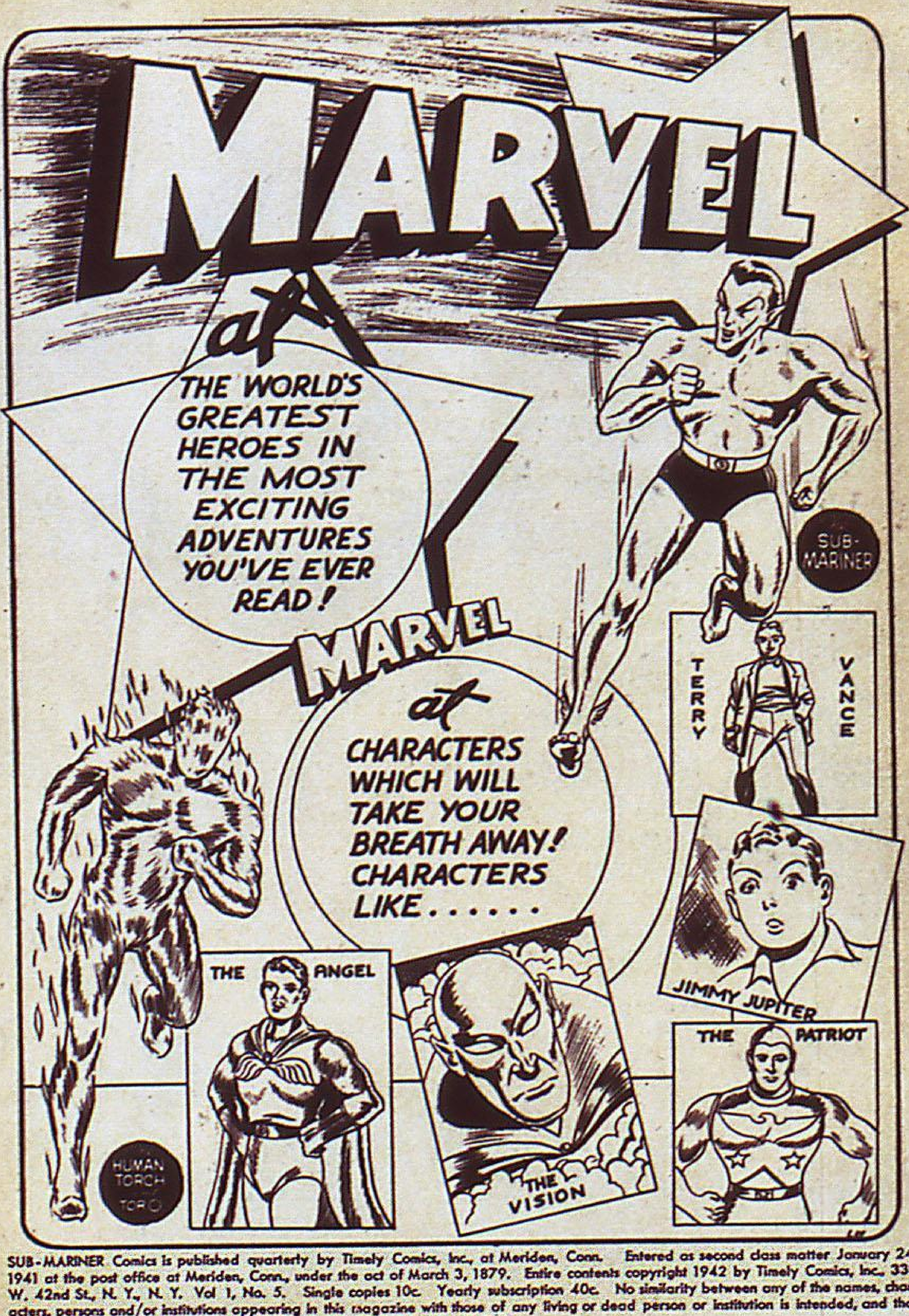
SPRING ISSUE

10¢

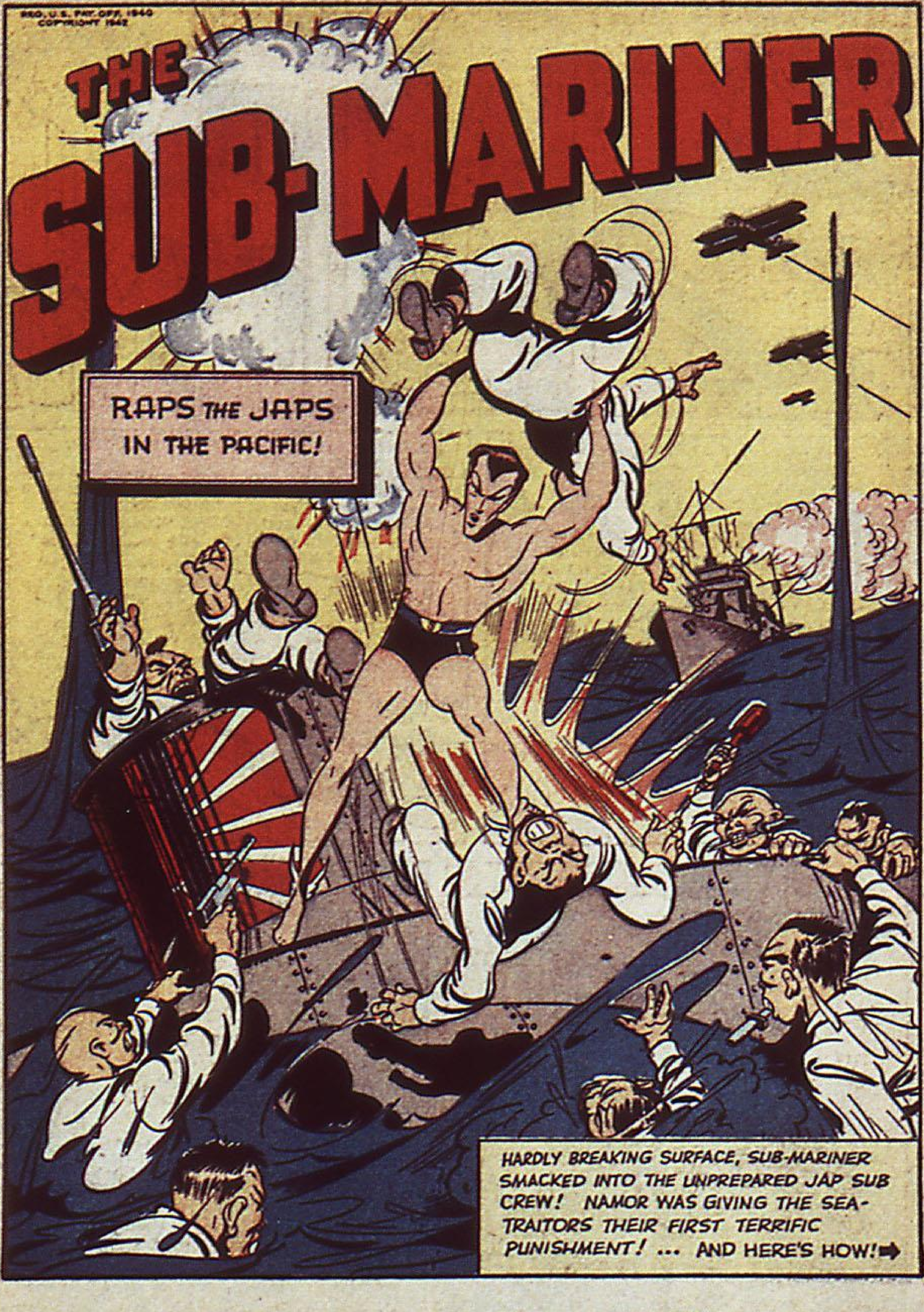
A 4/28

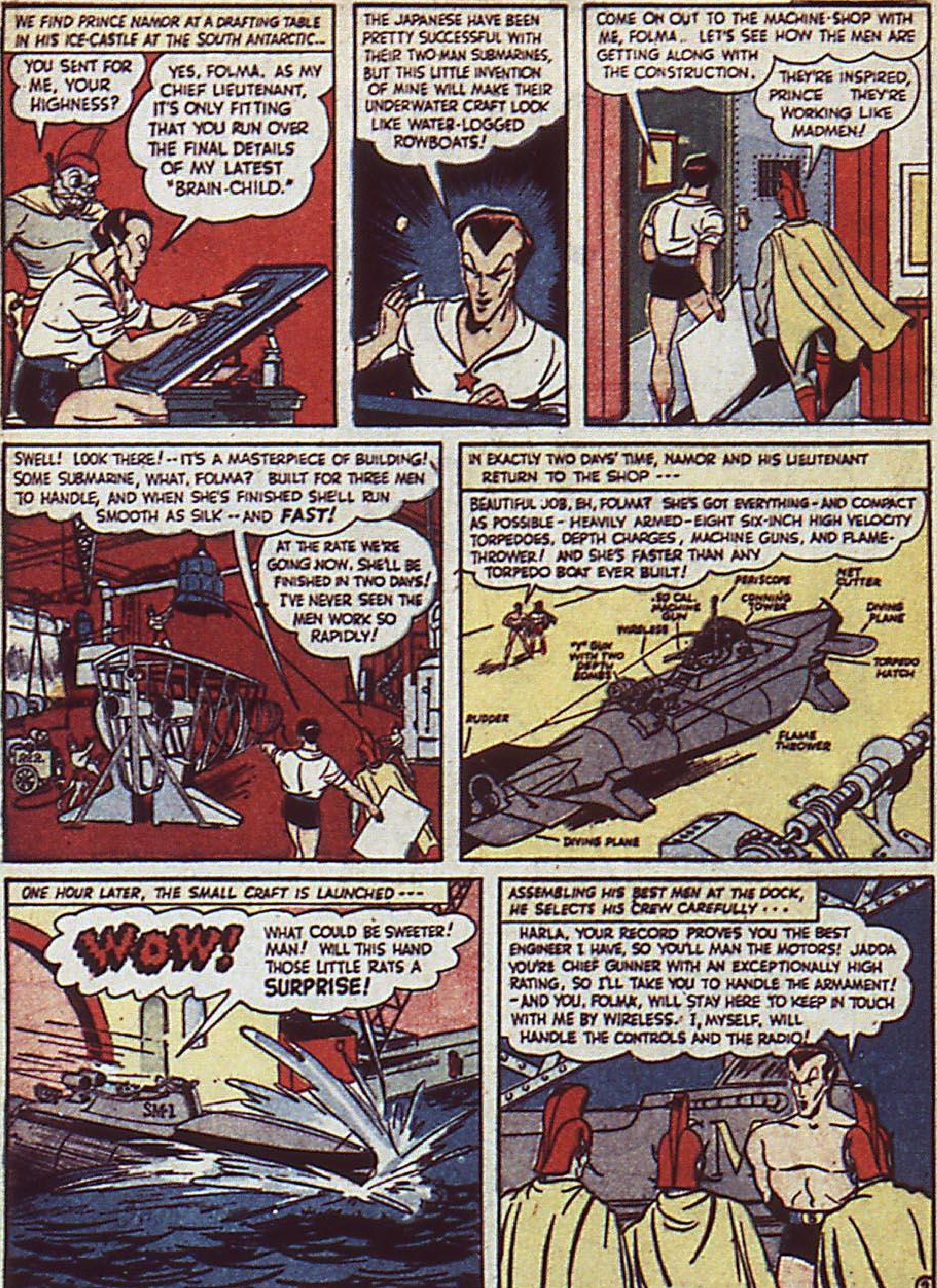

PLUS 20 PAGES of THE ANGEL
TIMELY COMICS
BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

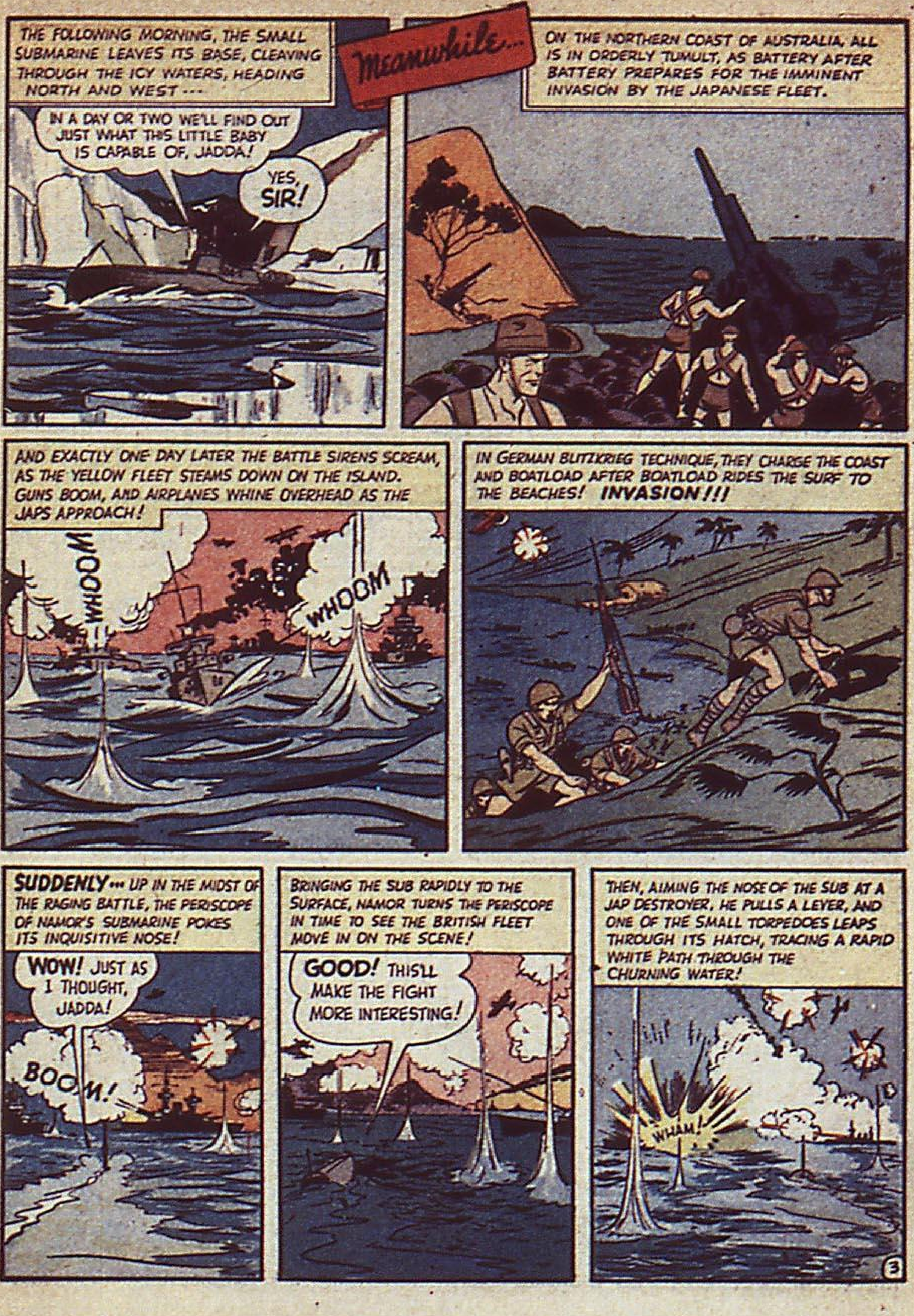

SUB-MARINER COMICS
NO. 5
SPRING ISSUE
10¢
PLUS 20 PAGES of
THE ANGEL
TIMELY COMICS
BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

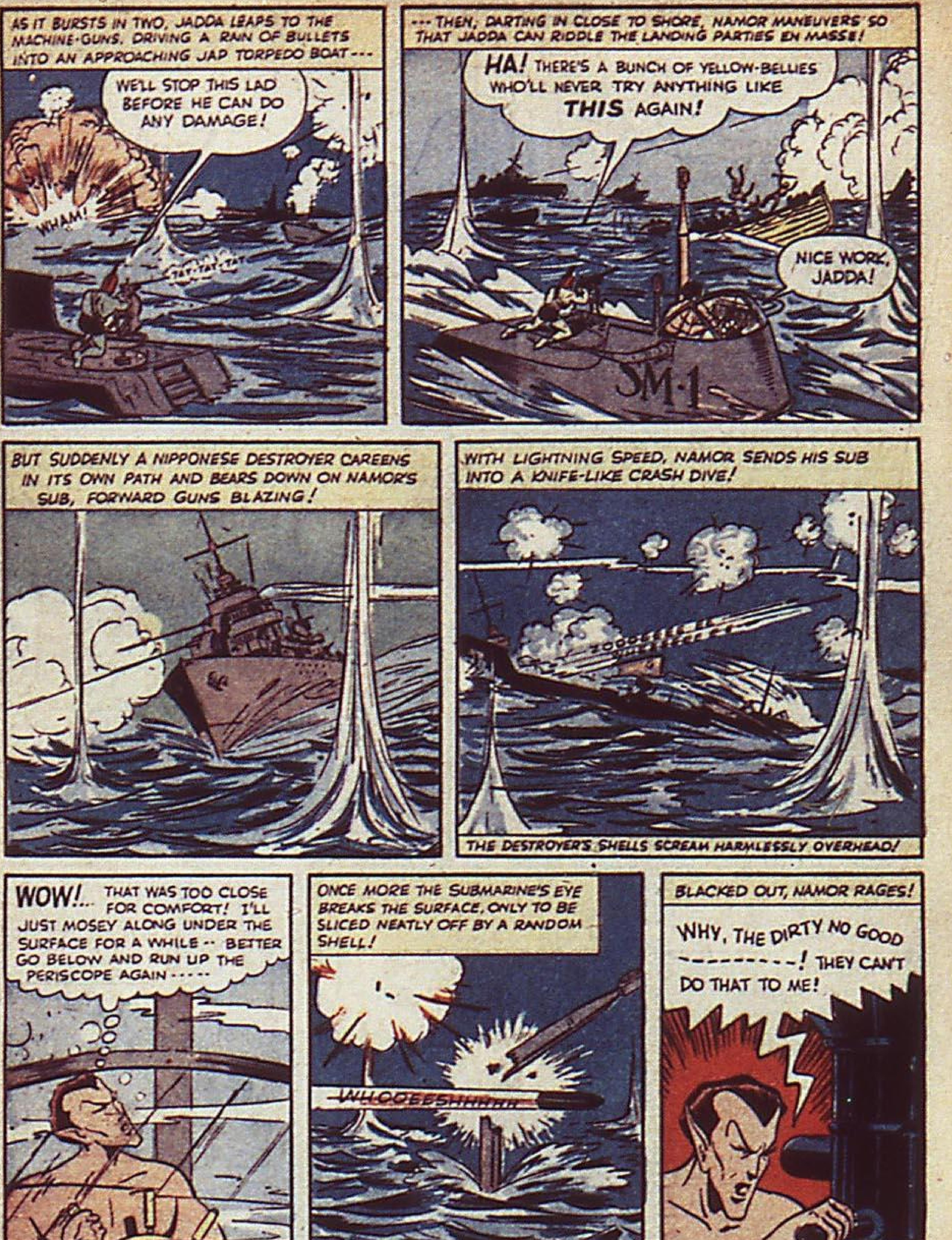

MARVEL
at
THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEROES IN THE MOST EXCITING ADVENTURES YOU'VE EVER READ!
MARVEL
at
CHARACTERS WHICH WILL TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY! CHARACTERS LIKE......
SUB-MARINER
TERRY VANCE
JIMMY JUPITER
THE PATRIOT
THE VISION
THE ANGEL
HUMAN TORCH TORO

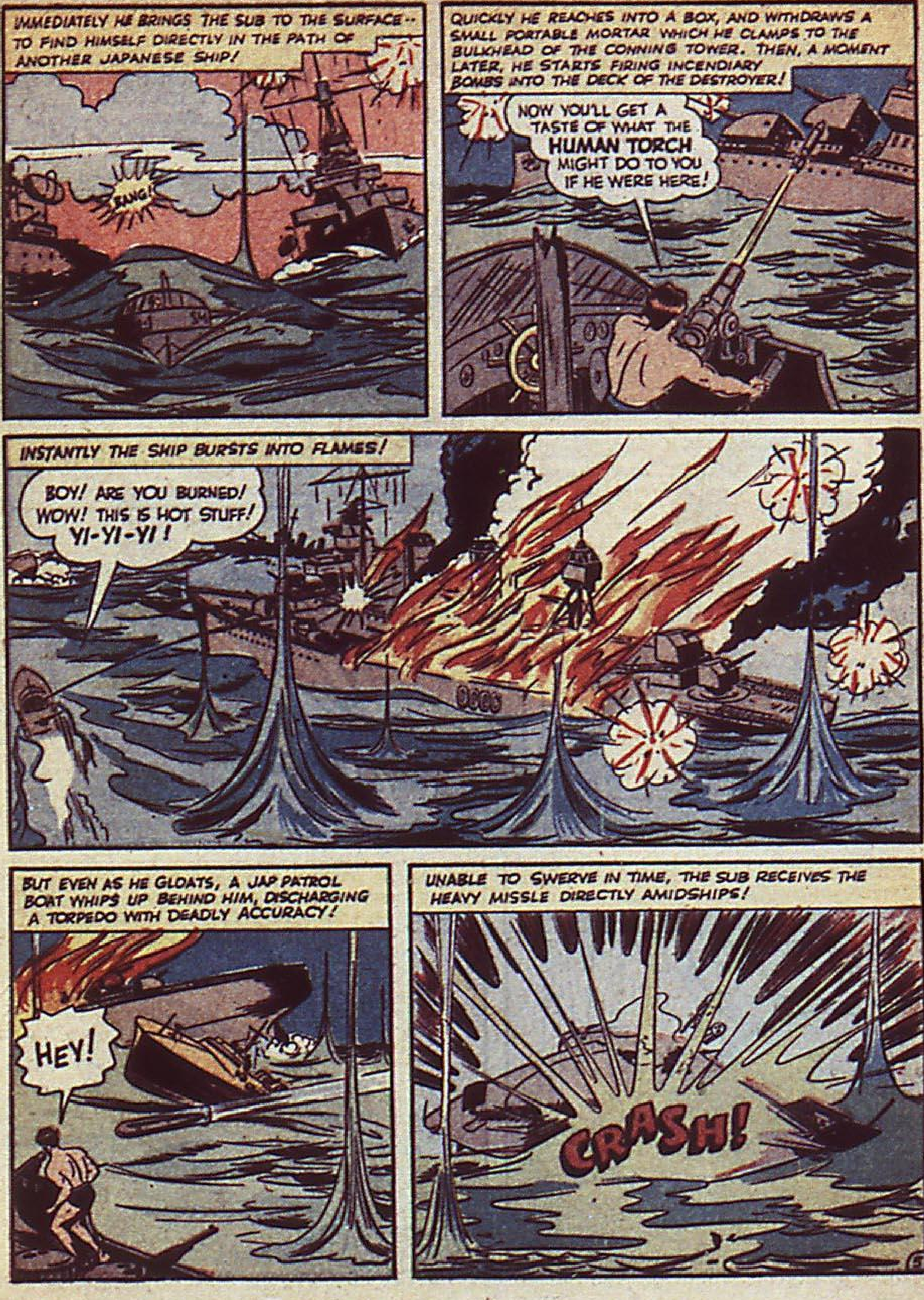
SUB-MARINER Comics is published quarterly by Timely Comics, Inc., at Meriden, Conn. Entered as second class matter January 24, 1941 at the post office at Meriden, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Entire contents copyright 1942 by Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y., N. Y. Vol 1, No. 5. Single copies 10c. Yearly subscription 40c. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and that any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in U. S. A.

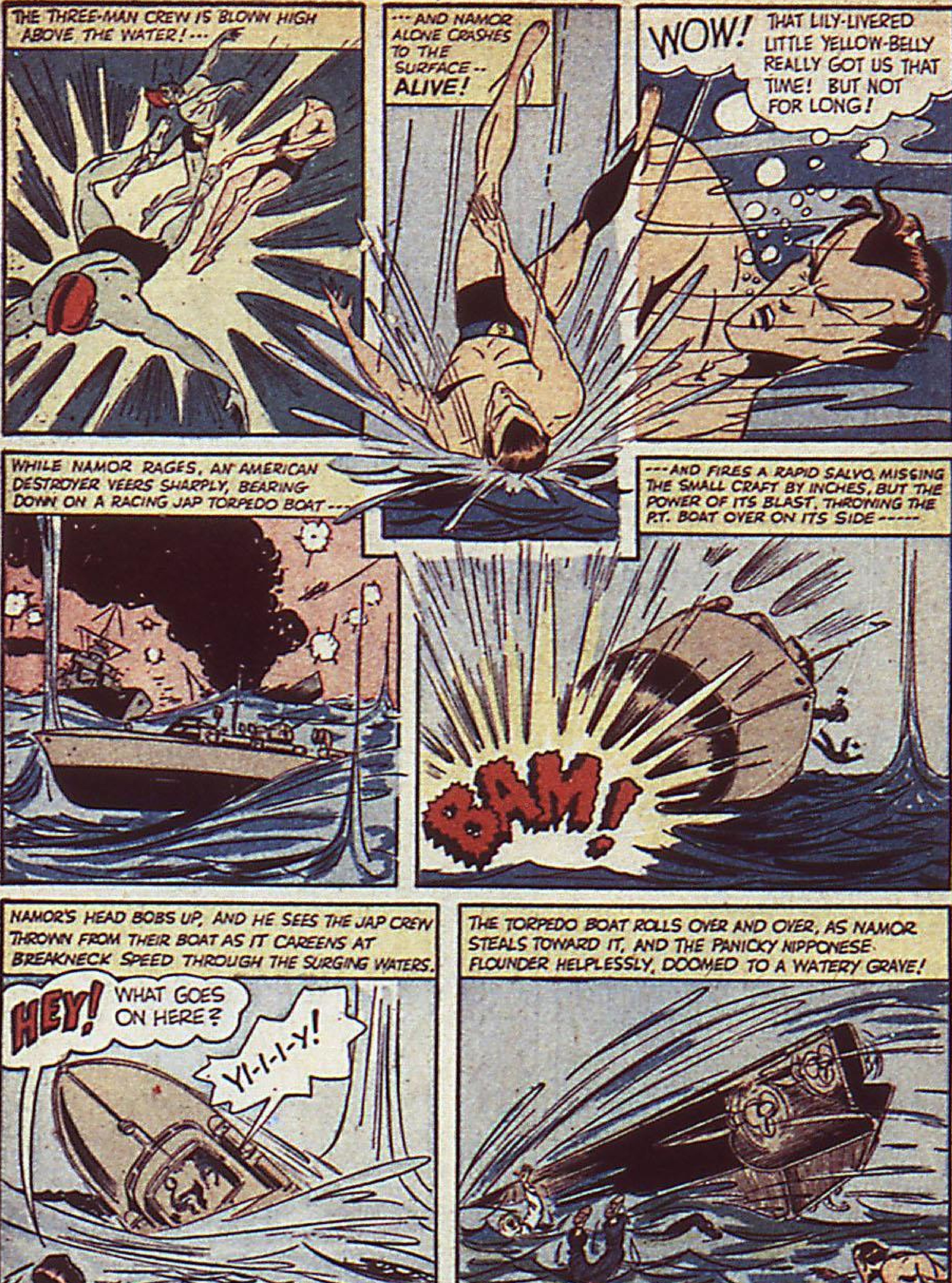

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
COPYRIGHT 1942
THE SUB-MARINER
RAPS THE JAPS IN THE PACIFIC!
HARDLY BREAKING SURFACE, SUB-MARINER SMACKED INTO THE UNPREPARED JAP SUB CREW! NAMOR WAS GIVING THE SEA-TRAITORS THEIR FIRST TERRIFIC PUNISHMENT! ... AND HERE'S HOW!➡

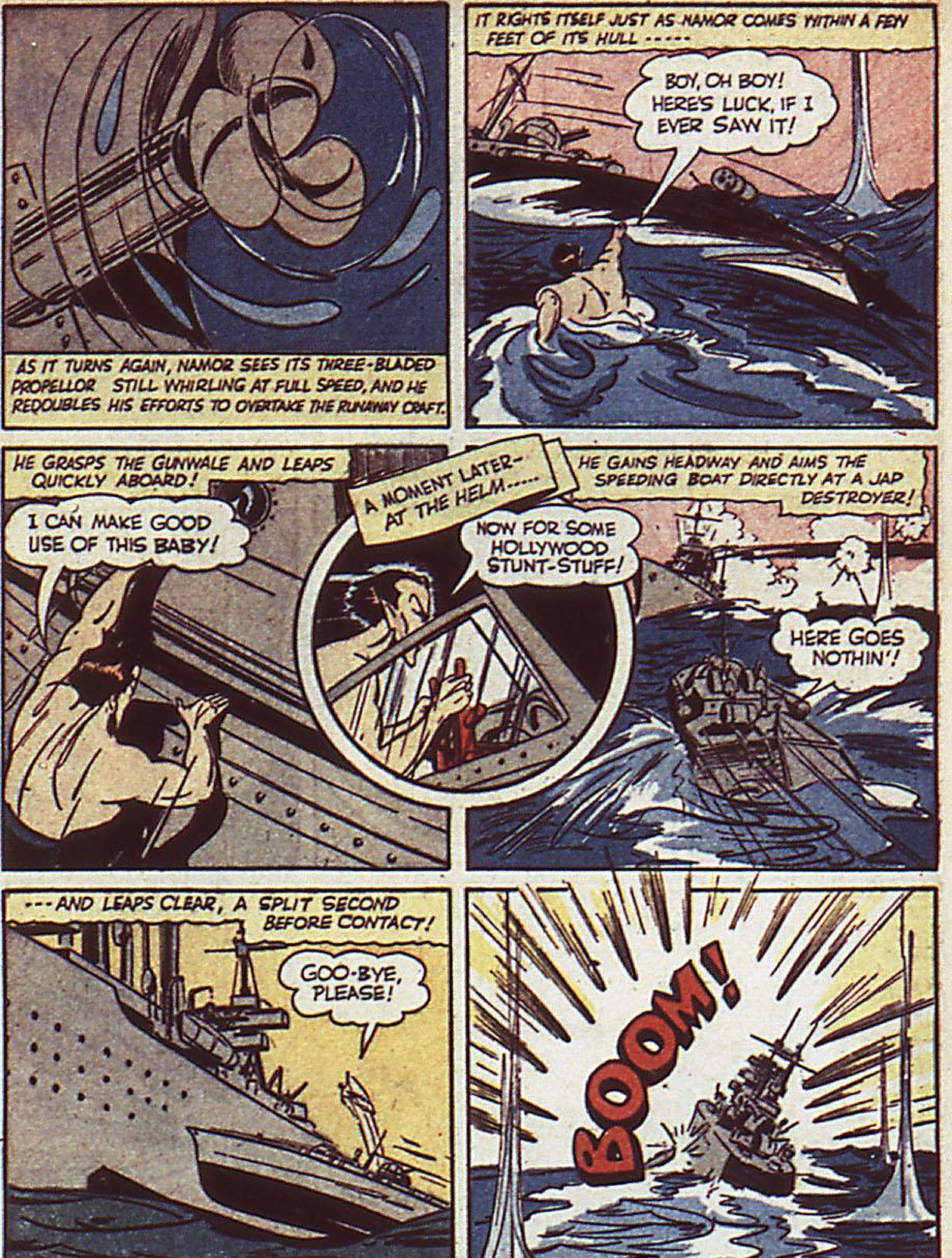

WE FIND PRINCE NAMOR AT A DRAFTING TABLE IN HIS ICE-CASTLE AT THE SOUTH ANTARCTIC..
YOU SENT FOR ME, YOUR HIGHNESS?
YES, FOLMA. AS MY CHIEF LIEUTENANT, IT'S ONLY FITTING THAT YOU RUN OVER THE FINAL DETAILS OF MY LATEST "BRAIN-CHILD."
THE JAPANESE HAVE BEEN PRETTY SUCCESSFUL WITH THEIR TWO-MAN SUBMARINES, BUT THIS LITTLE INVENTION OF MINE WILL MAKE THEIR UNDERWATER CRAFT LOOK LIKE WATER-LOGGED ROWBOATS!
COME ON OUT TO THE MACHINE-SHOP WITH ME, FOLMA.. LET'S SEE HOW THE MEN ARE GETTING ALONG WITH THE CONSTRUCTION.
THEY'RE INSPIRED, PRINCE THEY'RE WORKING LIKE MADMEN!
SWELL! LOOK THERE! --IT'S A MASTERPIECE OF BUILDING! SOME SUBMARINE, WHAT, FOLMA? BUILT FOR THREE MEN TO HANDLE, AND WHEN SHE'S FINISHED SHE'LL RUN SMOOTH AS SILK --AND FAST!
AT THE RATE WE'RE GOING NOW, SHE'LL BE FINISHED IN TWO DAYS! I'VE NEVER SEEN THE MEN WORK SO RAPIDLY!
IN EXACTLY TWO DAYS' TIME, NAMOR AND HIS LIEUTENANT RETURN TO THE SHOP ---
BEAUTIFUL JOB, EH, FOLMA? SHE'S GOT EVERYTHING - AND COMPACT AS POSSIBLE - HEAVILY ARMED - EIGHT SIX-INCH HIGH VELOCITY TORPEDOES, DEPTH CHARGES, MACHINE GUNS, AND FLAME-THROWER! AND SHE'S FASTER THAN ANY TORPEDO BOAT EVER BUILT!
PERISCOPE
NET CUTTER
.50 CAL. MACHINE GUN
CONNING TOWER
DIVING PLANE
WIRELESS
"Y" GUN WITH TWO DEPTH BOMBS
TORPEDO HATCH
RUDDER
FLAME THROWER
DIVING PLANE
ONE HOUR LATER, THE SMALL CRAFT IS LAUNCHED ---
WOW!
WHAT COULD BE SWEETER! MAN! WILL THIS HAND THOSE LITTLE RATS A SURPRISE!
SM-1
ASSEMBLING HIS BEST MEN AT THE DOCK, HE SELECTS HIS CREW CAREFULLY . . .
HARLA, YOUR RECORD PROVES YOU THE BEST ENGINEER I HAVE, SO YOU'LL MAN THE MOTORS! JADDA YOU'RE CHIEF GUNNER WITH AN EXCEPTIONALLY HIGH RATING, SO I'LL TAKE YOU TO HANDLE THE ARMAMENT! -AND YOU, FOLMA, WILL STAY HERE TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH ME BY WIRELESS. I, MYSELF, WILL HANDLE THE CONTROLS AND THE RADIO!

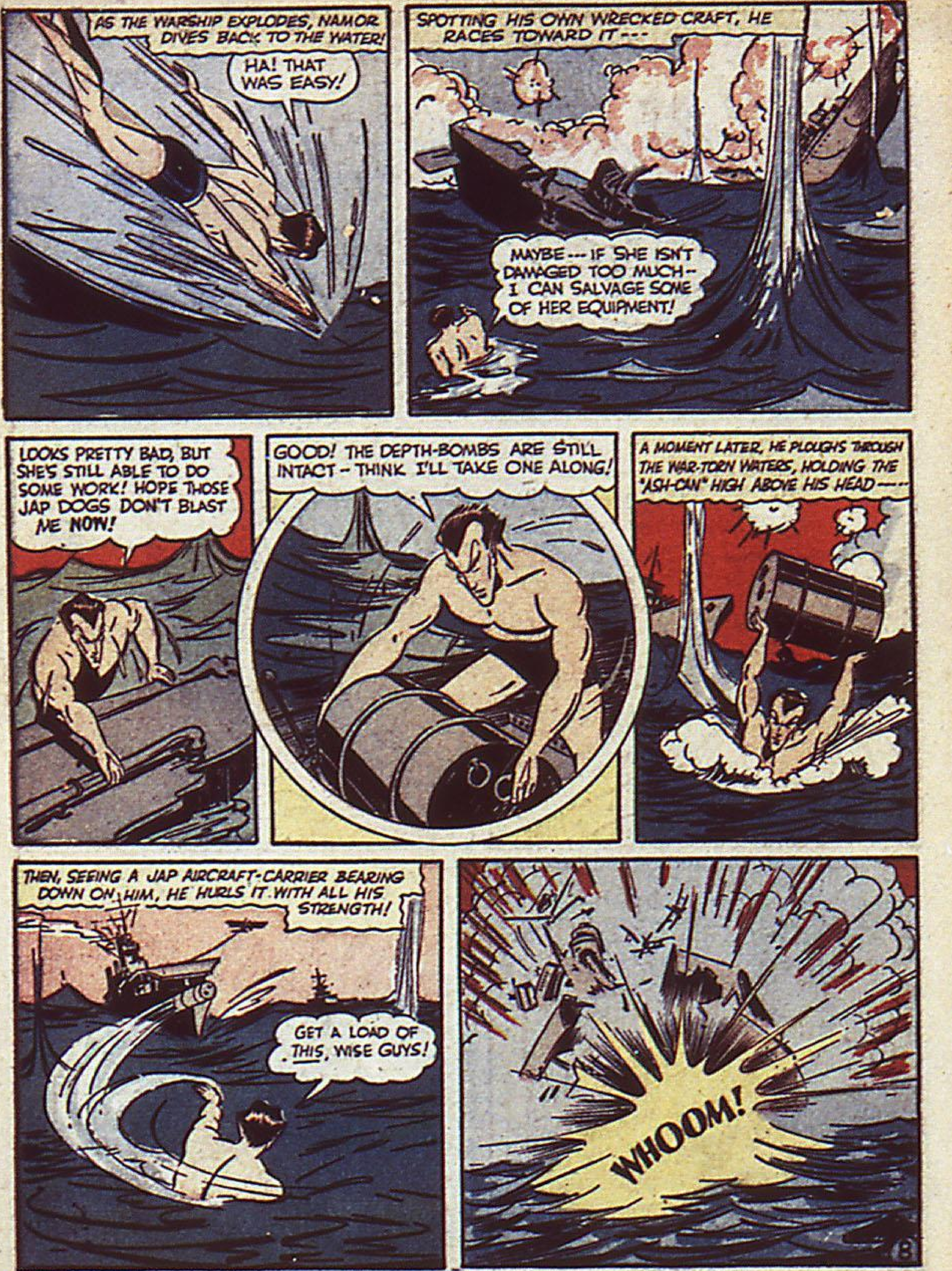

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THE SMALL SUBMARINE LEAVES ITS BASE, CLEAVING THROUGH THE ICY WATERS, HEADING NORTH AND WEST ---
IN A DAY OR TWO WE'LL FIND OUT JUST WHAT THIS LITTLE BABY IS CAPABLE OF, JADDA!
YES, SIR!
Meanwhile...
ON THE NORTHERN COAST OF AUSTRALIA, ALL IS IN ORDERLY TUMULT, AS BATTERY AFTER BATTERY PREPARES FOR THE IMMINENT INVASION BY THE JAPANESE FLEET.
AND EXACTLY ONE DAY LATER THE BATTLE SIRENS SCREAM, AS THE YELLOW FLEET STEAMS DOWN ON THE ISLAND. GUNS BOOM, AND AIRPLANES WHINE OVERHEAD AS THE JAPS APPROACH!
WHOOM
WHOOM
IN GERMAN BLITZKRIEG TECHNIQUE, THEY CHARGE THE COAST AND BOATLOAD AFTER BOATLOAD RIDES THE SURF TO THE BEACHES! INVASION!!!
SUDDENLY--- UP IN THE MIDST OF THE RAGING BATTLE, THE PERISCOPE OF NAMOR'S SUBMARINE POKES ITS INQUISITIVE NOSE!
WOW! JUST AS I THOUGHT, JADDA!
BOOM!
BRINGING THE SUB RAPIDLY TO THE SURFACE, NAMOR TURNS THE PERISCOPE IN TIME TO SEE THE BRITISH FLEET MOVE IN ON THE SCENE!
GOOD! THIS'LL MAKE THE FIGHT MORE INTERESTING!
THEN, AIMING THE NOSE OF THE SUB AT A JAP DESTROYER, HE PULLS A LEVER, AND ONE OF THE SMALL TORPEDOES LEAPS THROUGH ITS HATCH, TRACING A RAPID WHITE PATH THROUGH THE CHURNING WATER!
WHAM!

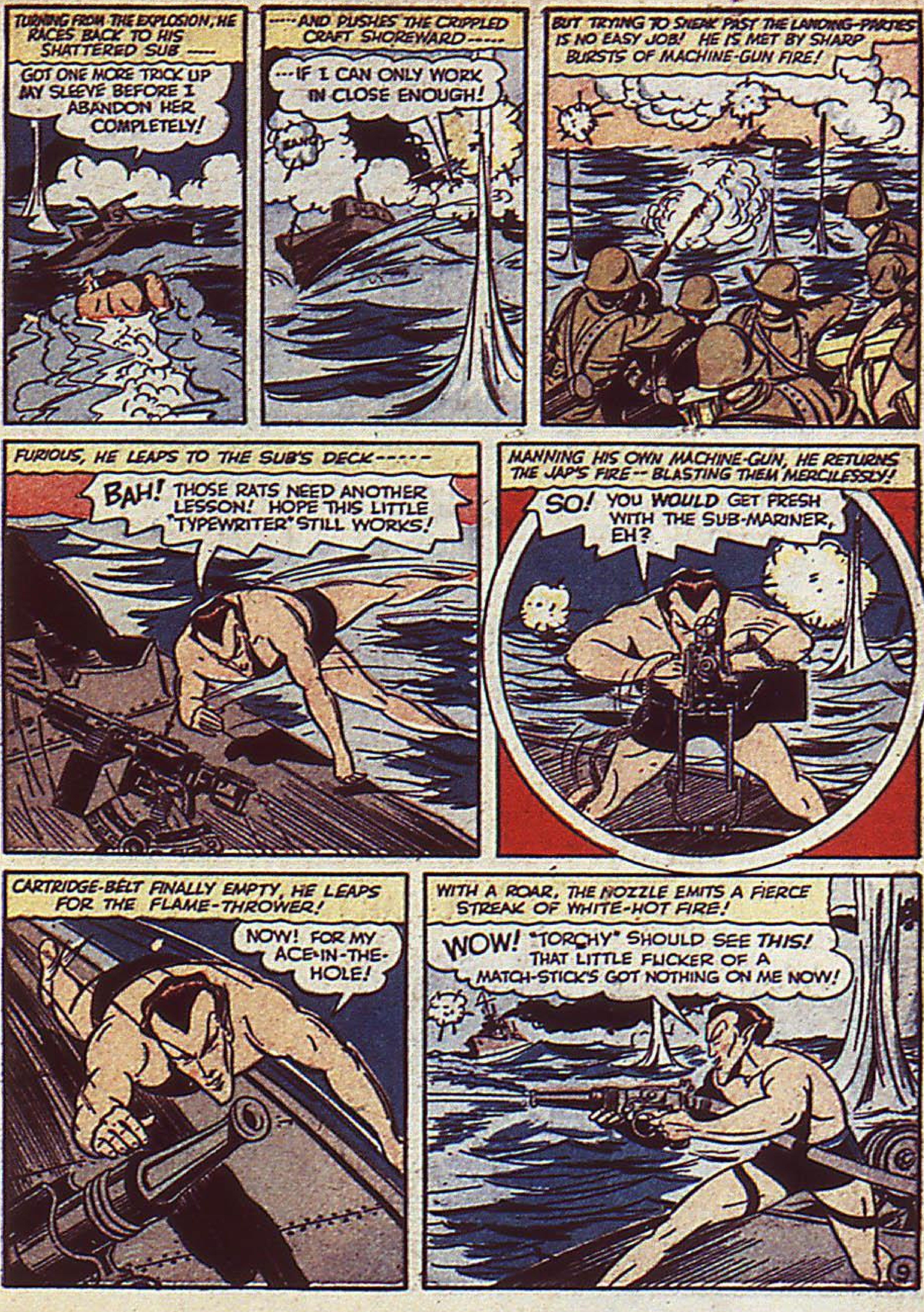

AS IT BURSTS IN TWO, JADDA LEAPS TO THE MACHINE-GUNS, DRIVING A RAIN OF BULLETS INTO AN APPROACHING JAP TORPEDO BOAT---
WE'LL STOP THIS LAD BEFORE HE CAN DO ANY DAMAGE!
WHAM!
TAT-TAT-TAT
---THEN, DARTING IN CLOSE TO SHORE, NAMOR MANEUVERS SO THAT JADDA CAN RIDDLE THE LANDING PARTIES EN MASSE!
HA! THERE'S A BUNCH OF YELLOW-BELLIES WHO'LL NEVER TRY ANYTHING LIKE THIS AGAIN!
NICE WORK, JADDA!
SM-1
BUT SUDDENLY A NIPPONESE DESTROYER CAREENS IN ITS OWN PATH AND BEARS DOWN ON NAMOR'S SUB, FORWARD GUNS BLAZING!
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, NAMOR SENDS HIS SUB INTO A KNIFE-LIKE CRASH DIVE!
THE DESTROYER'S SHELLS SCREAM HARMLESSLY OVERHEAD!
WOW!.. THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! I'LL JUST MOSEY ALONG UNDER THE SURFACE FOR A WHILE -- BETTER GO BELOW AND RUN UP THE PERISCOPE AGAIN-----
ONCE MORE THE SUBMARINE'S EYE BREAKS THE SURFACE, ONLY TO BE SLICED NEATLY OFF BY A RANDOM SHELL!
WHOOEESHHHHH
BLACKED OUT, NAMOR RAGES!
WHY, THE DIRTY NO GOOD --------! THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO ME!

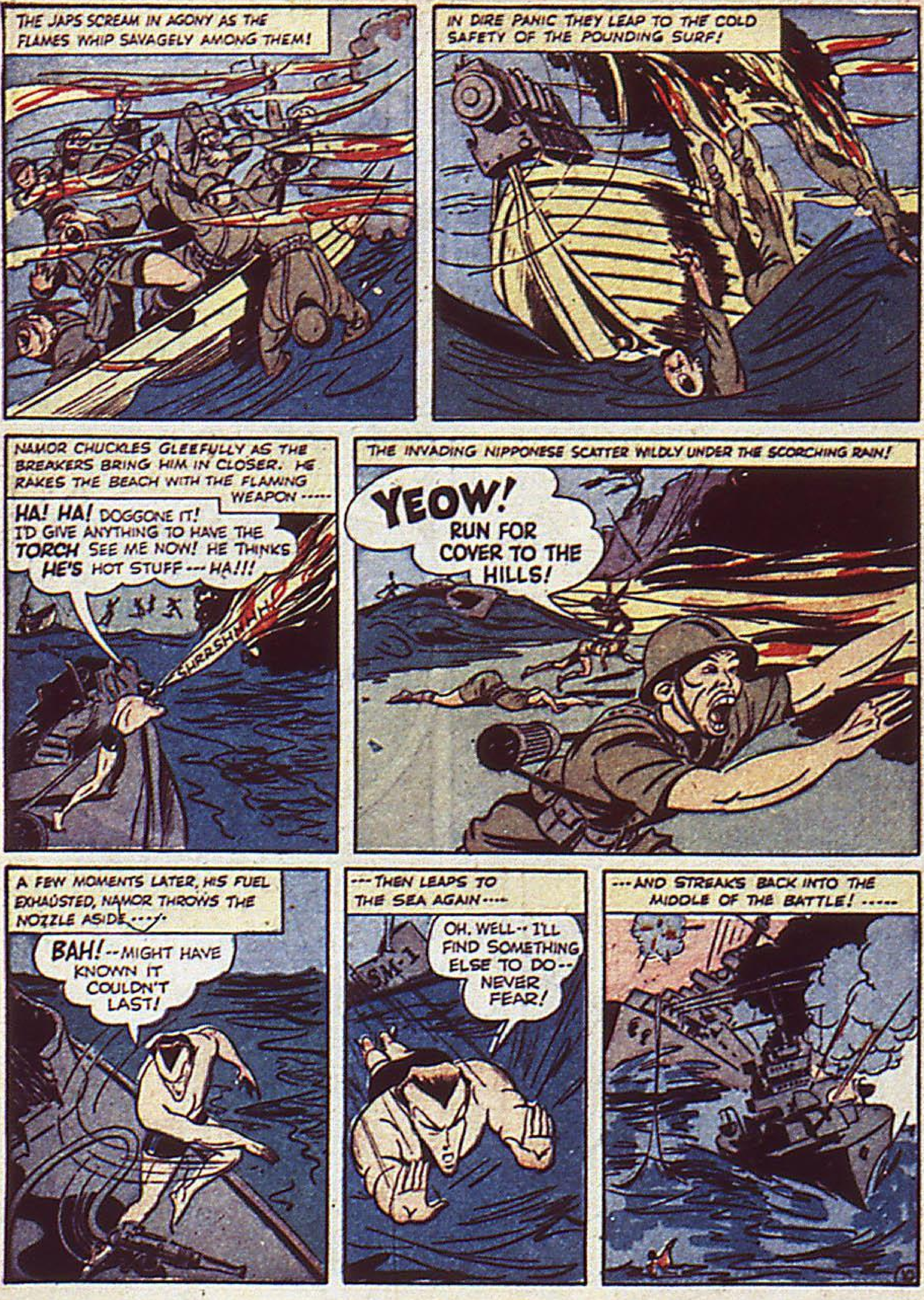

IMMEDIATELY HE BRINGS THE SUB TO THE SURFACE -- TO FIND HIMSELF DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF ANOTHER JAPANESE SHIP!
BANG!
QUICKLY HE REACHES INTO A BOX, AND WITHDRAWS A SMALL PORTABLE MORTAR WHICH HE CLAMPS TO THE BULKHEAD OF THE CONNING TOWER. THEN, A MOMENT LATER, HE STARTS FIRING INCENDIARY BOMBS INTO THE DECK OF THE DESTROYER!
NOW YOU'LL GET A TASTE OF WHAT THE HUMAN TORCH MIGHT DO TO YOU IF HE WERE HERE!
INSTANTLY THE SHIP BURSTS INTO FLAMES!
BOY! ARE YOU BURNED! WOW! THIS IS HOT STUFF! YI-YI-YI!
BUT EVEN AS HE GLOATS, A JAP PATROL BOAT WHIPS UP BEHIND HIM, DISCHARGING A TORPEDO WITH DEADLY ACCURACY!
HEY!
UNABLE TO SWERVE IN TIME, THE SUB RECEIVES THE HEAVY MISSLE DIRECTLY AMIDSHIPS!
CRASH!

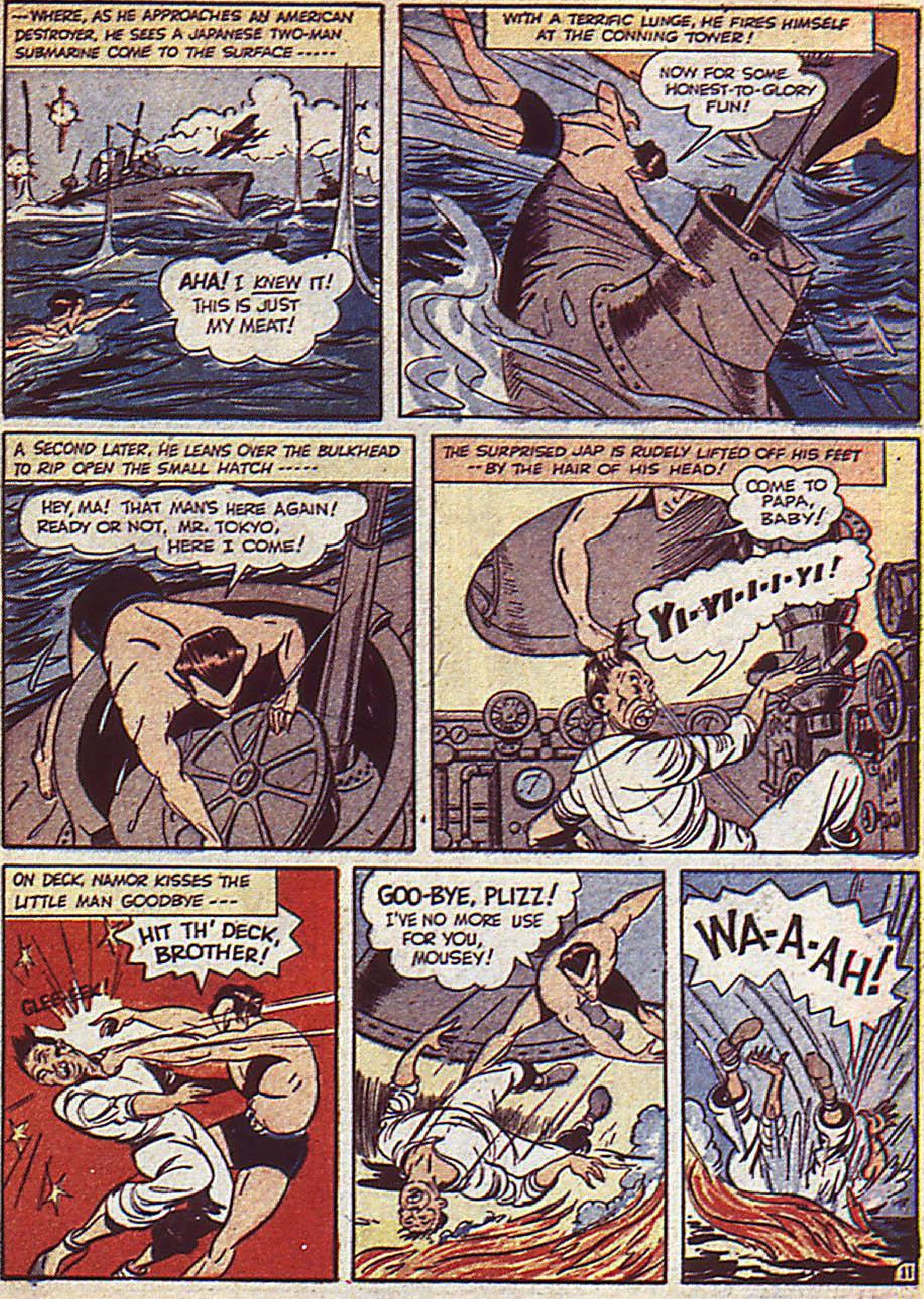

THE THREE-MAN CREW IS BLOWN HIGH ABOVE THE WATER! ---
--- AND NAMOR ALONE CRASHES TO THE SURFACE -- ALIVE!
WOW!
THAT LILY-LIVERED LITTLE YELLOW-BELLY REALLY GOT US THAT TIME! BUT NOT FOR LONG!
WHILE NAMOR RAGES, AN AMERICAN DESTROYER VEERS SHARPLY, BEARING DOWN ON A RACING JAP TORPEDO BOAT ---
--- AND FIRES A RAPID SALVO, MISSING THE SMALL CRAFT BY INCHES, BUT THE POWER OF ITS BLAST, THROWING THE P.T. BOAT OVER ON ITS SIDE -----
BAM!
NAMOR'S HEAD BOBS UP, AND HE SEES THE JAP CREW THROWN FROM THEIR BOAT AS IT CAREENS AT BREAKNECK SPEED THROUGH THE SURGING WATERS.
HEY!
WHAT GOES ON HERE?
YI-I-I-Y!
THE TORPEDO BOAT ROLLS OVER AND OVER, AS NAMOR STEALS TOWARD IT, AND THE PANICKY NIPPONESE FLOUNDER HELPLESSLY, DOOMED TO A WATERY GRAVE!

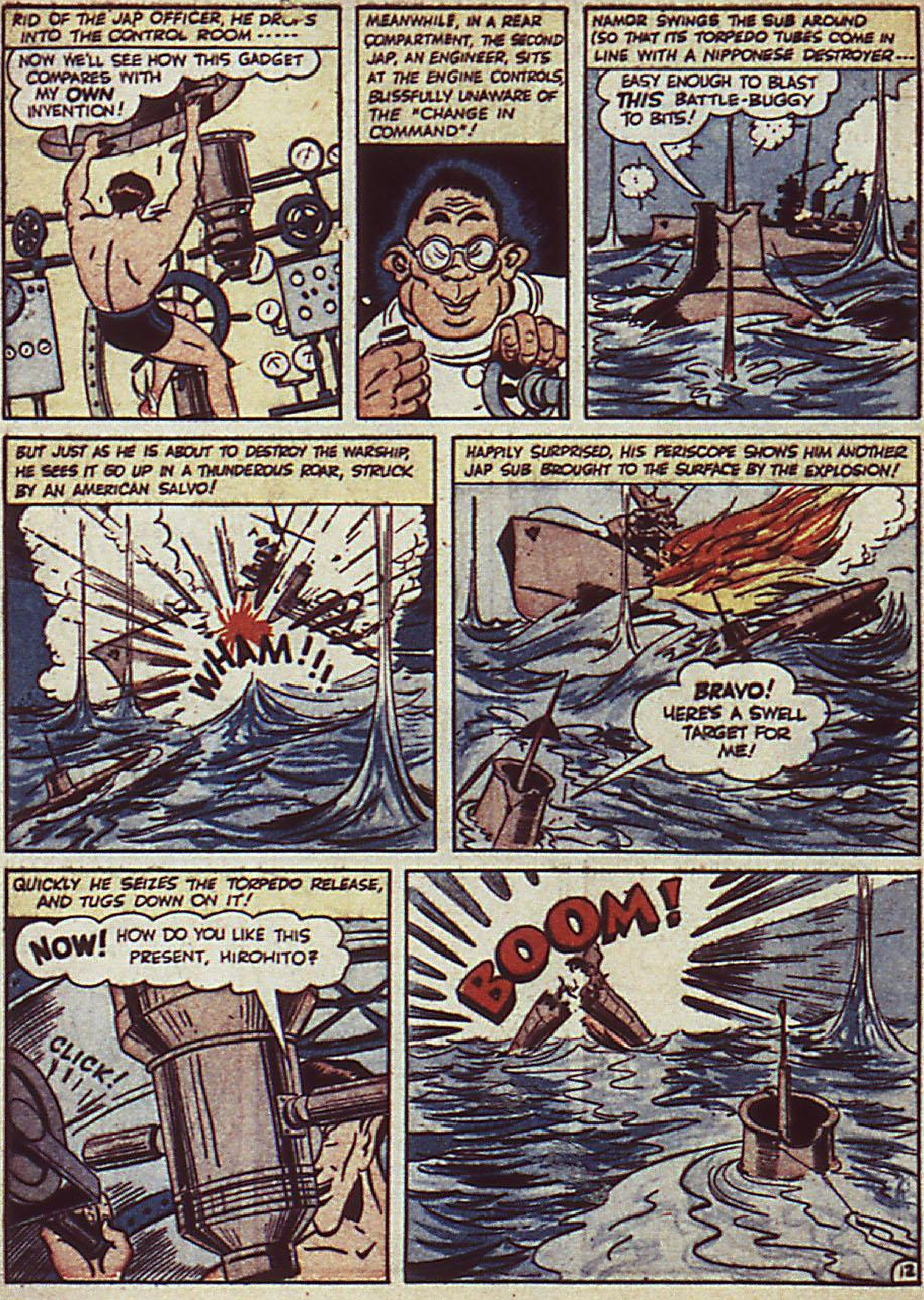

AS IT TURNS AGAIN, NAMOR SEES ITS THREE-BLADED PROPELLOR STILL WHIRLING AT FULL SPEED, AND HE REDOUBLES HIS EFFORTS TO OVERTAKE THE RUNAWAY CRAFT.
IT RIGHTS ITSELF JUST AS NAMOR COMES WITHIN A FEW FEET OF ITS HULL -----
BOY, OH BOY! HERE'S LUCK, IF I EVER SAW IT!
HE GRASPS THE GUNWALE AND LEAPS QUICKLY ABOARD!
I CAN MAKE GOOD USE OF THIS BABY!
A MOMENT LATER-AT THE HELM-----
NOW FOR SOME HOLLYWOOD STUNT-STUFF!
HE GAINS HEADWAY AND AIMS THE SPEEDING BOAT DIRECTLY AT A JAP DESTROYER!
HERE GOES NOTHIN'!
---AND LEAPS CLEAR, A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE CONTACT!
GOO-BYE, PLEASE!
BOOM!

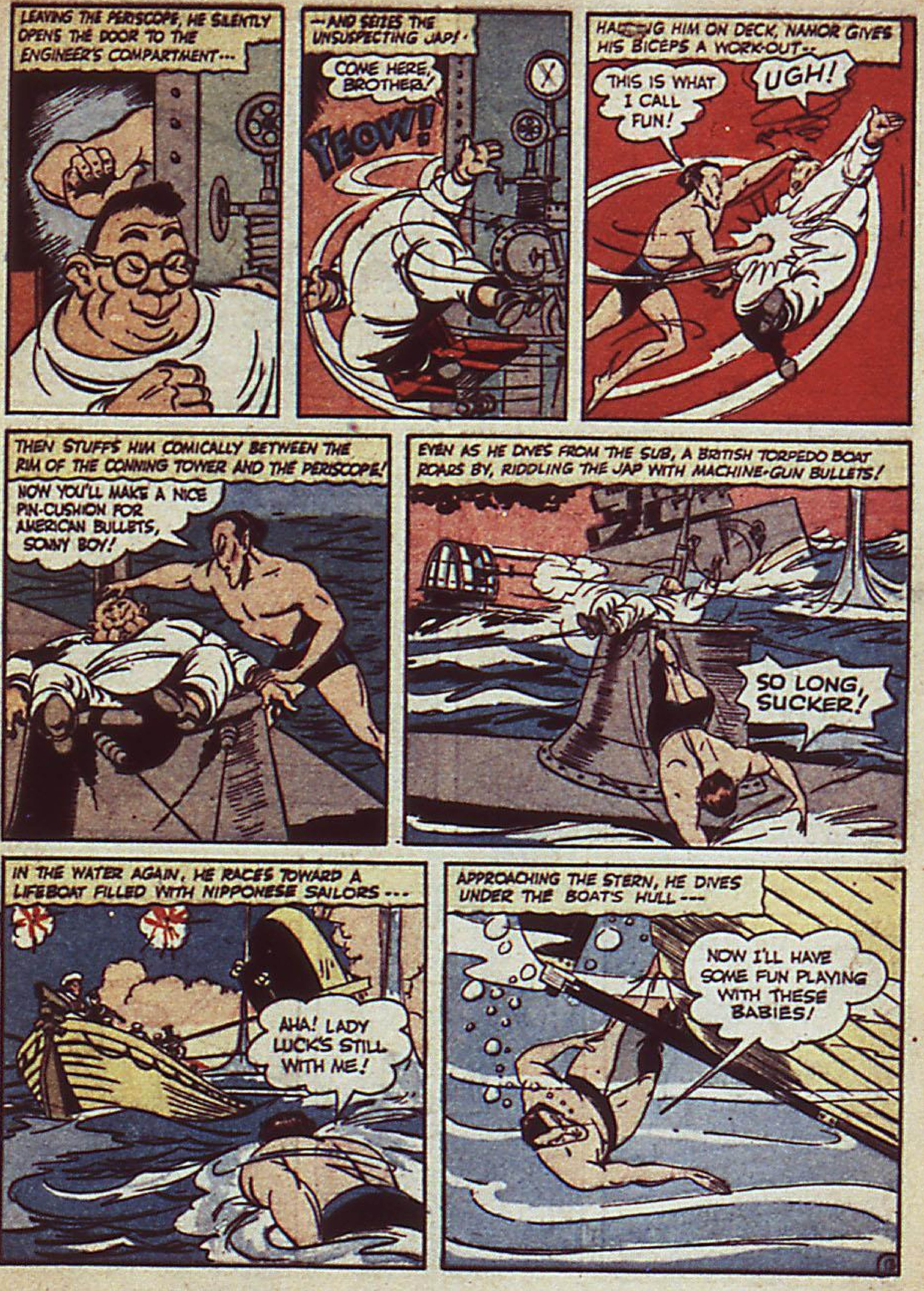

AS THE WARSHIP EXPLODES, NAMOR DIVES BACK TO THE WATER!
HA! THAT WAS EASY!
SPOTTING HIS OWN WRECKED CRAFT, HE RACES TOWARD IT---
MAYBE---IF SHE ISN'T DAMAGED TOO MUCH-- I CAN SALVAGE SOME OF HER EQUIPMENT!
LOOKS PRETTY BAD, BUT SHE'S STILL ABLE TO DO SOME WORK! HOPE THOSE JAP DOGS DON'T BLAST ME NOW!
GOOD! THE DEPTH-BOMBS ARE STILL INTACT - THINK I'LL TAKE ONE ALONG!
A MOMENT LATER, HE PLOUGHS THROUGH THE WAR-TORN WATERS, HOLDING THE "ASH-CAN" HIGH ABOVE HIS HEAD----
THEN, SEEING A JAP AIRCRAFT-CARRIER BEARING DOWN ON HIM, HE HURLS IT WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH!
GET A LOAD OF THIS, WISE GUYS!
WHOOM!

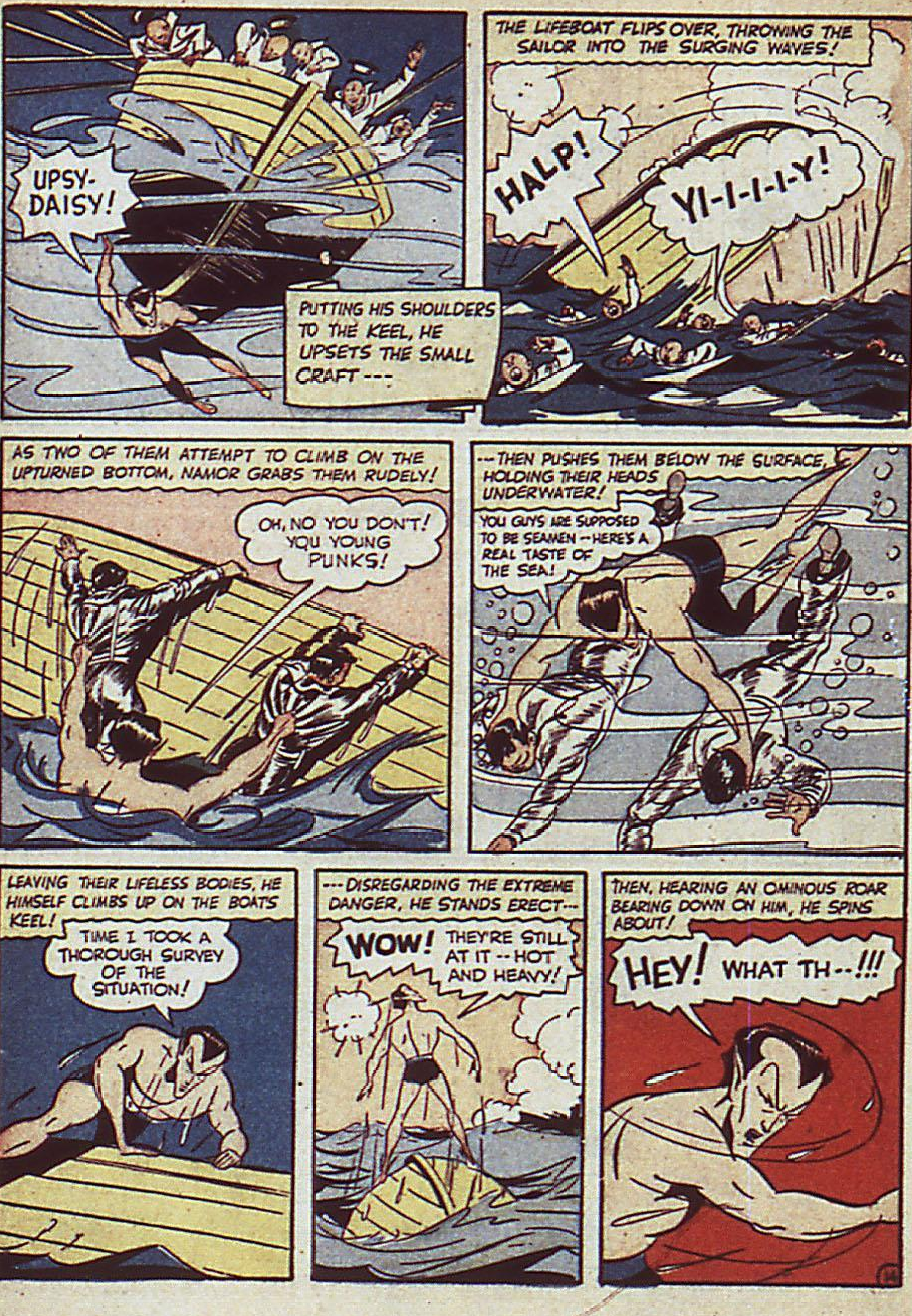

TURNING FROM THE EXPLOSION, HE RACES BACK TO HIS SHATTERED SUB ----
GOT ONE MORE TRICK UP MY SLEEVE BEFORE I ABANDON HER COMPLETELY!
----AND PUSHES THE CRIPPLED CRAFT SHOREWARD----
--IF I CAN ONLY WORK IN CLOSE ENOUGH!
BANG
BUT TRYING TO SNEAK PAST THE LANDING-PARTIES IS NO EASY JOB! HE IS MET BY SHARP BURSTS OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE!
FURIOUS, HE LEAPS TO THE SUB'S DECK----
BAH! THOSE RATS NEED ANOTHER LESSON! HOPE THIS LITTLE "TYPEWRITER" STILL WORKS!
MANNING HIS OWN MACHINE-GUN, HE RETURNS THE JAP'S FIRE-- BLASTING THEM MERCILESSLY!
SO! YOU WOULD GET FRESH WITH THE SUB-MARINER, EH?
CARTRIDGE-BELT FINALLY EMPTY, HE LEAPS FOR THE FLAME-THROWER!
NOW! FOR MY ACE-IN-THE-HOLE!
WITH A ROAR, THE NOZZLE EMITS A FIERCE STREAK OF WHITE-HOT FIRE!
WOW! "TORCHY" SHOULD SEE THIS! THAT LITTLE FLICKER OF A MATCH-STICK'S GOT NOTHING ON ME NOW!

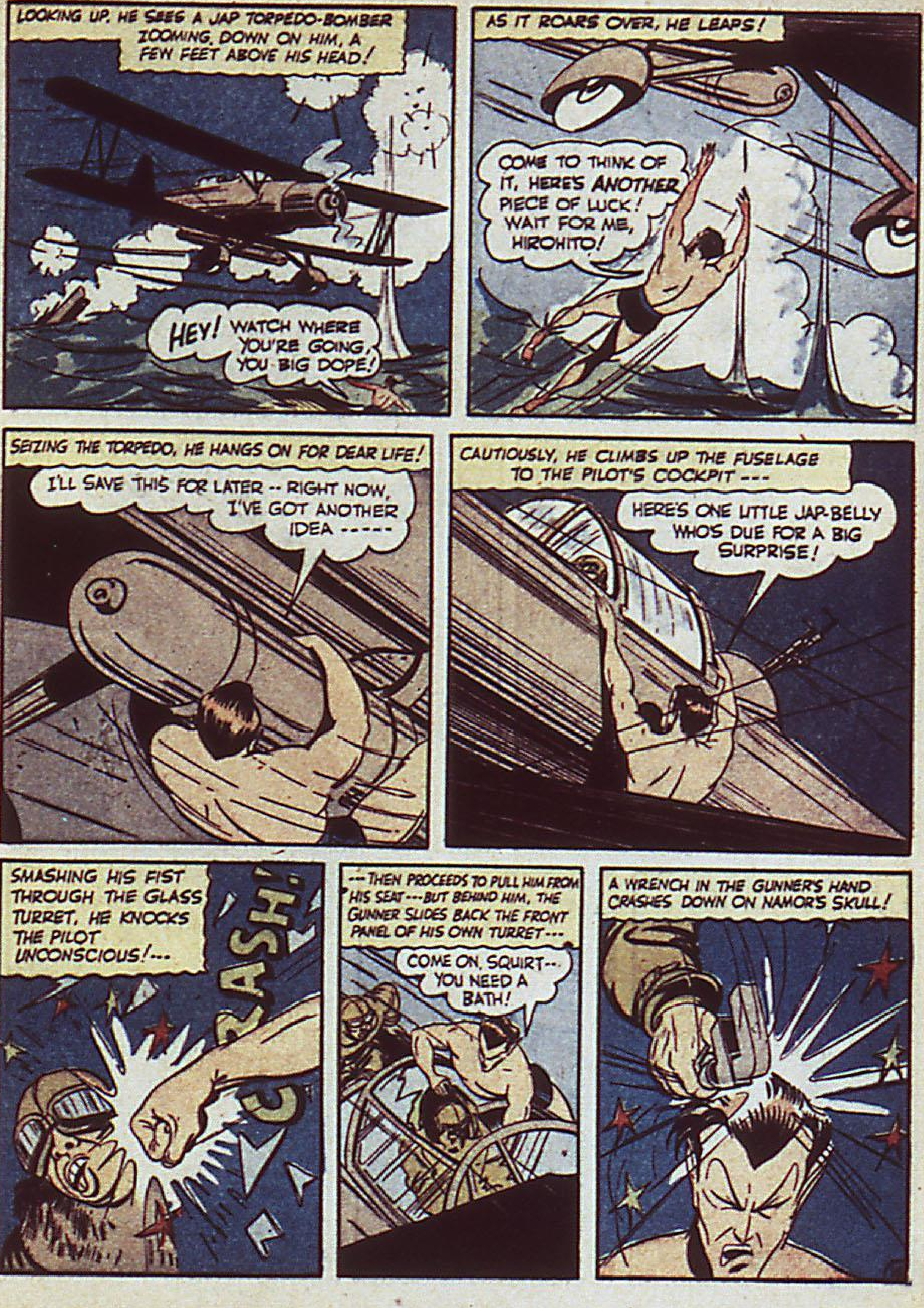

THE JAPS SCREAM IN AGONY AS THE FLAMES WHIP SAVAGELY AMONG THEM!
IN DIRE PANIC THEY LEAP TO THE COLD SAFETY OF THE POUNDING SURF!
NAMOR CHUCKLES GLEEFULLY AS THE BREAKERS BRING HIM IN CLOSER. HE RAKES THE BEACH WITH THE FLAMING WEAPON -----
HA! HA! DOGGONE IT! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE THE TORCH SEE ME NOW! HE THINKS HE'S HOT STUFF --- HA!!!
SHRRSHHAH
THE INVADING NIPPONESE SCATTER WILDLY UNDER THE SCORCHING RAIN!
YEOW! RUN FOR COVER TO THE HILLS!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, HIS FUEL EXHAUSTED, NAMOR THROWS THE NOZZLE ASIDE ----
BAH! --MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT COULDN'T LAST!
---THEN LEAPS TO THE SEA AGAIN----
SM-1
OH, WELL-- I'LL FIND SOMETHING ELSE TO DO-- NEVER FEAR!
---AND STREAKS BACK INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE BATTLE! -----

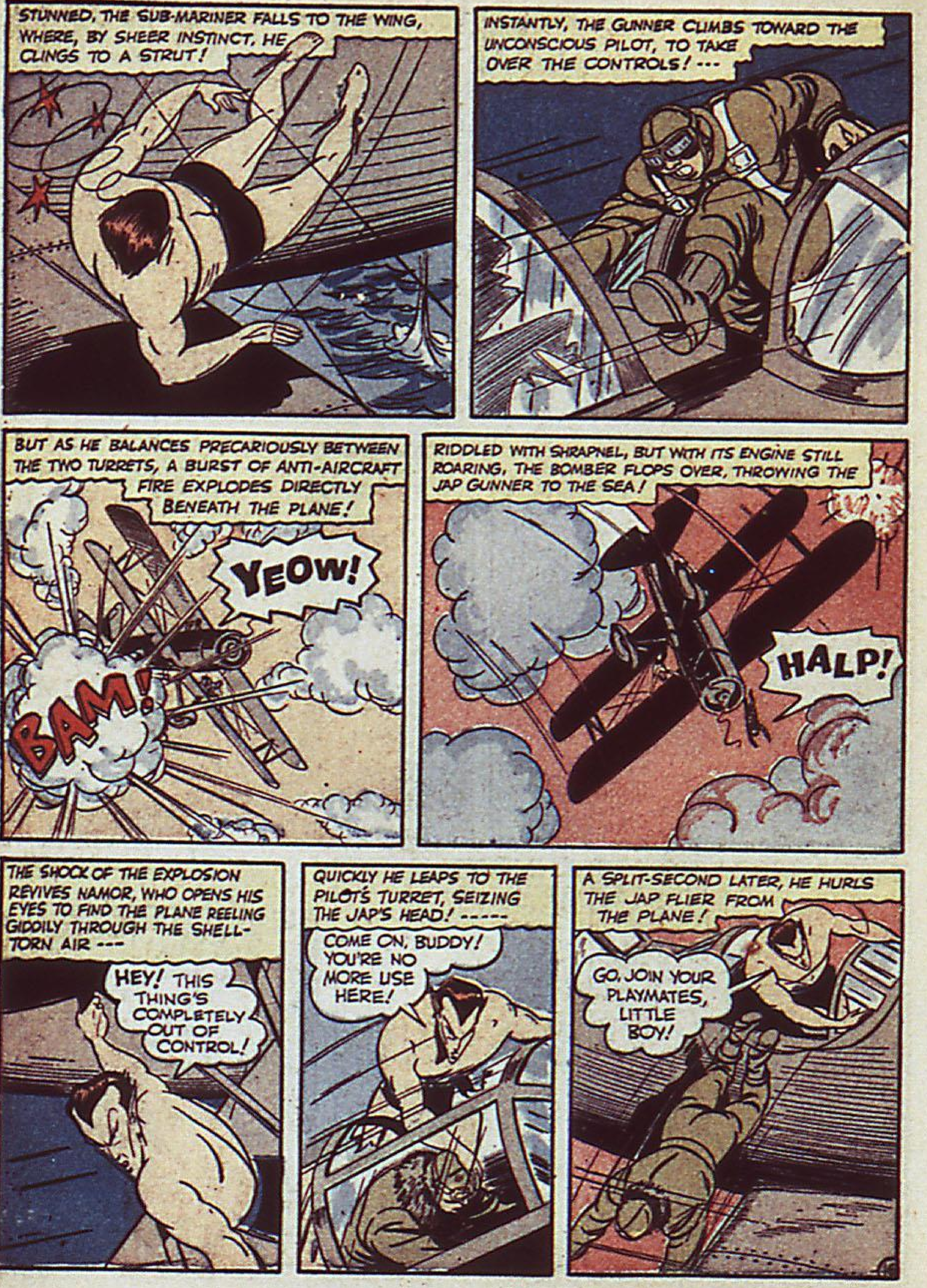

--WHERE, AS HE APPROACHES AN AMERICAN DESTROYER, HE SEES A JAPANESE TWO-MAN SUBMARINE COME TO THE SURFACE -----
AHA! I KNEW IT! THIS IS JUST MY MEAT!
WITH A TERRIFIC LUNGE, HE FIRES HIMSELF AT THE CONNING TOWER!
NOW FOR SOME HONEST-TO-GLORY FUN!
A SECOND LATER, HE LEANS OVER THE BULKHEAD TO RIP OPEN THE SMALL HATCH -----
HEY, MA! THAT MAN'S HERE AGAIN! READY OR NOT, MR. TOKYO, HERE I COME!
THE SURPRISED JAP IS RUDELY LIFTED OFF HIS FEET --BY THE HAIR OF HIS HEAD!
COME TO PAPA, BABY!
YI-YI-I-I-YI!
ON DECK, NAMOR KISSES THE LITTLE MAN GOODBYE ---
HIT TH' DECK, BROTHER!
GLEEEEK!
GOO-BYE, PLIZZ!
I'VE NO MORE USE FOR YOU, MOUSEY!
WA-A-AH!

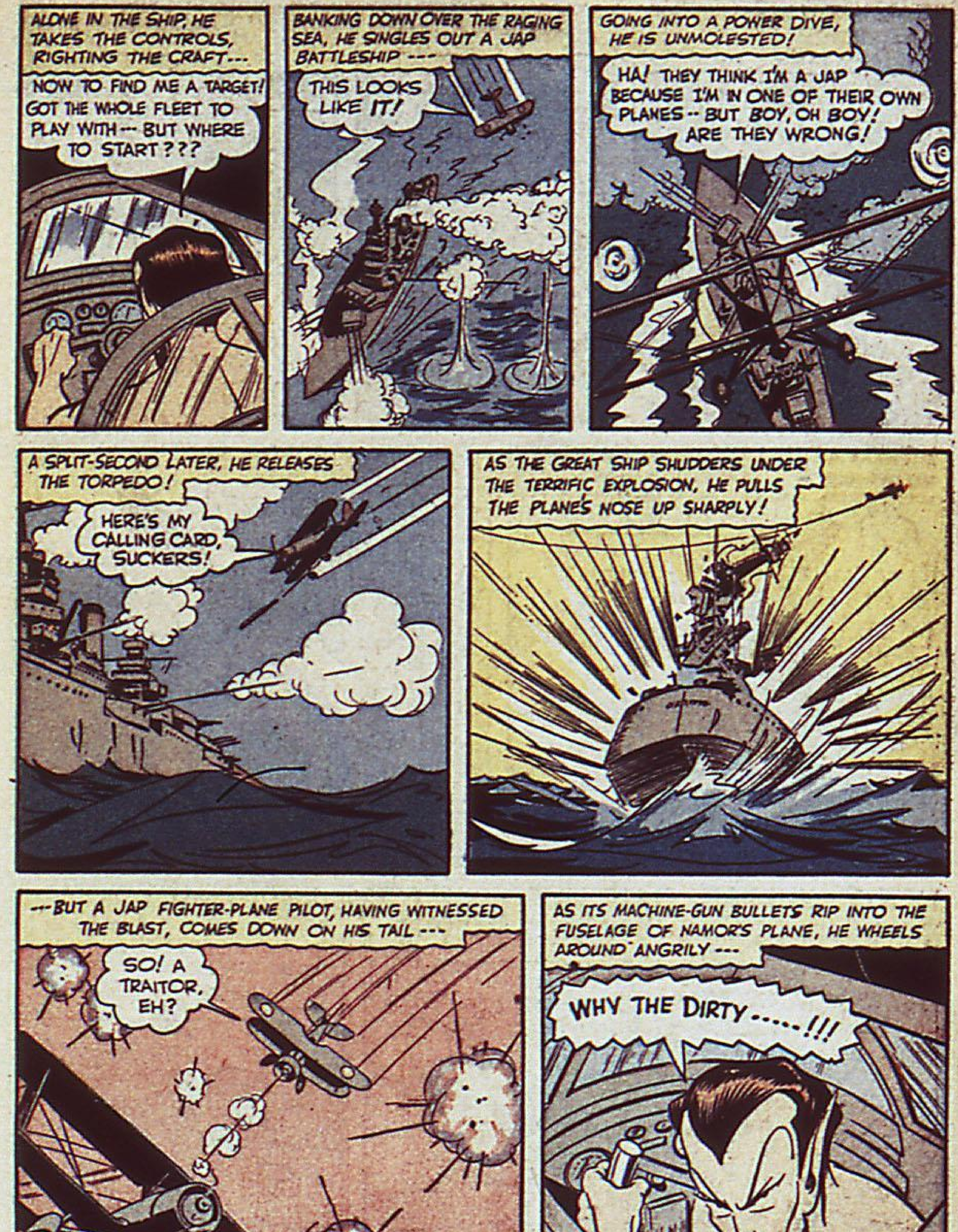

RID OF THE JAP OFFICER, HE DROPS INTO THE CONTROL ROOM -----
NOW WE'LL SEE HOW THIS GADGET COMPARES WITH MY OWN INVENTION!
MEANWHILE, IN A REAR COMPARTMENT, THE SECOND JAP, AN ENGINEER, SITS AT THE ENGINE CONTROLS, BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE "CHANGE IN COMMAND"!
NAMOR SWINGS THE SUB AROUND (SO THAT ITS TORPEDO TUBES COME IN LINE WITH A NIPPONESE DESTROYER---
EASY ENOUGH TO BLAST THIS BATTLE-BUGGY TO BITS!
BUT JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO DESTROY THE WARSHIP, HE SEES IT GO UP IN A THUNDEROUS ROAR, STRUCK BY AN AMERICAN SALVO!
WHAM!!!
HAPPILY SURPRISED, HIS PERISCOPE SHOWS HIM ANOTHER JAP SUB BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE BY THE EXPLOSION!
BRAVO! HERE'S A SWELL TARGET FOR ME!
QUICKLY HE SEIZES THE TORPEDO RELEASE, AND TUGS DOWN ON IT!
NOW! HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS PRESENT, HIROHITO?
CLICK!
BOOM!

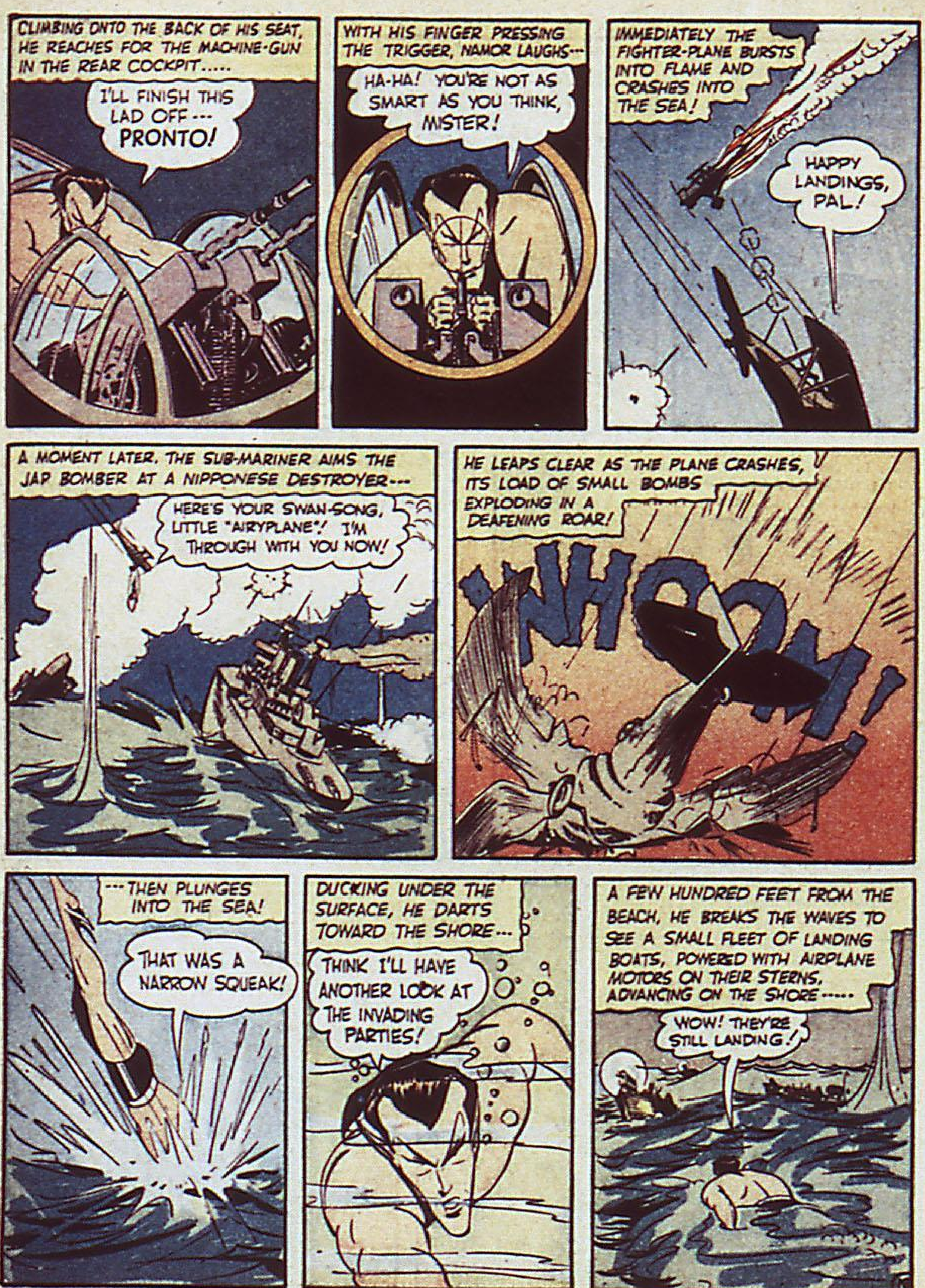

LEAVING THE PERISCOPE, HE SILENTLY OPENS THE DOOR TO THE ENGINEER'S COMPARTMENT---
---AND SEIZES THE UNSUSPECTING JAP!
COME HERE, BROTHER!
YEOW!
HAULING HIM ON DECK, NAMOR GIVES HIS BICEPS A WORK-OUT--
THIS IS WHAT I CALL FUN!
UGH!
THEN STUFFS HIM COMICALLY BETWEEN THE RIM OF THE CONNING TOWER AND THE PERISCOPE!
NOW YOU'LL MAKE A NICE PIN-CUSHION FOR AMERICAN BULLETS, SONNY BOY!
EVEN AS HE DIVES FROM THE SUB, A BRITISH TORPEDO BOAT ROARS BY, RIDDLING THE JAP WITH MACHINE-GUN BULLETS!
SO LONG, SUCKER!
IN THE WATER AGAIN, HE RACES TOWARD A LIFEBOAT FILLED WITH NIPPONESE SAILORS---
AHA! LADY LUCK'S STILL WITH ME!
APPROACHING THE STERN, HE DIVES UNDER THE BOAT'S HULL---
NOW I'LL HAVE SOME FUN PLAYING WITH THESE BABIES!

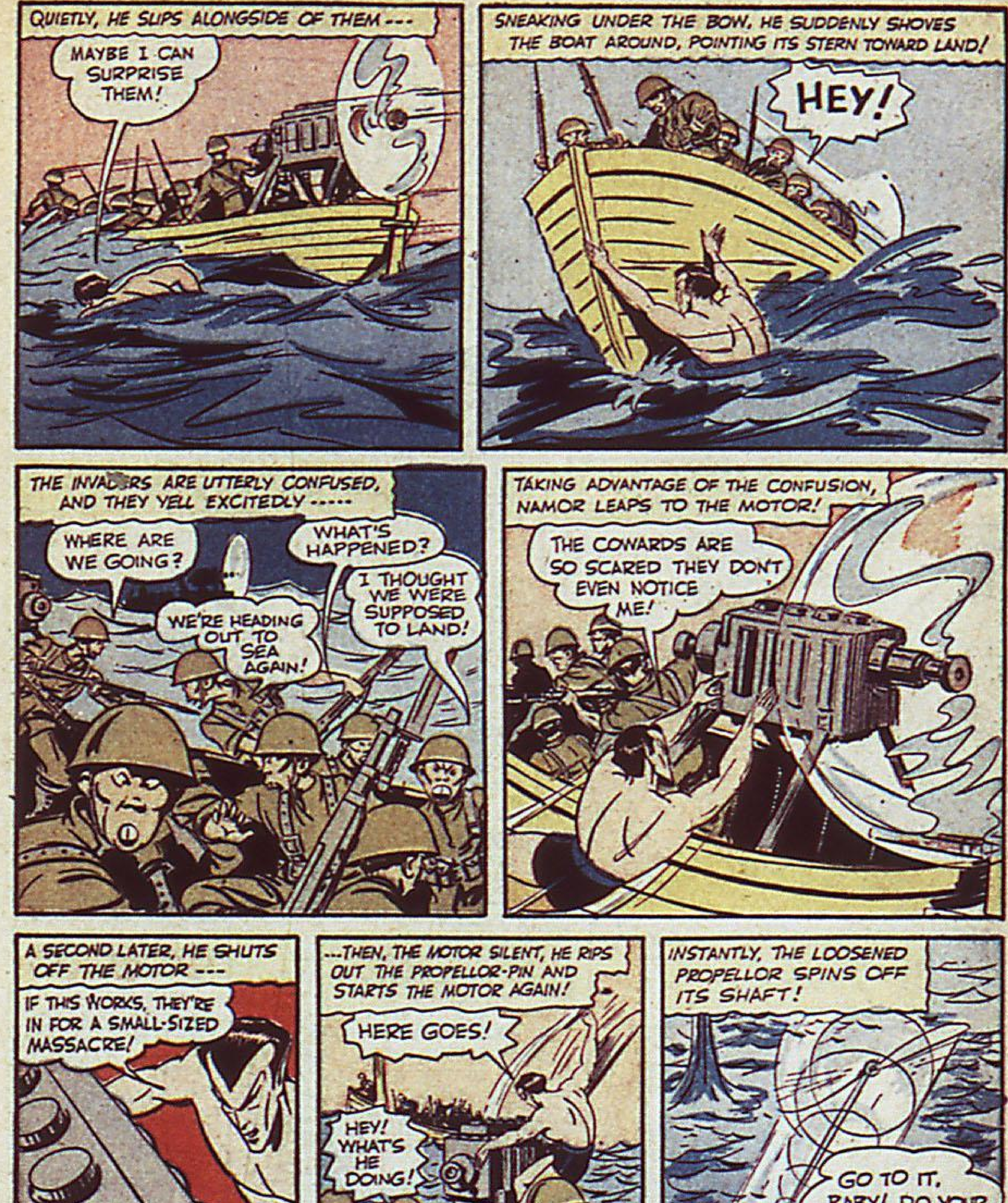

UPSY-DAISY!
PUTTING HIS SHOULDERS TO THE KEEL, HE UPSETS THE SMALL CRAFT ---
THE LIFEBOAT FLIPS OVER, THROWING THE SAILOR INTO THE SURGING WAVES!
HALP!
YI-I-I-I-Y!
AS TWO OF THEM ATTEMPT TO CLIMB ON THE UPTURNED BOTTOM, NAMOR GRABS THEM RUDELY!
OH, NO YOU DON'T! YOU YOUNG PUNKS!
--THEN PUSHES THEM BELOW THE SURFACE, HOLDING THEIR HEADS UNDERWATER!
YOU GUYS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE SEAMEN --HERE'S A REAL TASTE OF THE SEA!
LEAVING THEIR LIFELESS BODIES, HE HIMSELF CLIMBS UP ON THE BOAT'S KEEL!
TIME I TOOK A THOROUGH SURVEY OF THE SITUATION!
---DISREGARDING THE EXTREME DANGER, HE STANDS ERECT---
WOW! THEY'RE STILL AT IT --HOT AND HEAVY!
THEN, HEARING AN OMINOUS ROAR BEARING DOWN ON HIM, HE SPINS ABOUT!
HEY! WHAT TH--!!!

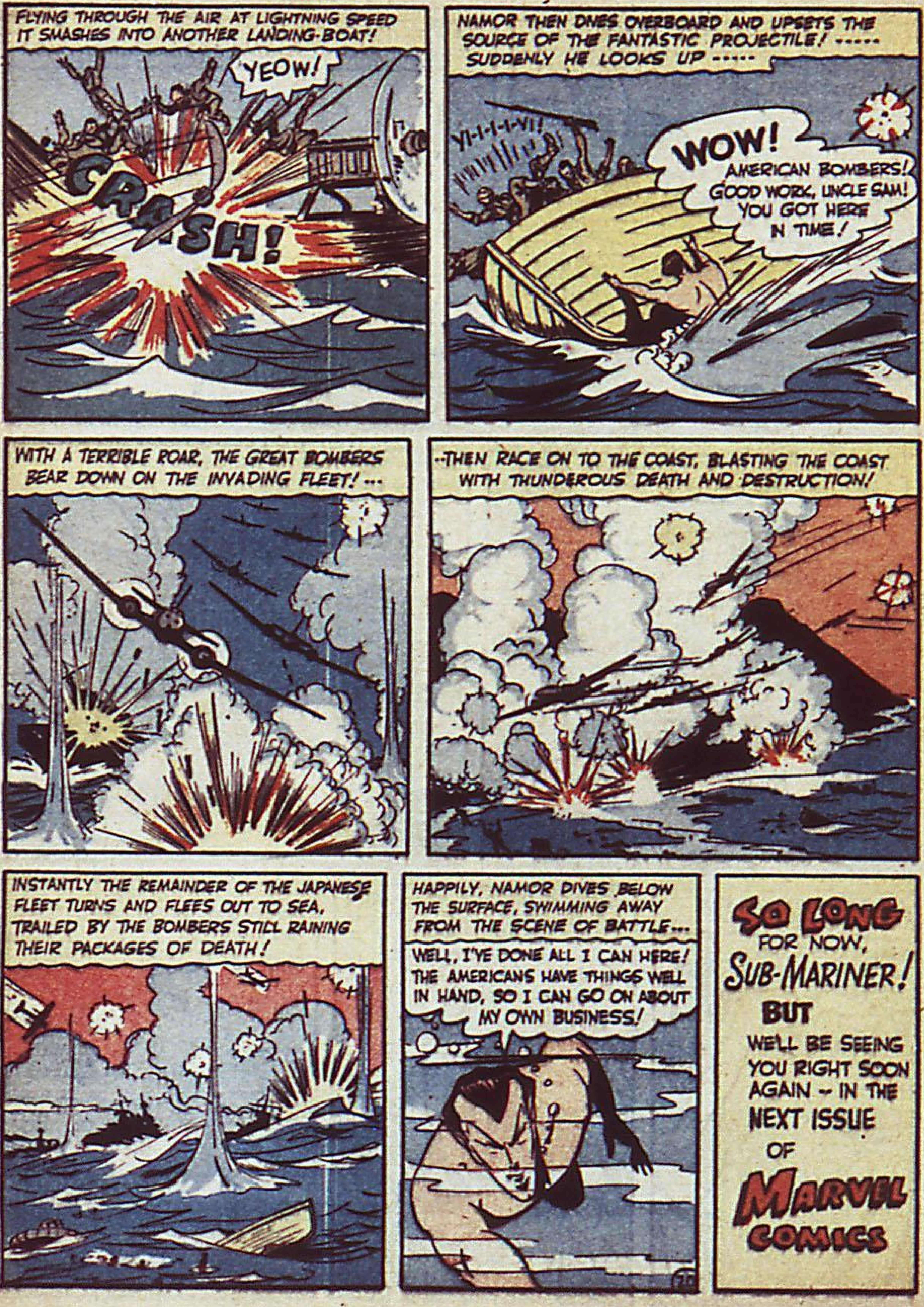

LOOKING UP, HE SEES A JAP TORPEDO-BOMBER ZOOMING DOWN ON HIM, A FEW FEET ABOVE HIS HEAD!
HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU BIG DOPE!
AS IT ROARS OVER, HE LEAPS!
COME TO THINK OF IT, HERE'S ANOTHER PIECE OF LUCK! WAIT FOR ME, HIROHITO!
SEIZING THE TORPEDO, HE HANGS ON FOR DEAR LIFE!
I'LL SAVE THIS FOR LATER -- RIGHT NOW, I'VE GOT ANOTHER IDEA -----
CAUTIOUSLY, HE CLIMBS UP THE FUSELAGE TO THE PILOT'S COCKPIT ---
HERE'S ONE LITTLE JAP-BELLY WHO'S DUE FOR A BIG SURPRISE!
SMASHING HIS FIST THROUGH THE GLASS TURRET, HE KNOCKS THE PILOT UNCONSCIOUS!--
CRASH!
---THEN PROCEEDS TO PULL HIM FROM HIS SEAT---BUT BEHIND HIM, THE GUNNER SLIDES BACK THE FRONT PANEL OF HIS OWN TURRET---
COME ON, SQUIRT-- YOU NEED A BATH!
A WRENCH IN THE GUNNER'S HAND CRASHES DOWN ON NAMOR'S SKULL!


STUNNED, THE SUB-MARINER FALLS TO THE WING, WHERE, BY SHEER INSTINCT, HE CLINGS TO A STRUT!
INSTANTLY, THE GUNNER CLIMBS TOWARD THE UNCONSCIOUS PILOT, TO TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS! ---
BUT AS HE BALANCES PRECARIOUSLY BETWEEN THE TWO TURRETS, A BURST OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE EXPLODES DIRECTLY BENEATH THE PLANE!
YEOW!
BAM!
RIDDLED WITH SHRAPNEL, BUT WITH ITS ENGINE STILL ROARING, THE BOMBER FLOPS OVER, THROWING THE JAP GUNNER TO THE SEA!
HALP!
THE SHOCK OF THE EXPLOSION REVIVES NAMOR, WHO OPENS HIS EYES TO FIND THE PLANE REELING GIDDILY THROUGH THE SHELL-TORN AIR ---
HEY! THIS THING'S COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL!
QUICKLY HE LEAPS TO THE PILOT'S TURRET, SEIZING THE JAP'S HEAD! -----
COME ON, BUDDY! YOU'RE NO MORE USE HERE!
A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, HE HURLS THE JAP FLIER FROM THE PLANE!
GO, JOIN YOUR PLAYMATES, LITTLE BOY!

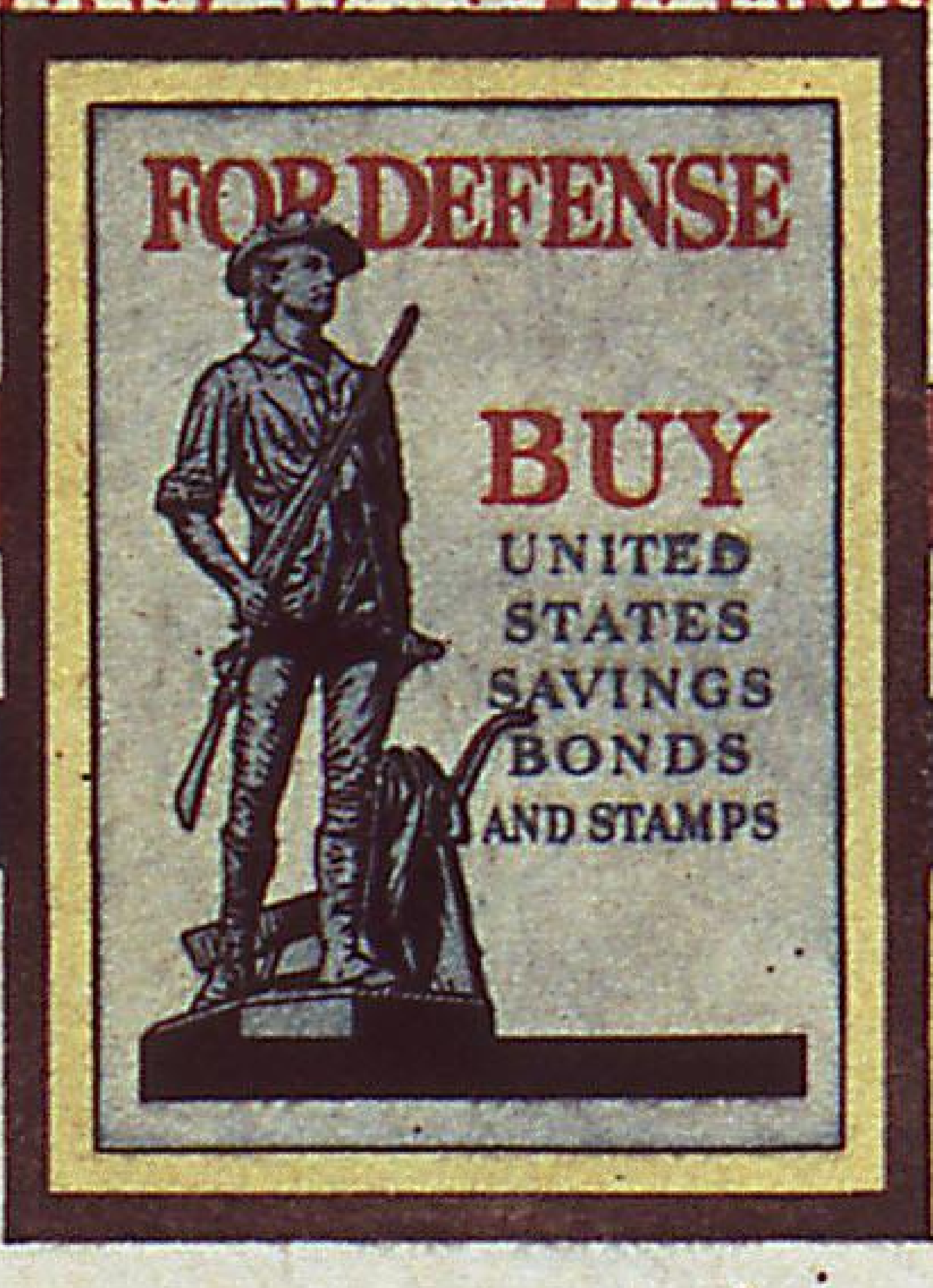

ALONE IN THE SHIP, HE TAKES THE CONTROLS, RIGHTING THE CRAFT---
NOW TO FIND ME A TARGET! GOT THE WHOLE FLEET TO PLAY WITH -- BUT WHERE TO START???
BANKING DOWN OVER THE RAGING SEA, HE SINGLES OUT A JAP BATTLESHIP ---
THIS LOOKS LIKE IT!
GOING INTO A POWER DIVE, HE IS UNMOLESTED!
HA! THEY THINK I'M A JAP BECAUSE I'M IN ONE OF THEIR OWN PLANES -- BUT BOY, OH BOY! ARE THEY WRONG!
A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, HE RELEASES THE TORPEDO!
HERE'S MY CALLING CARD, SUCKERS!
AS THE GREAT SHIP SHUDDERS UNDER THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION, HE PULLS THE PLANE'S NOSE UP SHARPLY!
---BUT A JAP FIGHTER-PLANE PILOT, HAVING WITNESSED THE BLAST, COMES DOWN ON HIS TAIL ---
SO! A TRAITOR, EH?
AS ITS MACHINE-GUN BULLETS RIP INTO THE FUSELAGE OF NAMOR'S PLANE, HE WHEELS AROUND ANGRILY ---
WHY THE DIRTY .....!!!


CLIMBING ONTO THE BACK OF HIS SEAT, HE REACHES FOR THE MACHINE-GUN IN THE REAR COCKPIT.....
I'LL FINISH THIS LAD OFF--- PRONTO!
WITH HIS FINGER PRESSING THE TRIGGER, NAMOR LAUGHS---
HA-HA! YOU'RE NOT AS SMART AS YOU THINK, MISTER!
IMMEDIATELY THE FIGHTER-PLANE BURSTS INTO FLAME AND CRASHES INTO THE SEA!
HAPPY LANDINGS, PAL!
A MOMENT LATER, THE SUB-MARINER AIMS THE JAP BOMBER AT A NIPPONESE DESTROYER---
HERE'S YOUR SWAN-SONG, LITTLE "AIRYPLANE"! I'M THROUGH WITH YOU NOW!
HE LEAPS CLEAR AS THE PLANE CRASHES, ITS LOAD OF SMALL BOMBS EXPLODING IN A DEAFENING ROAR!
WHOOM!
---THEN PLUNGES INTO THE SEA!
THAT WAS A NARROW SQUEAK!
DUCKING UNDER THE SURFACE, HE DARTS TOWARD THE SHORE...
THINK I'LL HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AT THE INVADING PARTIES!
A FEW HUNDRED FEET FROM THE BEACH, HE BREAKS THE WAVES TO SEE A SMALL FLEET OF LANDING BOATS, POWERED WITH AIRPLANE MOTORS ON THEIR STERNS, ADVANCING ON THE SHORE-----
WOW! THEY'RE STILL LANDING!


QUIETLY, HE SLIPS ALONGSIDE OF THEM ---
MAYBE I CAN SURPRISE THEM!
SNEAKING UNDER THE BOW, HE SUDDENLY SHOVES THE BOAT AROUND, POINTING ITS STERN TOWARD LAND!
HEY!
THE INVADERS ARE UTTERLY CONFUSED, AND THEY YELL EXCITEDLY -----
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
WE'RE HEADING OUT TO SEA AGAIN!
I THOUGHT WE WERE SUPPOSED TO LAND!
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION, NAMOR LEAPS TO THE MOTOR!
THE COWARDS ARE SO SCARED THEY DON'T EVEN NOTICE ME!
A SECOND LATER, HE SHUTS OFF THE MOTOR ---
IF THIS WORKS, THEY'RE IN FOR A SMALL-SIZED MASSACRE!
CLICK!!
...THEN, THE MOTOR SILENT, HE RIPS OUT THE PROPELLOR-PIN AND STARTS THE MOTOR AGAIN!
HERE GOES!
HEY! WHAT'S HE DOING!
INSTANTLY, THE LOOSENED PROPELLOR SPINS OFF ITS SHAFT!
GO TO IT, BABY! DO YOUR DIRTY WORK!

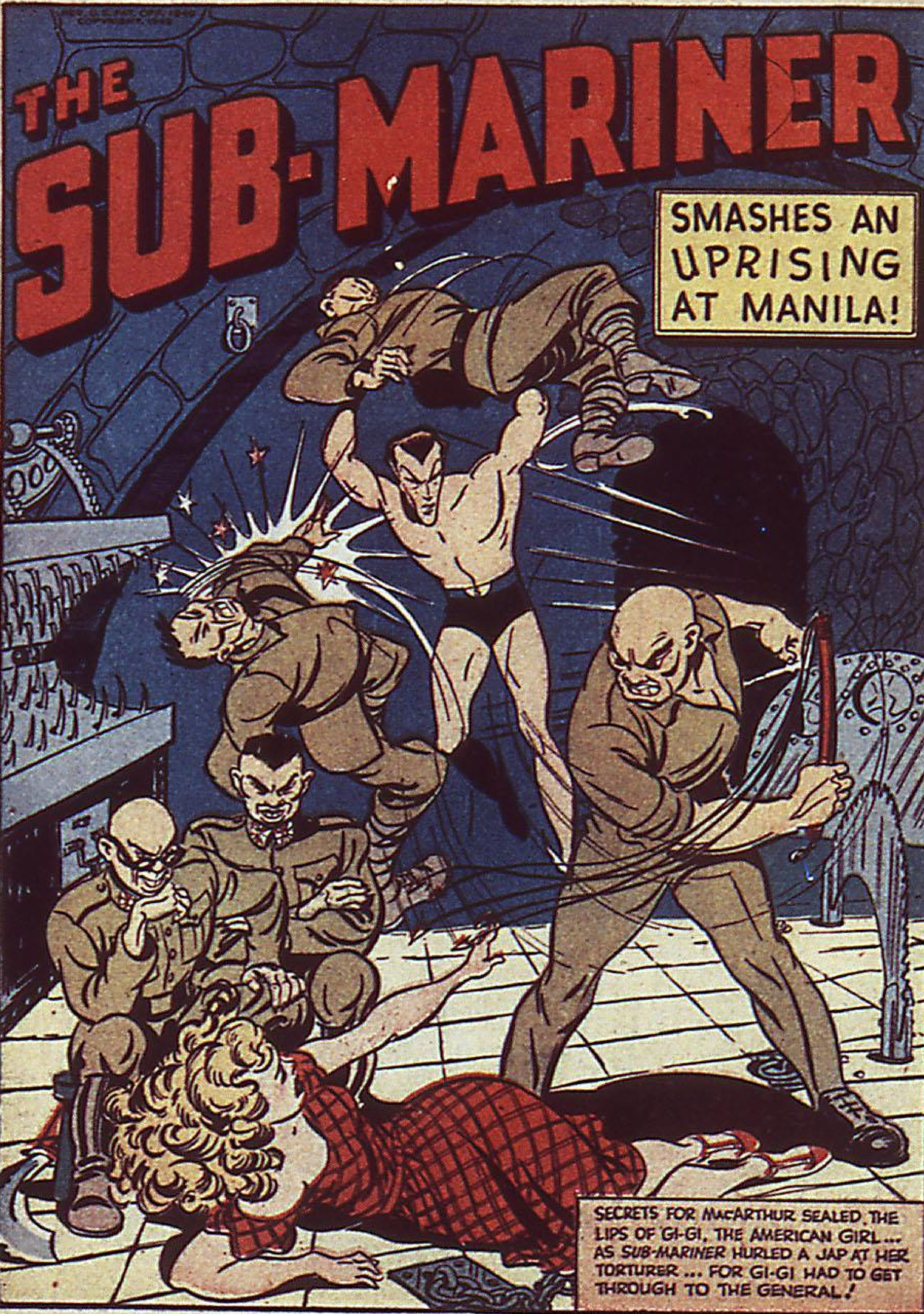

FLYING THROUGH THE AIR AT LIGHTNING SPEED IT SMASHES INTO ANOTHER LANDING-BOAT!
YEOW!
CRASH!
NAMOR THEN DIVES OVERBOARD AND UPSETS THE SOURCE OF THE FANTASTIC PROJECTILE! ----- SUDDENLY HE LOOKS UP -----
YI-I-I-I-YI!
WOW! AMERICAN BOMBERS! GOOD WORK, UNCLE SAM! YOU GOT HERE IN TIME!
WITH A TERRIBLE ROAR, THE GREAT BOMBERS BEAR DOWN ON THE INVADING FLEET! ...
...THEN RACE ON TO THE COAST, BLASTING THE COAST WITH THUNDEROUS DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!
INSTANTLY THE REMAINDER OF THE JAPANESE FLEET TURNS AND FLEES OUT TO SEA, TRAILED BY THE BOMBERS STILL RAINING THEIR PACKAGES OF DEATH!
HAPPILY, NAMOR DIVES BELOW THE SURFACE, SWIMMING AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF BATTLE...
WELL, I'VE DONE ALL I CAN HERE! THE AMERICANS HAVE THINGS WELL IN HAND, SO I CAN GO ON ABOUT MY OWN BUSINESS!
7
SO LONG FOR NOW, SUB-MARINER! BUT WE'LL BE SEEING YOU RIGHT SOON AGAIN -- IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS

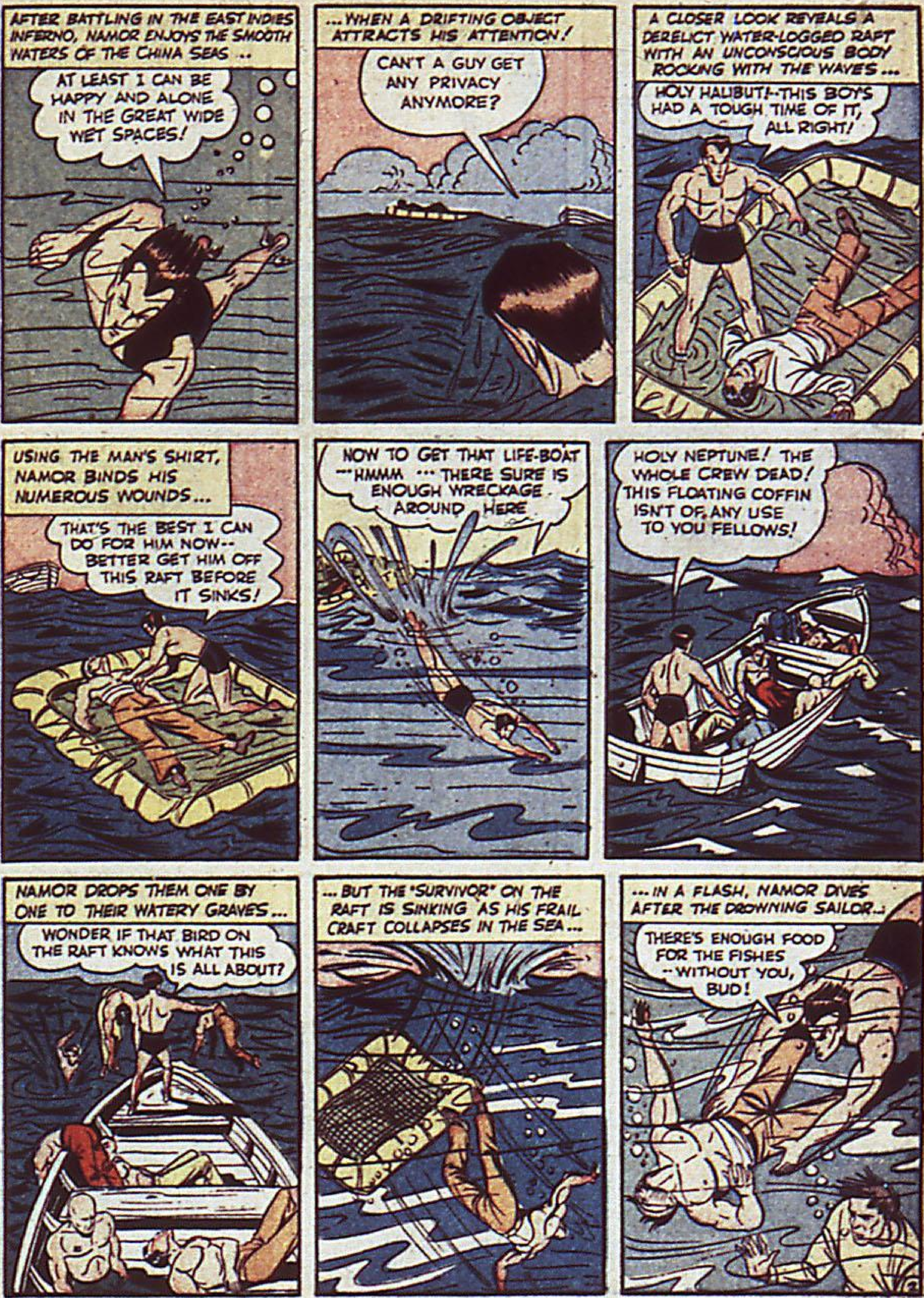
# REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!

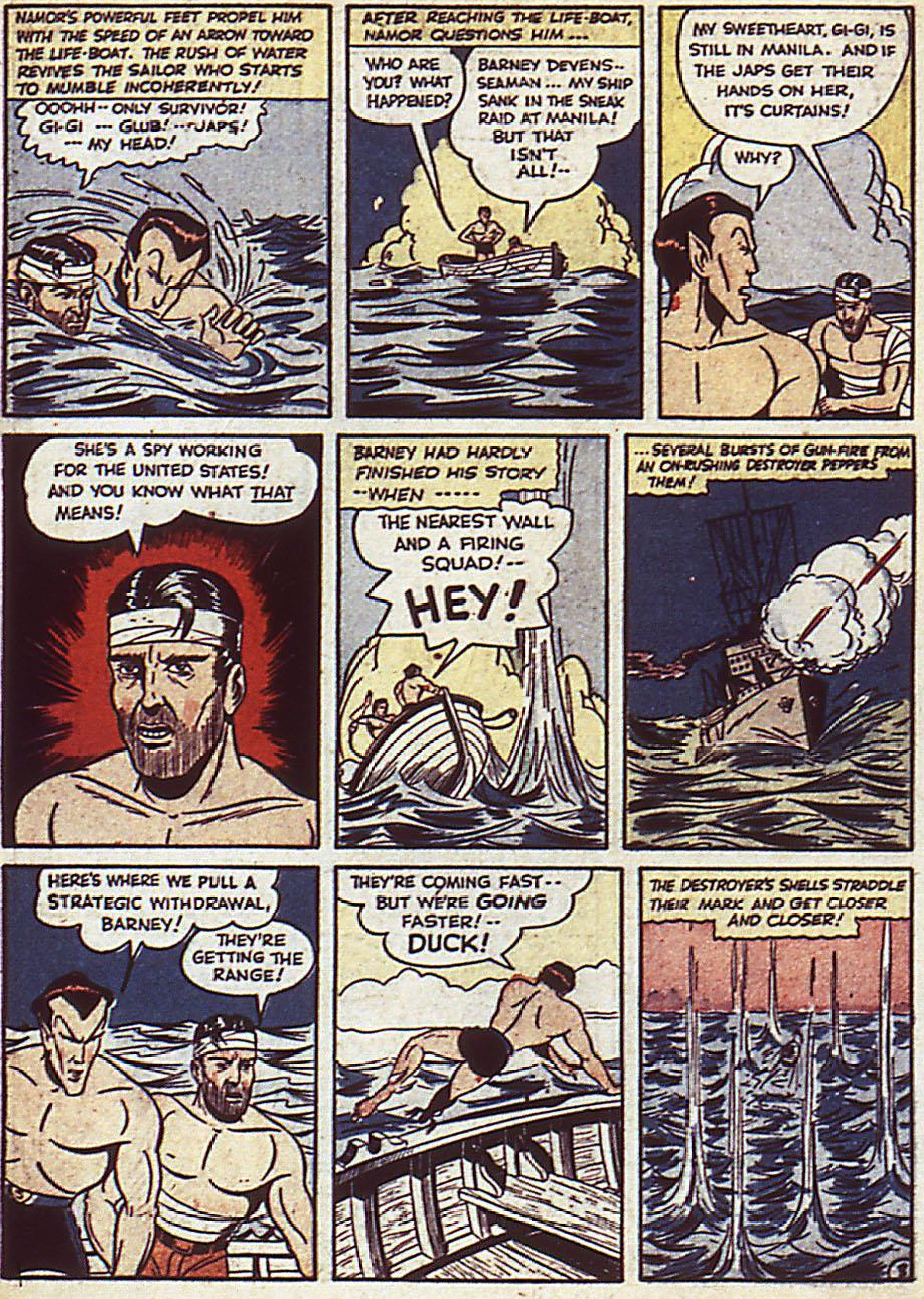

FOR DEFENSE
BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND STAMPS

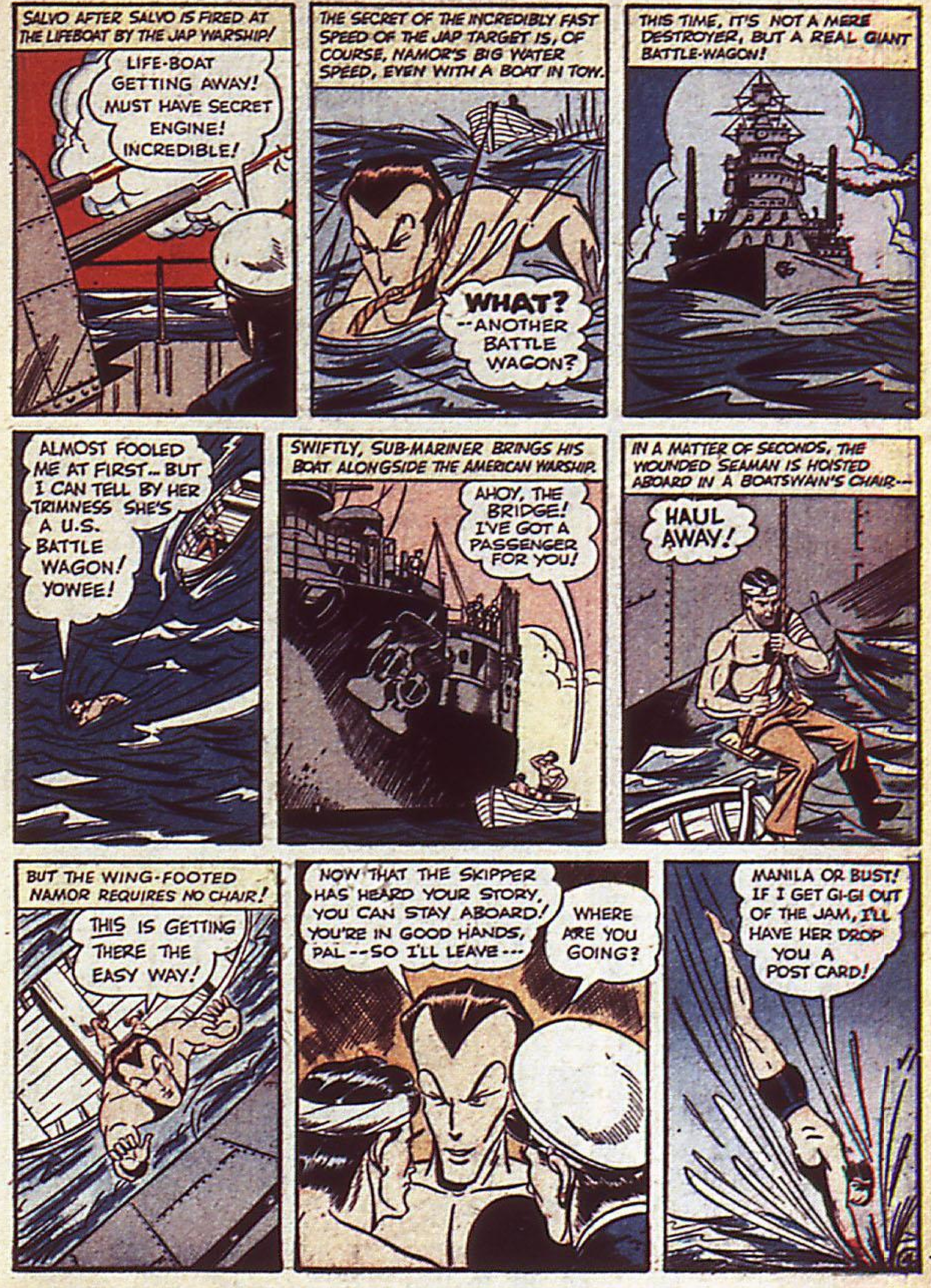
LET ALL AMERICA ARISE
VICTORY SHALL BE OURS
DO YOUR SHARE

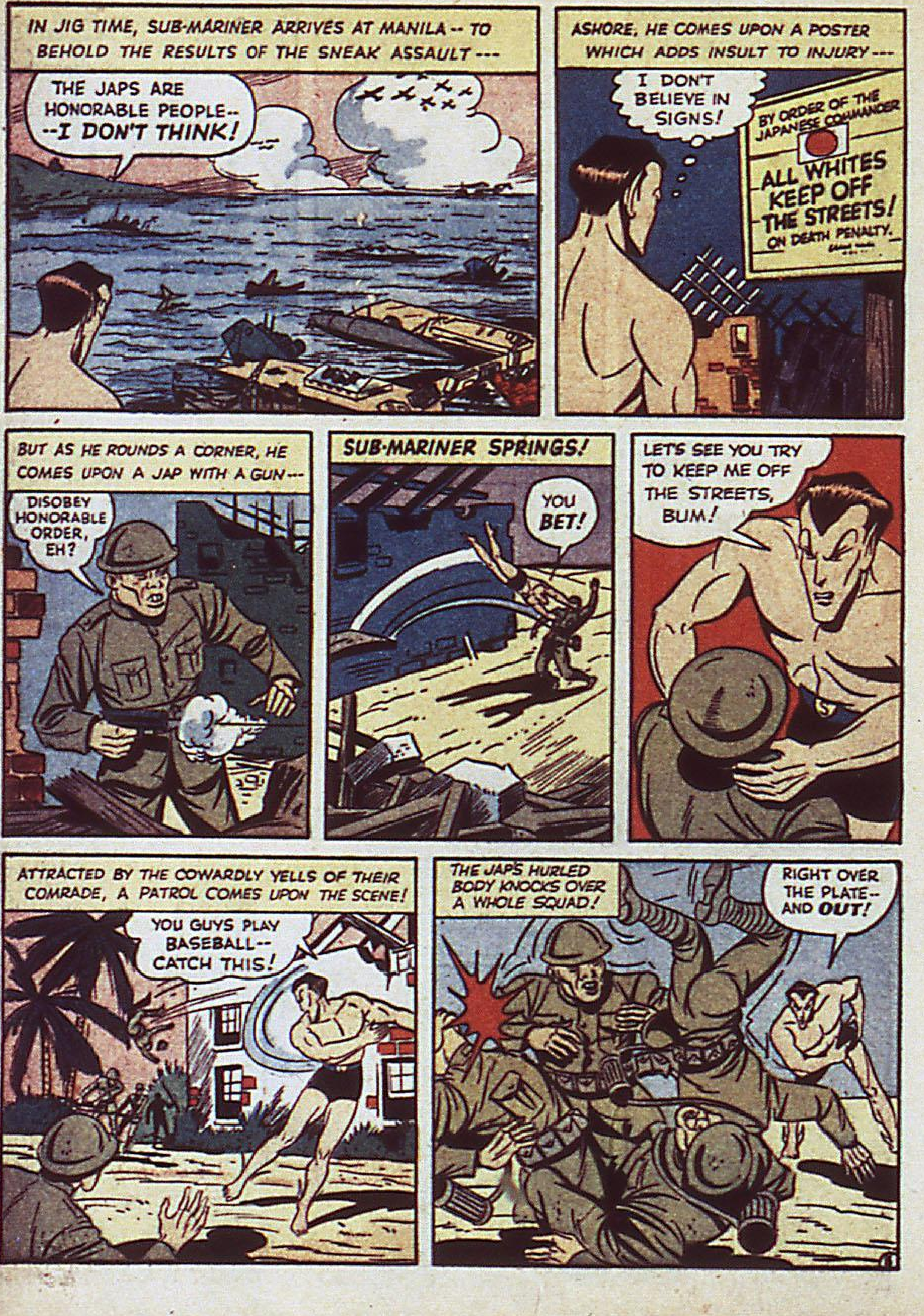
**BUY UNITED STATES** SAVINGS BONDS and STAMPS!

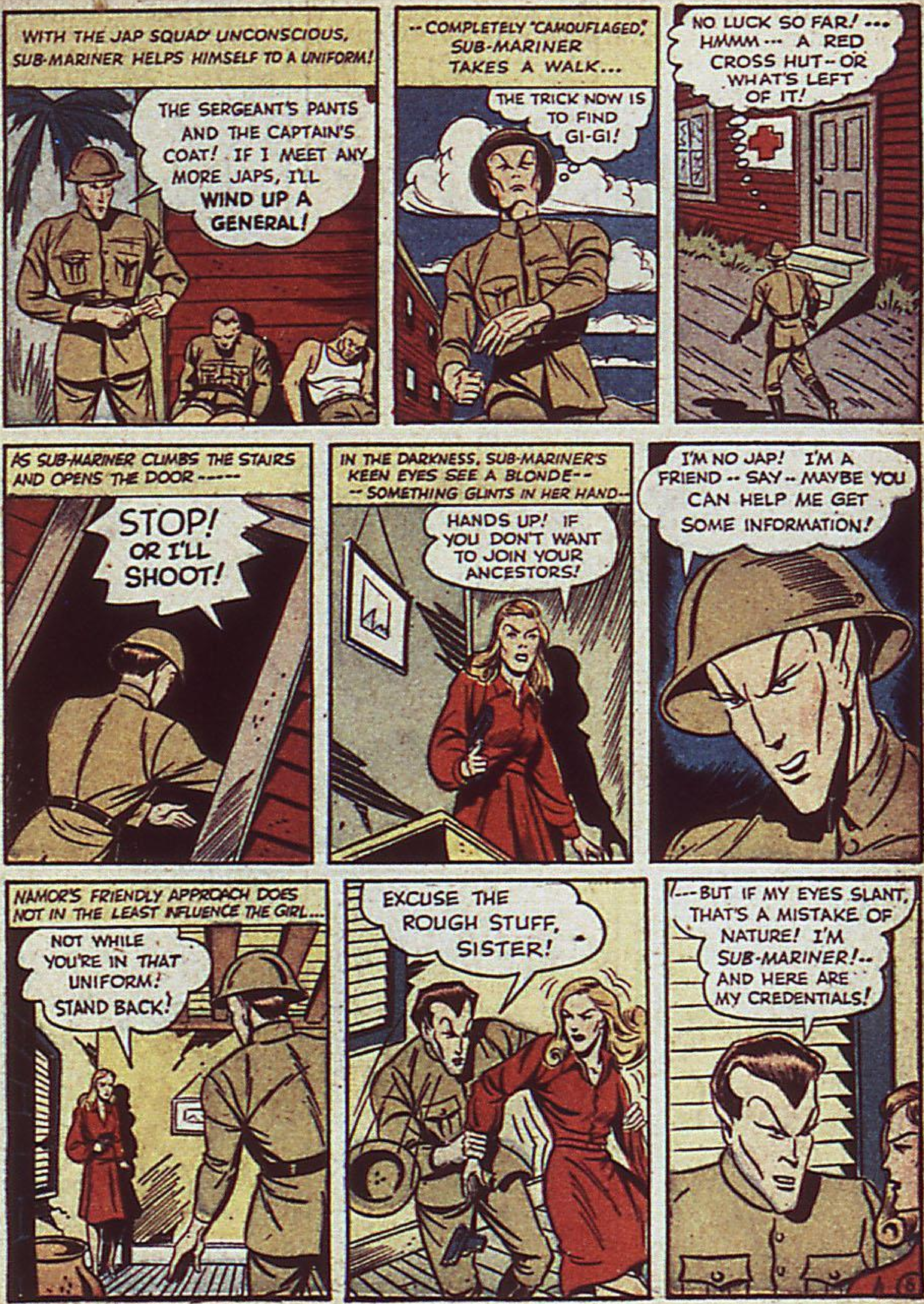

THE SUB-MARINER
SMASHES AN UPRISING AT MANILA!
SECRETS FOR MacARTHUR SEALED THE LIPS OF GI-GI, THE AMERICAN GIRL ... AS SUB-MARINER HURLED A JAP AT HER TORTURER ... FOR GI-GI HAD TO GET THROUGH TO THE GENERAL!

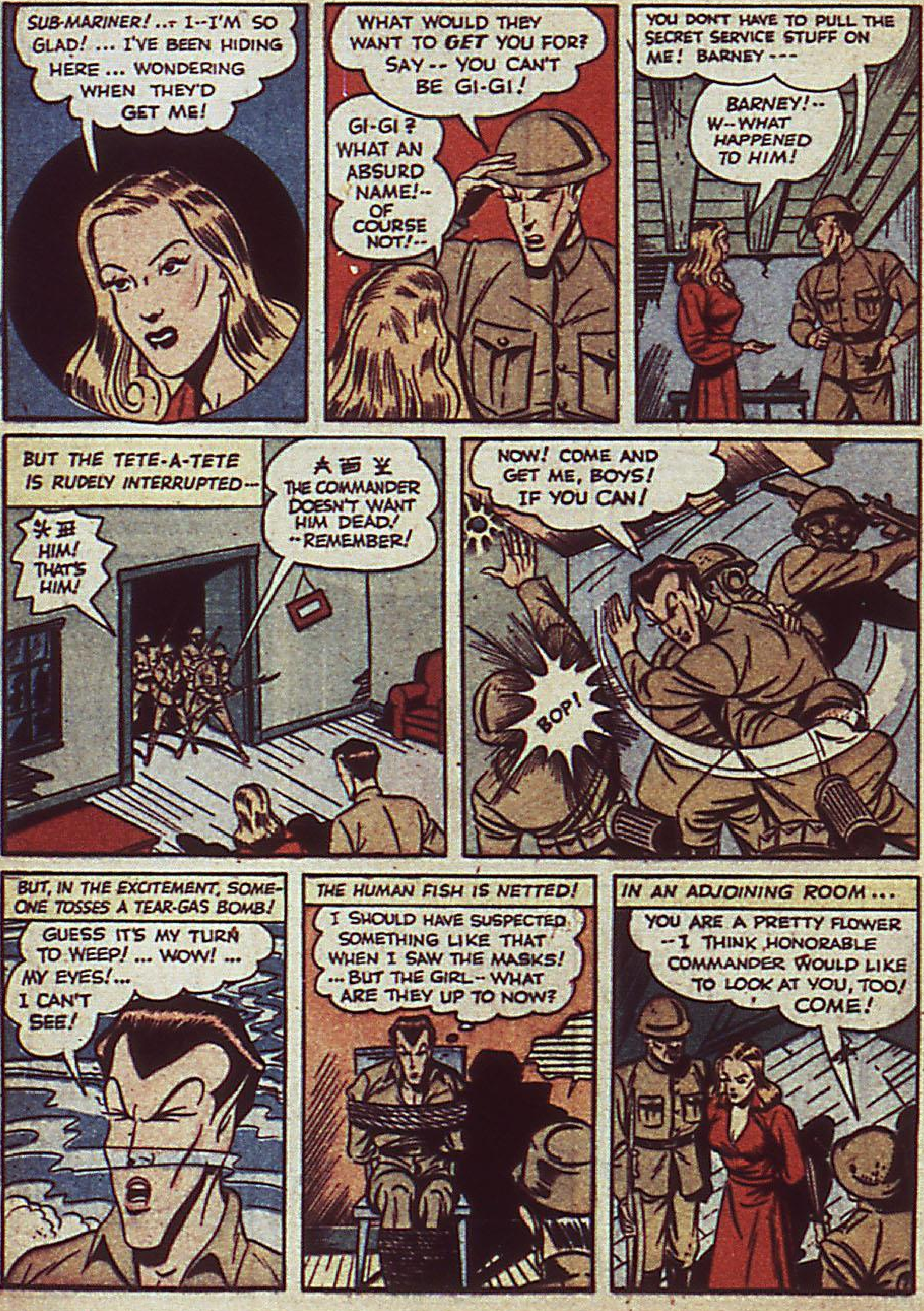

AFTER BATTLING IN THE EAST INDIES INFERNO, NAMOR ENJOYS THE SMOOTH WATERS OF THE CHINA SEAS ..
AT LEAST I CAN BE HAPPY AND ALONE IN THE GREAT WIDE WET SPACES!
...WHEN A DRIFTING OBJECT ATTRACTS HIS ATTENTION!
CAN'T A GUY GET ANY PRIVACY ANYMORE?
A CLOSER LOOK REVEALS A DERELICT WATER-LOGGED RAFT WITH AN UNCONSCIOUS BODY ROCKING WITH THE WAVES...
HOLY HALIBUT!--THIS BOY'S HAD A TOUGH TIME OF IT, ALL RIGHT!
USING THE MAN'S SHIRT, NAMOR BINDS HIS NUMEROUS WOUNDS...
THAT'S THE BEST I CAN DO FOR HIM NOW-- BETTER GET HIM OFF THIS RAFT BEFORE IT SINKS!
NOW TO GET THAT LIFE-BOAT --HMMM ... THERE SURE IS ENOUGH WRECKAGE AROUND HERE
HOLY NEPTUNE! THE WHOLE CREW DEAD! THIS FLOATING COFFIN ISN'T OF ANY USE TO YOU FELLOWS!
NAMOR DROPS THEM ONE BY ONE TO THEIR WATERY GRAVES...
WONDER IF THAT BIRD ON THE RAFT KNOWS WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?
...BUT THE "SURVIVOR" ON THE RAFT IS SINKING AS HIS FRAIL CRAFT COLLAPSES IN THE SEA...
...IN A FLASH, NAMOR DIVES AFTER THE DROWNING SAILOR...
THERE'S ENOUGH FOOD FOR THE FISHES --WITHOUT YOU, BUD!
2

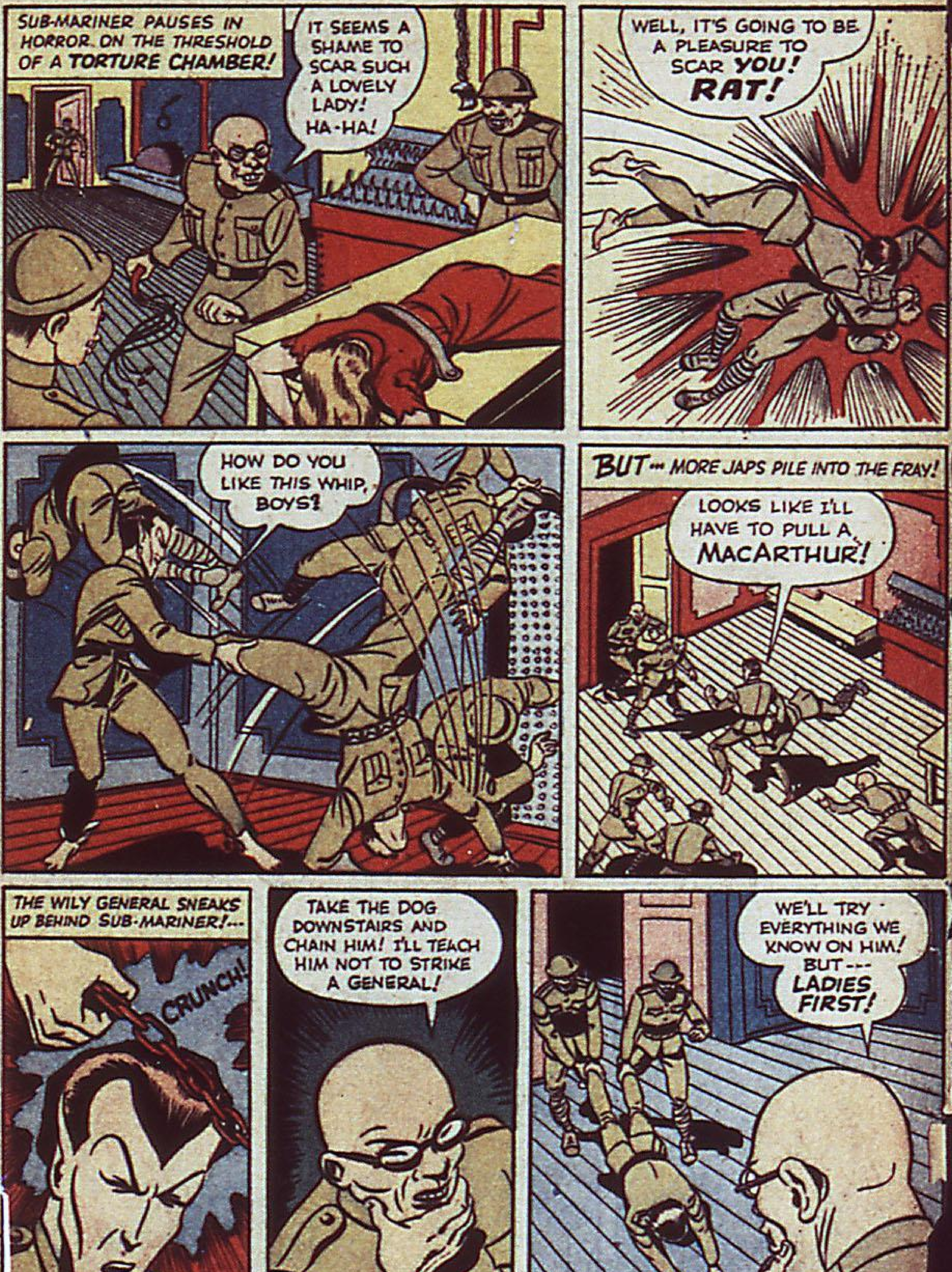

NAMOR'S POWERFUL FEET PROPEL HIM WITH THE SPEED OF AN ARROW TOWARD THE LIFE-BOAT. THE RUSH OF WATER REVIVES THE SAILOR WHO STARTS TO MUMBLE INCOHERENTLY!
OOOHH -- ONLY SURVIVOR! GI-GI --- GLUB! -- JAPS! --- MY HEAD!
AFTER REACHING THE LIFE-BOAT, NAMOR QUESTIONS HIM ...
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT HAPPENED?
BARNEY DEVENS -- SEAMAN ... MY SHIP SANK IN THE SNEAK RAID AT MANILA! BUT THAT ISN'T ALL! --
MY SWEETHEART, GI-GI, IS STILL IN MANILA. AND IF THE JAPS GET THEIR HANDS ON HER, IT'S CURTAINS!
WHY?
SHE'S A SPY WORKING FOR THE UNITED STATES! AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!
BARNEY HAD HARDLY FINISHED HIS STORY --WHEN -----
THE NEAREST WALL AND A FIRING SQUAD! --
HEY!
... SEVERAL BURSTS OF GUN-FIRE FROM AN ON-RUSHING DESTROYER PEPPERS THEM!
HERE'S WHERE WE PULL A STRATEGIC WITHDRAWAL, BARNEY!
THEY'RE GETTING THE RANGE!
THEY'RE COMING FAST -- BUT WE'RE GOING FASTER! -- DUCK!
THE DESTROYER'S SHELLS STRADDLE THEIR MARK AND GET CLOSER AND CLOSER!

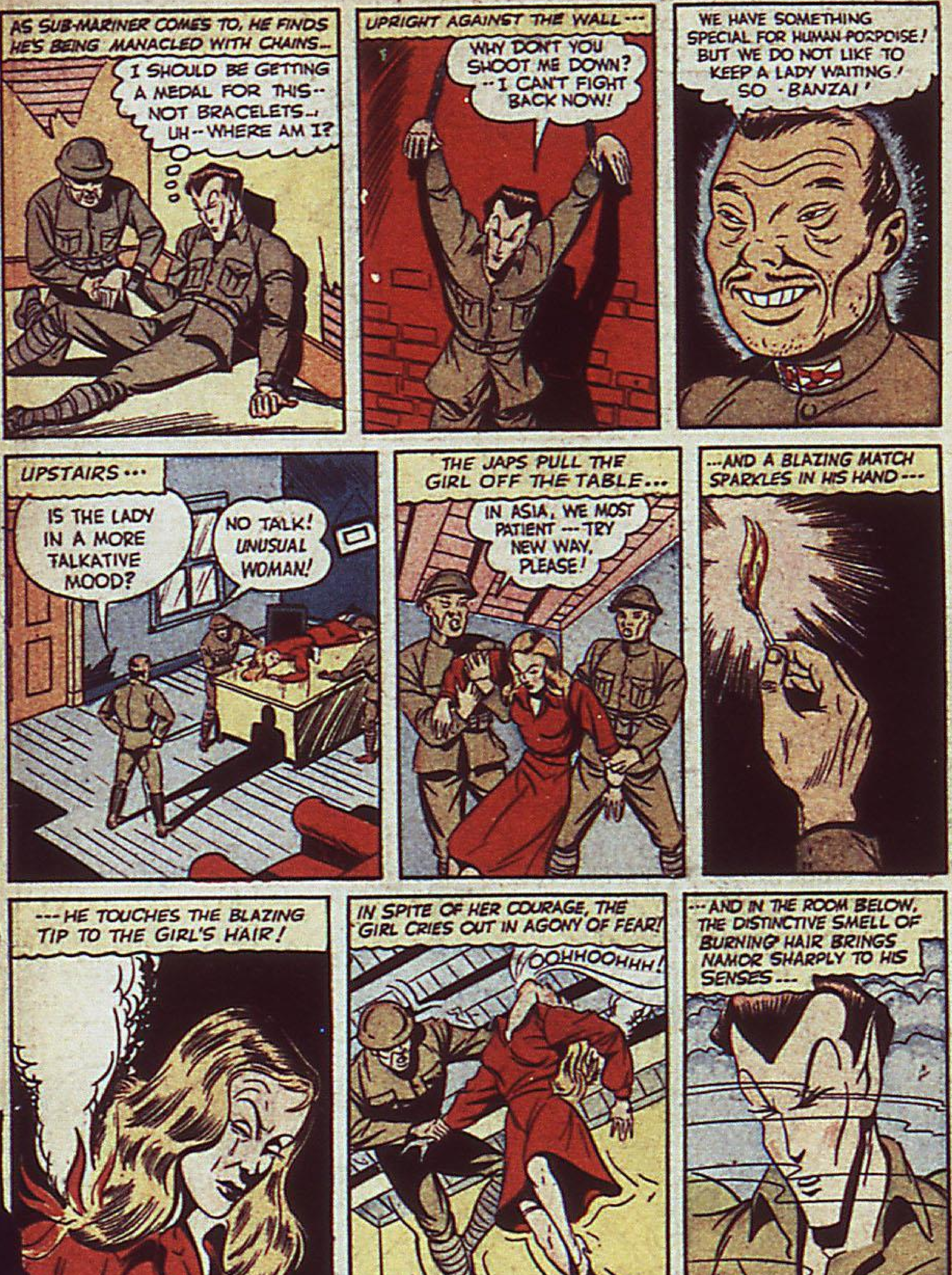

SALVO AFTER SALVO IS FIRED AT THE LIFEBOAT BY THE JAP WARSHIP!
LIFE-BOAT GETTING AWAY! MUST HAVE SECRET ENGINE! INCREDIBLE!
THE SECRET OF THE INCREDIBLY FAST SPEED OF THE JAP TARGET IS, OF COURSE, NAMOR'S BIG WATER SPEED, EVEN WITH A BOAT IN TOW.
WHAT? --ANOTHER BATTLE WAGON?
THIS TIME, IT'S NOT A MERE DESTROYER, BUT A REAL GIANT BATTLE-WAGON!
ALMOST FOOLED ME AT FIRST... BUT I CAN TELL BY HER TRIMNESS SHE'S A U.S. BATTLE WAGON! YOWEE!
SWIFTLY, SUB-MARINER BRINGS HIS BOAT ALONGSIDE THE AMERICAN WARSHIP.
AHOY, THE BRIDGE! I'VE GOT A PASSENGER FOR YOU!
IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, THE WOUNDED SEAMAN IS HOISTED ABOARD IN A BOATSWAIN'S CHAIR--
HAUL AWAY!
BUT THE WING-FOOTED NAMOR REQUIRES NO CHAIR!
THIS IS GETTING THERE THE EASY WAY!
NOW THAT THE SKIPPER HAS HEARD YOUR STORY, YOU CAN STAY ABOARD! YOU'RE IN GOOD HANDS, PAL--SO I'LL LEAVE---
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
MANILA OR BUST! IF I GET GI-GI OUT OF THE JAM, I'LL HAVE HER DROP YOU A POST CARD!
4

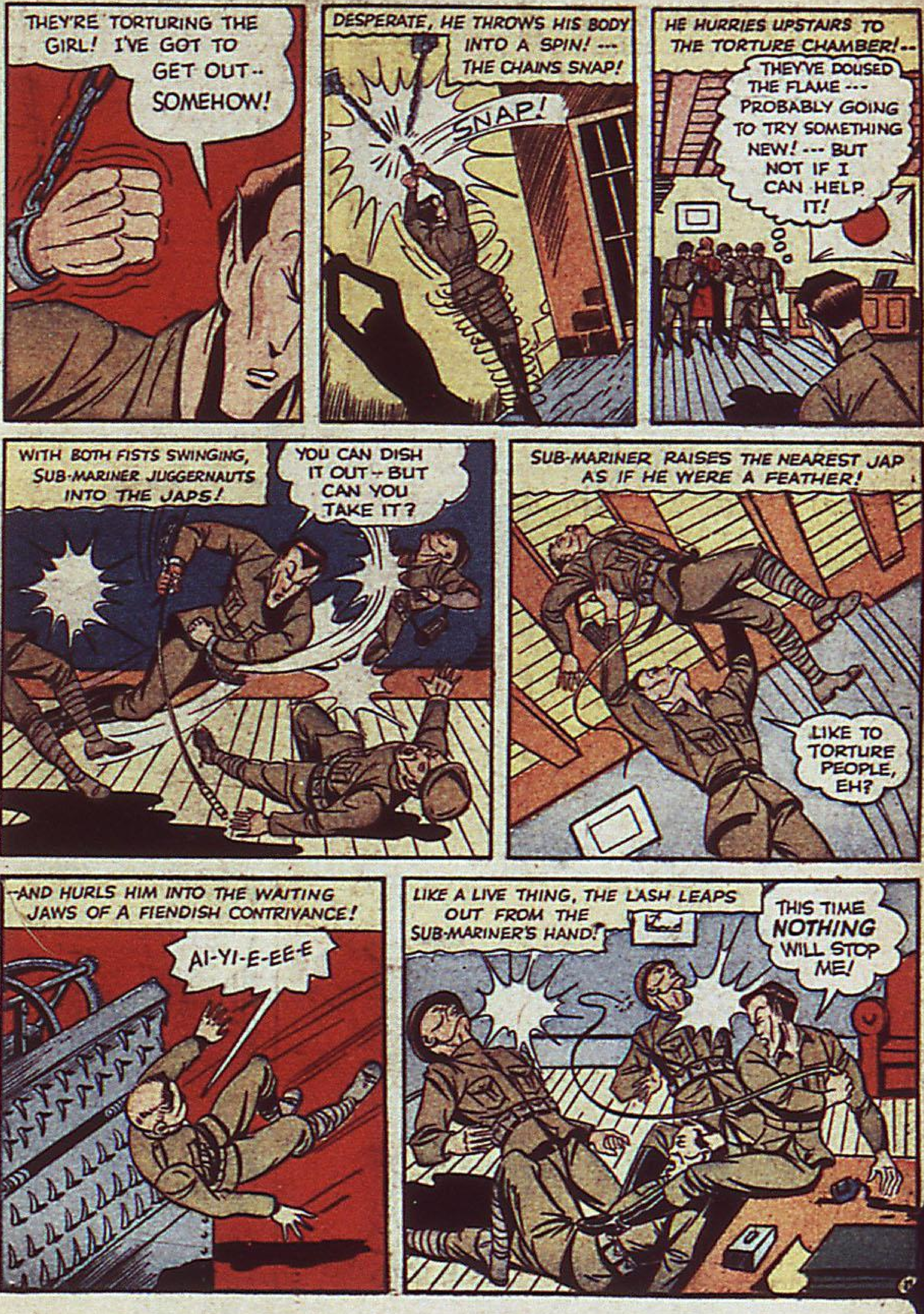

IN JIG TIME, SUB-MARINER ARRIVES AT MANILA -- TO BEHOLD THE RESULTS OF THE SNEAK ASSAULT ---
THE JAPS ARE HONORABLE PEOPLE-- --I DON'T THINK!
ASHORE, HE COMES UPON A POSTER WHICH ADDS INSULT TO INJURY ---
I DON'T BELIEVE IN SIGNS!
BY ORDER OF THE JAPANESE COMMANDER
ALL WHITES KEEP OFF THE STREETS!
ON DEATH PENALTY.
BUT AS HE ROUNDS A CORNER, HE COMES UPON A JAP WITH A GUN ---
DISOBEY HONORABLE ORDER, EH?
SUB-MARINER SPRINGS!
YOU BET!
LET'S SEE YOU TRY TO KEEP ME OFF THE STREETS, BUM!
ATTRACTED BY THE COWARDLY YELLS OF THEIR COMRADE, A PATROL COMES UPON THE SCENE!
YOU GUYS PLAY BASEBALL-- CATCH THIS!
THE JAP'S HURLED BODY KNOCKS OVER A WHOLE SQUAD!
RIGHT OVER THE PLATE-- AND OUT!

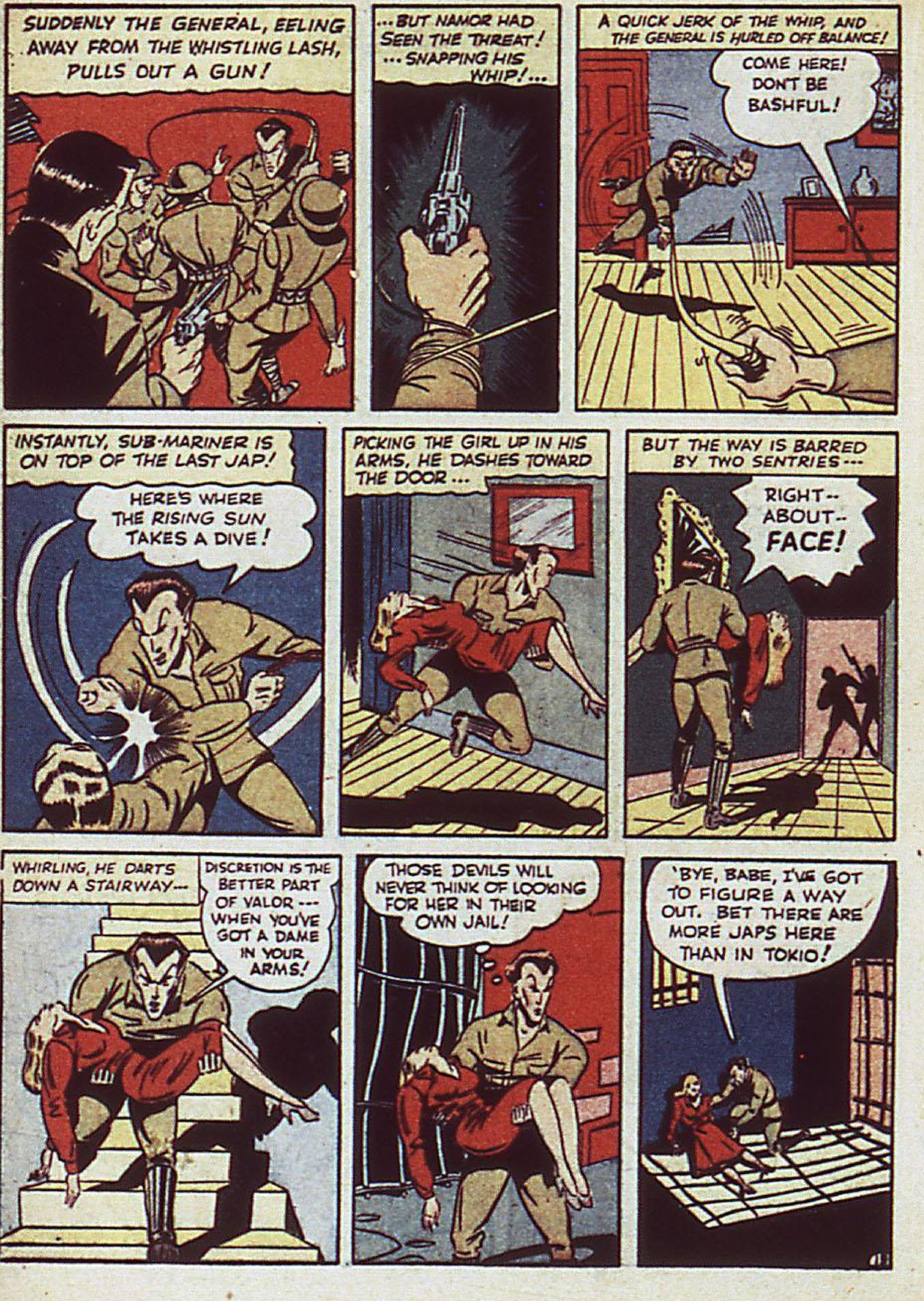

WITH THE JAP SQUAD UNCONSCIOUS, SUB-MARINER HELPS HIMSELF TO A UNIFORM!
THE SERGEANT'S PANTS AND THE CAPTAIN'S COAT! IF I MEET ANY MORE JAPS, I'LL WIND UP A GENERAL!
--COMPLETELY "CAMOUFLAGED," SUB-MARINER TAKES A WALK...
THE TRICK NOW IS TO FIND GI-GI!
NO LUCK SO FAR! --- HMMM --- A RED CROSS HUT--OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT!
AS SUB-MARINER CLIMBS THE STAIRS AND OPENS THE DOOR -----
STOP! OR I'LL SHOOT!
IN THE DARKNESS, SUB-MARINER'S KEEN EYES SEE A BLONDE-- --SOMETHING GLINTS IN HER HAND--
HANDS UP! IF YOU DON'T WANT TO JOIN YOUR ANCESTORS!
I'M NO JAP! I'M A FRIEND -- SAY -- MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME GET SOME INFORMATION!
NAMOR'S FRIENDLY APPROACH DOES NOT IN THE LEAST INFLUENCE THE GIRL...
NOT WHILE YOU'RE IN THAT UNIFORM! STAND BACK!
EXCUSE THE ROUGH STUFF, SISTER!
---BUT IF MY EYES SLANT, THAT'S A MISTAKE OF NATURE! I'M SUB-MARINER!-- AND HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS!

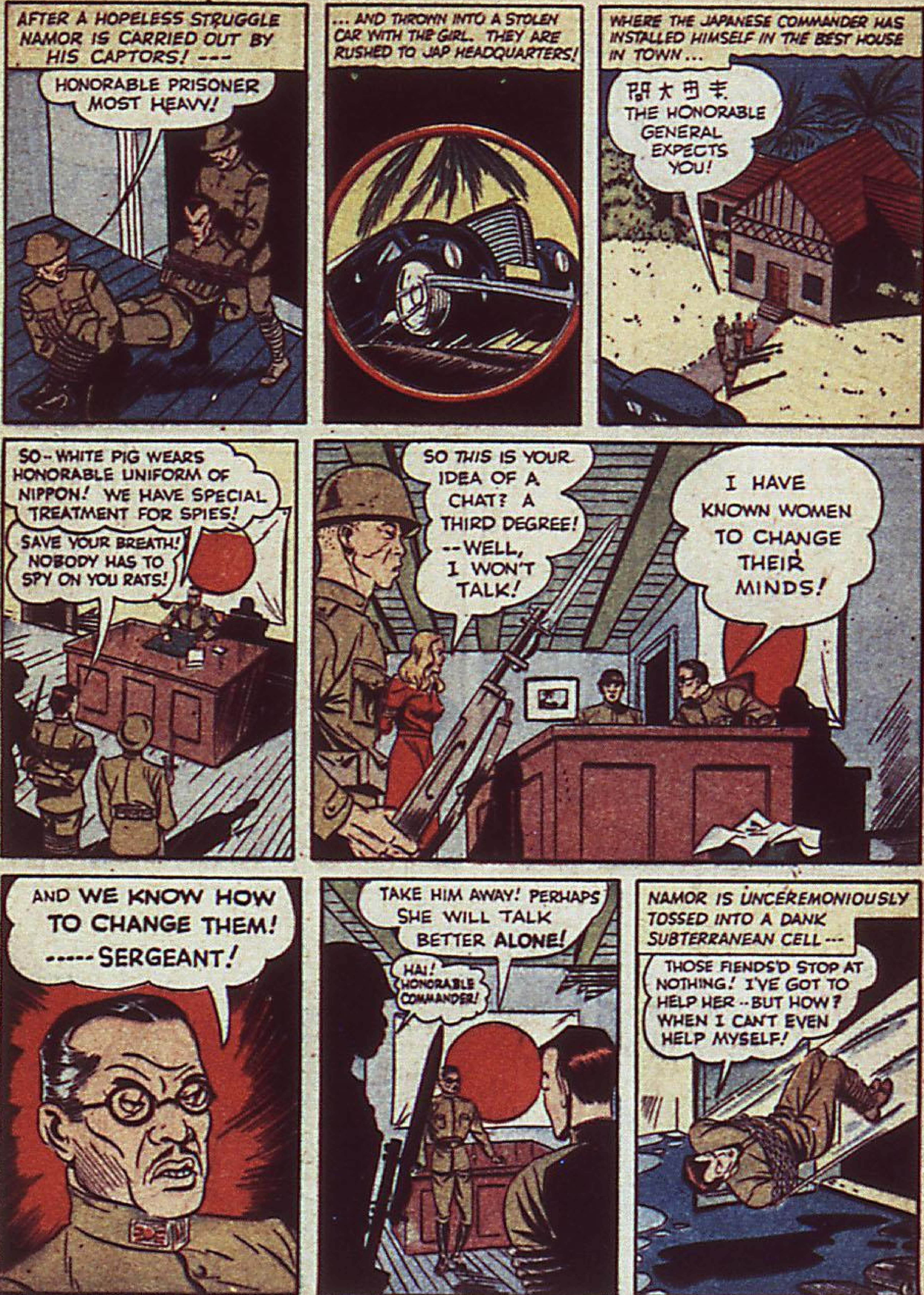

SUB-MARINER! ..- I--I'M SO GLAD! ... I'VE BEEN HIDING HERE ... WONDERING WHEN THEY'D GET ME!
WHAT WOULD THEY WANT TO GET YOU FOR? SAY -- YOU CAN'T BE GI-GI!
GI-GI? WHAT AN ABSURD NAME!-- OF COURSE NOT!--
YOU DON'T HAVE TO PULL THE SECRET SERVICE STUFF ON ME! BARNEY---
BARNEY!-- W--WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!
BUT THE TETE-A-TETE IS RUDELY INTERRUPTED--
HIM! THAT'S HIM!
THE COMMANDER DOESN'T WANT HIM DEAD! --REMEMBER!
NOW! COME AND GET ME, BOYS! IF YOU CAN!
BOP!
BUT, IN THE EXCITEMENT, SOMEONE TOSSES A TEAR-GAS BOMB!
GUESS IT'S MY TURN TO WEEP! ... WOW! ... MY EYES!... I CAN'T SEE!
THE HUMAN FISH IS NETTED!
I SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THAT WHEN I SAW THE MASKS! ...BUT THE GIRL-- WHAT ARE THEY UP TO NOW?
IN AN ADJOINING ROOM ...
YOU ARE A PRETTY FLOWER --I THINK HONORABLE COMMANDER WOULD LIKE TO LOOK AT YOU, TOO! COME!

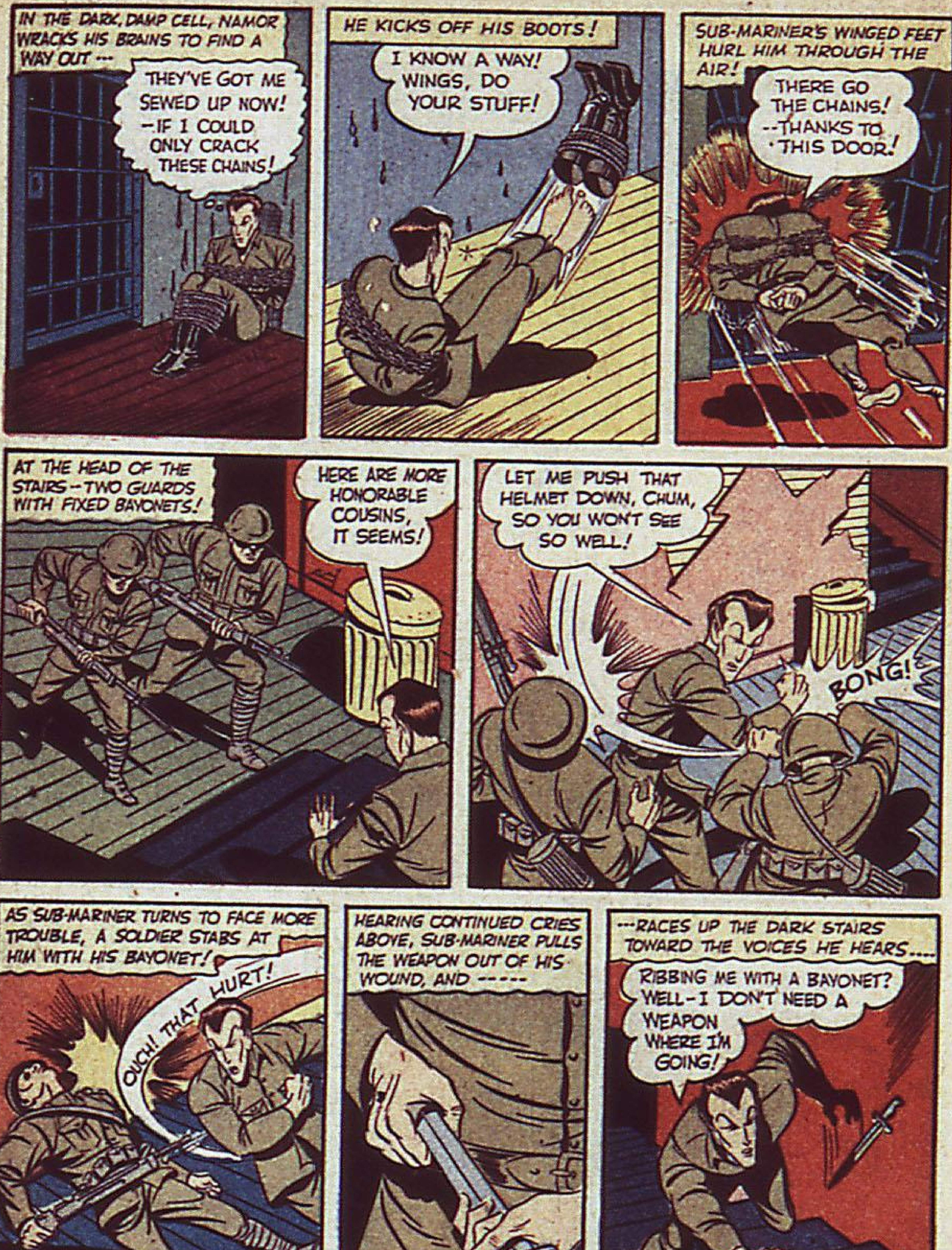

SUB-MARINER PAUSES IN HORROR ON THE THRESHOLD OF A TORTURE CHAMBER!
IT SEEMS A SHAME TO SCAR SUCH A LOVELY LADY! HA-HA!
WELL, IT'S GOING TO BE A PLEASURE TO SCAR YOU! RAT!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS WHIP, BOYS?
BUT -- MORE JAPS PILE INTO THE FRAY!
LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO PULL A MacARTHUR!
THE WILY GENERAL SNEAKS UP BEHIND SUB-MARINER!--
CRUNCH!
TAKE THE DOG DOWNSTAIRS AND CHAIN HIM! I'LL TEACH HIM NOT TO STRIKE A GENERAL!
WE'LL TRY EVERYTHING WE KNOW ON HIM! BUT --- LADIES FIRST!

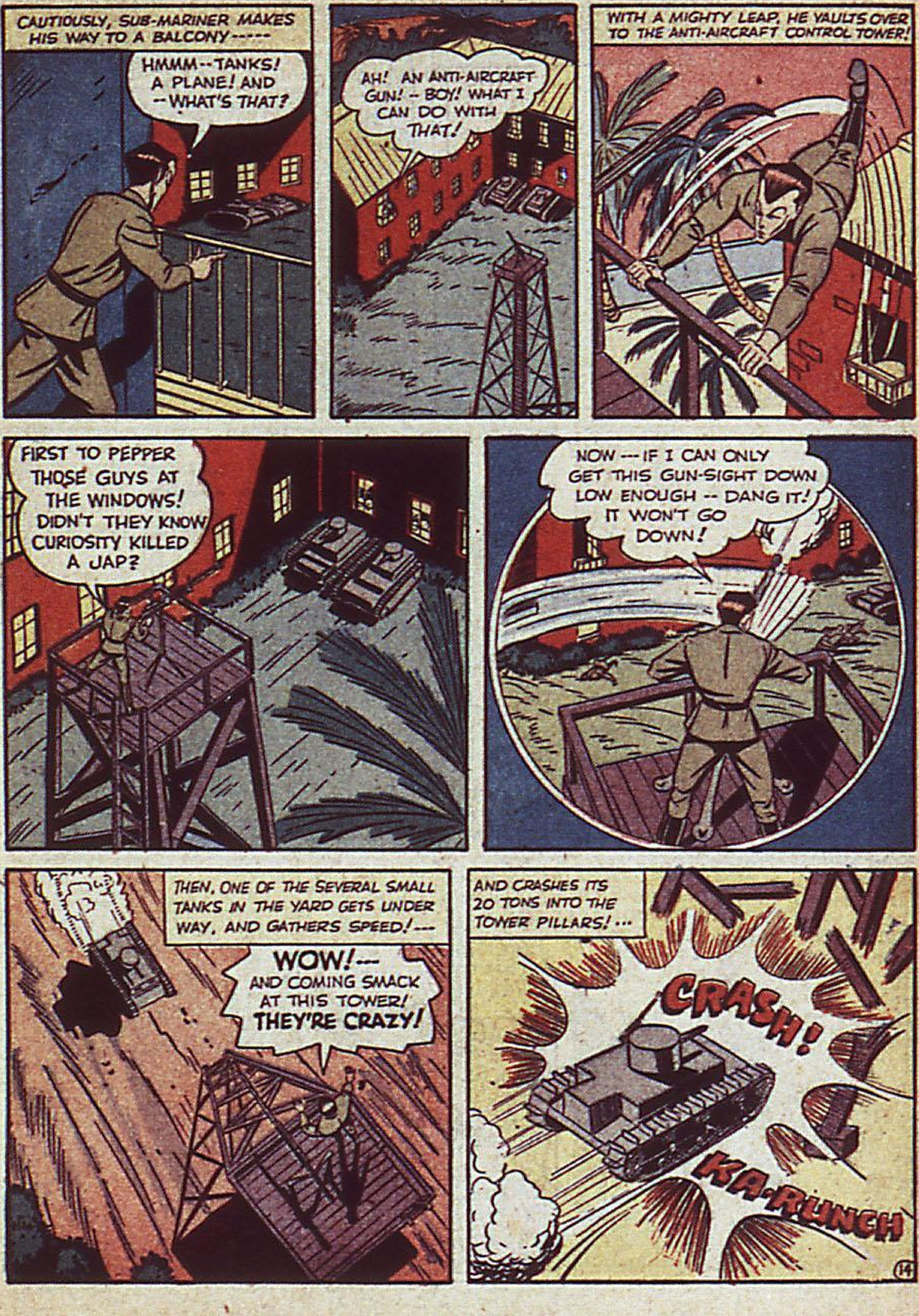

AS SUB-MARINER COMES TO, HE FINDS HE'S BEING MANACLED WITH CHAINS...
I SHOULD BE GETTING A MEDAL FOR THIS-- NOT BRACELETS--! UH--WHERE AM I?
UPRIGHT AGAINST THE WALL---
WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT ME DOWN? --I CAN'T FIGHT BACK NOW!
WE HAVE SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HUMAN-PORPOISE! BUT WE DO NOT LIKE TO KEEP A LADY WAITING! SO - BANZAI!
UPSTAIRS...
IS THE LADY IN A MORE TALKATIVE MOOD?
NO TALK! UNUSUAL WOMAN!
THE JAPS PULL THE GIRL OFF THE TABLE...
IN ASIA, WE MOST PATIENT ---TRY NEW WAY, PLEASE!
...AND A BLAZING MATCH SPARKLES IN HIS HAND---
---HE TOUCHES THE BLAZING TIP TO THE GIRL'S HAIR!
IN SPITE OF HER COURAGE, THE GIRL CRIES OUT IN AGONY OF FEAR!
OOHHOOOHHH!
---AND IN THE ROOM BELOW, THE DISTINCTIVE SMELL OF BURNING HAIR BRINGS NAMOR SHARPLY TO HIS SENSES---

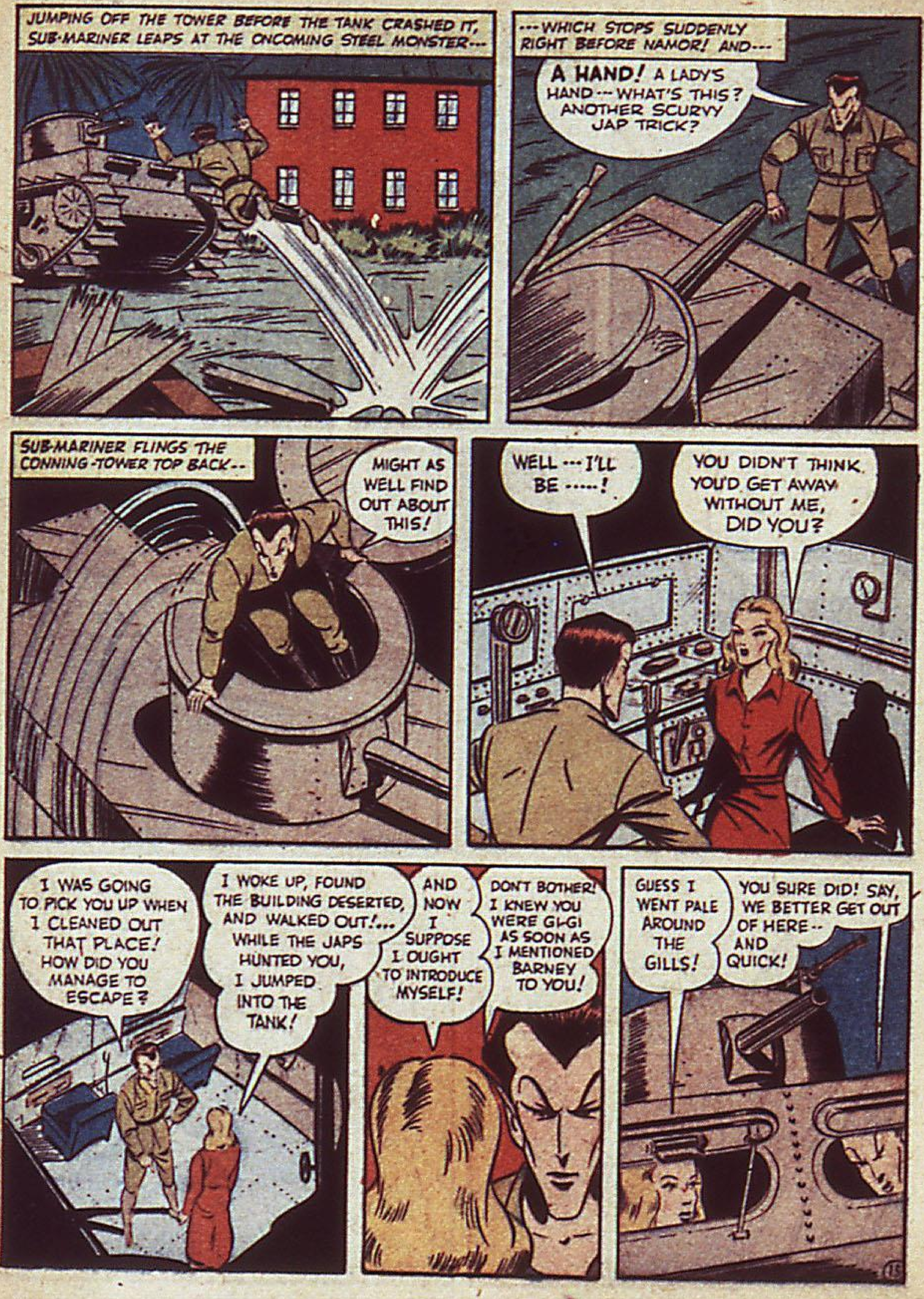

THEY'RE TORTURING THE GIRL! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT-- SOMEHOW!
DESPERATE, HE THROWS HIS BODY INTO A SPIN! --- THE CHAINS SNAP!
SNAP!
HE HURRIES UPSTAIRS TO THE TORTURE CHAMBER! --
THEY'VE DOUSED THE FLAME --- PROBABLY GOING TO TRY SOMETHING NEW! --- BUT NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
WITH BOTH FISTS SWINGING, SUB-MARINER JUGGERNAUTS INTO THE JAPS!
YOU CAN DISH IT OUT -- BUT CAN YOU TAKE IT?
SUB-MARINER RAISES THE NEAREST JAP AS IF HE WERE A FEATHER!
LIKE TO TORTURE PEOPLE, EH?
--AND HURLS HIM INTO THE WAITING JAWS OF A FIENDISH CONTRIVANCE!
AI-YI-E-EE-E
LIKE A LIVE THING, THE LASH LEAPS OUT FROM THE SUB-MARINER'S HAND!
THIS TIME NOTHING WILL STOP ME!

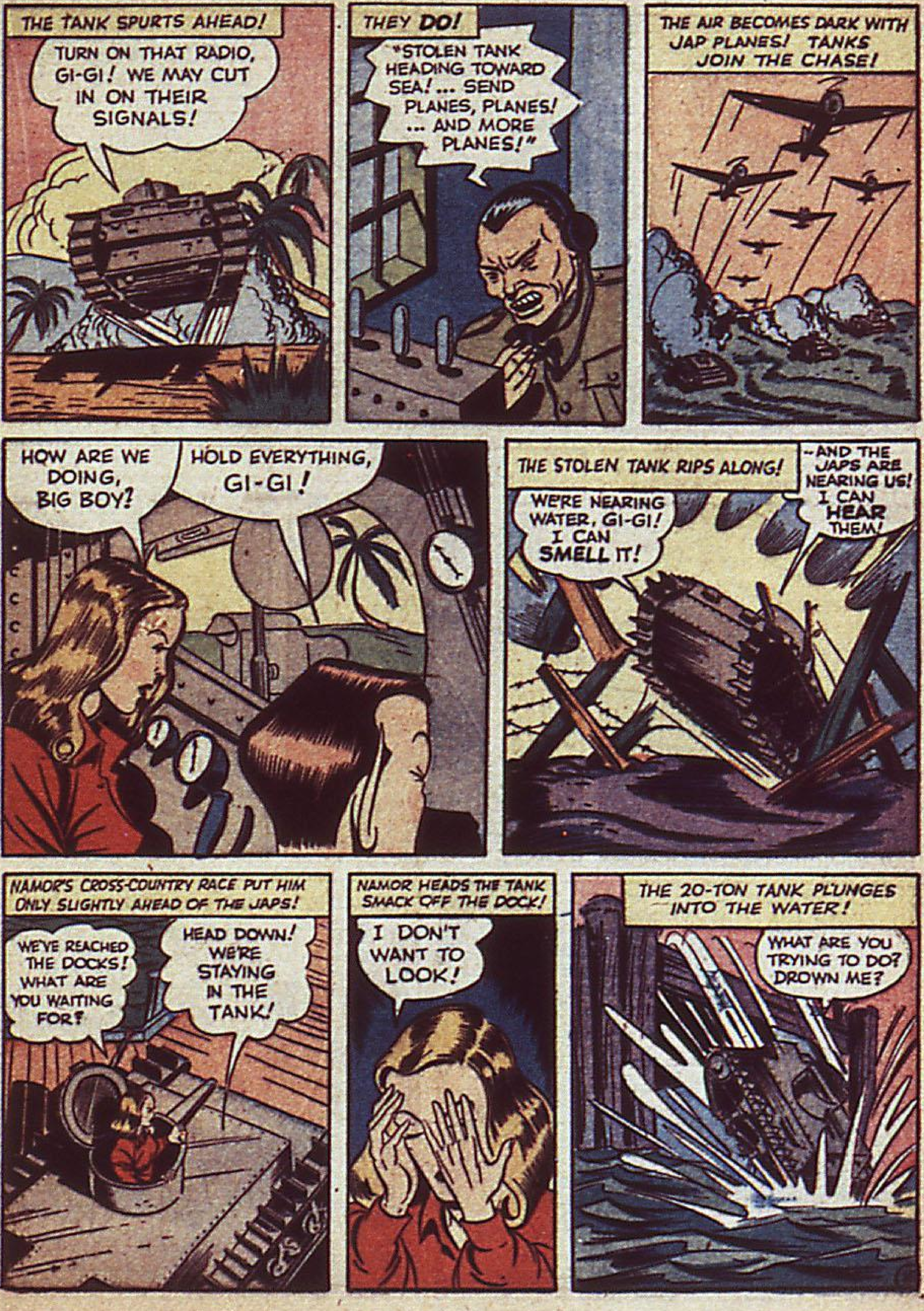

SUDDENLY THE GENERAL, EELING AWAY FROM THE WHISTLING LASH, PULLS OUT A GUN!
...BUT NAMOR HAD SEEN THE THREAT! ...SNAPPING HIS WHIP!...
A QUICK JERK OF THE WHIP, AND THE GENERAL IS HURLED OFF BALANCE!
COME HERE! DON'T BE BASHFUL!
INSTANTLY, SUB-MARINER IS ON TOP OF THE LAST JAP!
HERE'S WHERE THE RISING SUN TAKES A DIVE!
PICKING THE GIRL UP IN HIS ARMS, HE DASHES TOWARD THE DOOR...
BUT THE WAY IS BARRED BY TWO SENTRIES---
RIGHT-- ABOUT-- FACE!
WHIRLING, HE DARTS DOWN A STAIRWAY---
DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOR --- WHEN YOU'VE GOT A DAME IN YOUR ARMS!
THOSE DEVILS WILL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR HER IN THEIR OWN JAIL!
'BYE, BABE, I'VE GOT TO FIGURE A WAY OUT. BET THERE ARE MORE JAPS HERE THAN IN TOKIO!

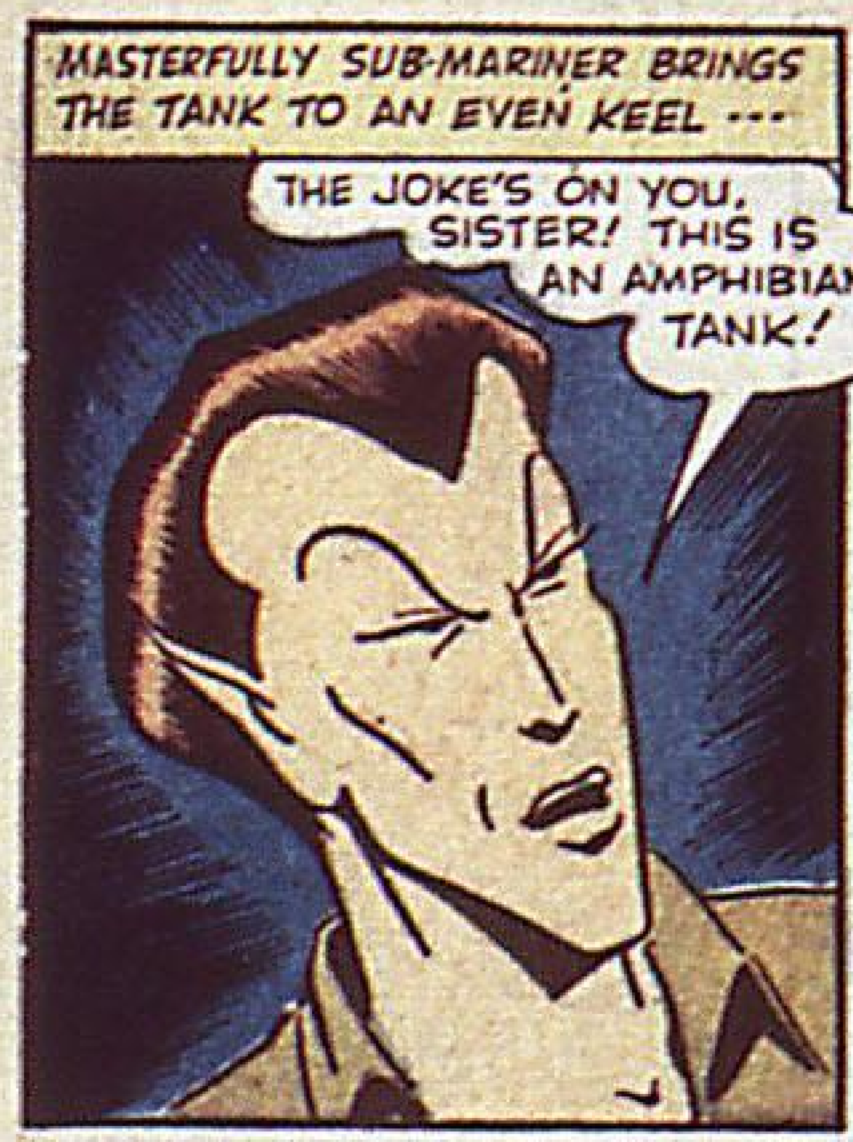

AFTER A HOPELESS STRUGGLE NAMOR IS CARRIED OUT BY HIS CAPTORS! ---
HONORABLE PRISONER MOST HEAVY!
... AND THROWN INTO A STOLEN CAR WITH THE GIRL. THEY ARE RUSHED TO JAP HEADQUARTERS!
WHERE THE JAPANESE COMMANDER HAS INSTALLED HIMSELF IN THE BEST HOUSE IN TOWN ...
THE HONORABLE GENERAL EXPECTS YOU!
SO-WHITE PIG WEARS HONORABLE UNIFORM OF NIPPON! WE HAVE SPECIAL TREATMENT FOR SPIES!
SAVE YOUR BREATH! NOBODY HAS TO SPY ON YOU RATS!
SO THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF A CHAT? A THIRD DEGREE! --WELL, I WON'T TALK!
I HAVE KNOWN WOMEN TO CHANGE THEIR MINDS!
AND WE KNOW HOW TO CHANGE THEM! ----- SERGEANT!
TAKE HIM AWAY! PERHAPS SHE WILL TALK BETTER ALONE!
HAI! HONORABLE COMMANDER!
NAMOR IS UNCEREMONIOUSLY TOSSED INTO A DANK SUBTERRANEAN CELL ---
THOSE FIENDS'D STOP AT NOTHING! I'VE GOT TO HELP HER -- BUT HOW? WHEN I CAN'T EVEN HELP MYSELF!

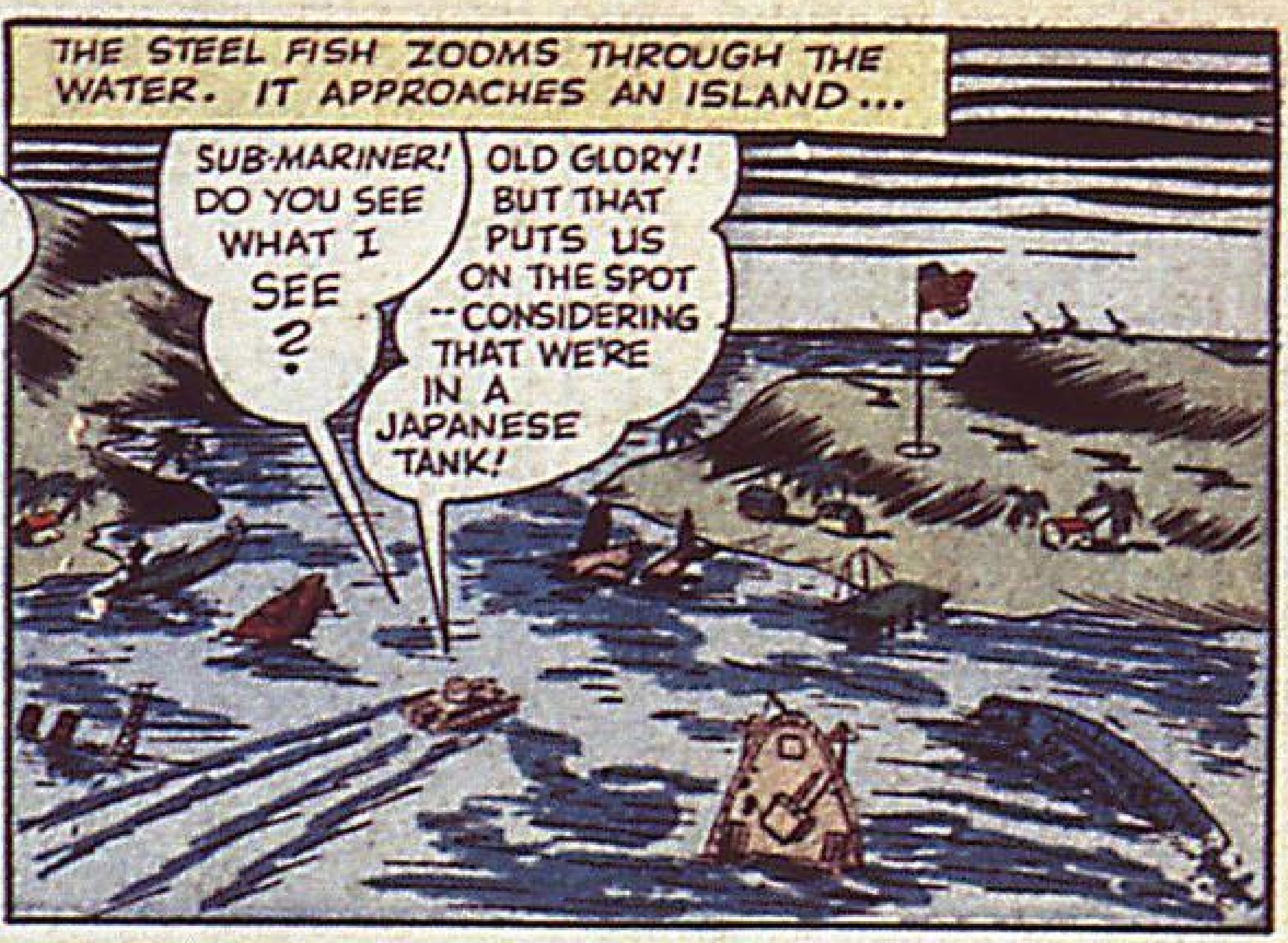

IN THE DARK, DAMP CELL, NAMOR WRACKS HIS BRAINS TO FIND A WAY OUT ---
THEY'VE GOT ME SEWED UP NOW! --IF I COULD ONLY CRACK THESE CHAINS!
HE KICKS OFF HIS BOOTS!
I KNOW A WAY! WINGS, DO YOUR STUFF!
SUB-MARINER'S WINGED FEET HURL HIM THROUGH THE AIR!
THERE GO THE CHAINS! --THANKS TO THIS DOOR!
AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS--TWO GUARDS WITH FIXED BAYONETS!
HERE ARE MORE HONORABLE COUSINS, IT SEEMS!
LET ME PUSH THAT HELMET DOWN, CHUM, SO YOU WON'T SEE SO WELL!
BONG!
AS SUB-MARINER TURNS TO FACE MORE TROUBLE, A SOLDIER STABS AT HIM WITH HIS BAYONET!
OUCH! THAT HURT!
HEARING CONTINUED CRIES ABOVE, SUB-MARINER PULLS THE WEAPON OUT OF HIS WOUND, AND -----
---RACES UP THE DARK STAIRS TOWARD THE VOICES HE HEARS....
RIBBING ME WITH A BAYONET? WELL-I DON'T NEED A WEAPON WHERE I'M GOING!

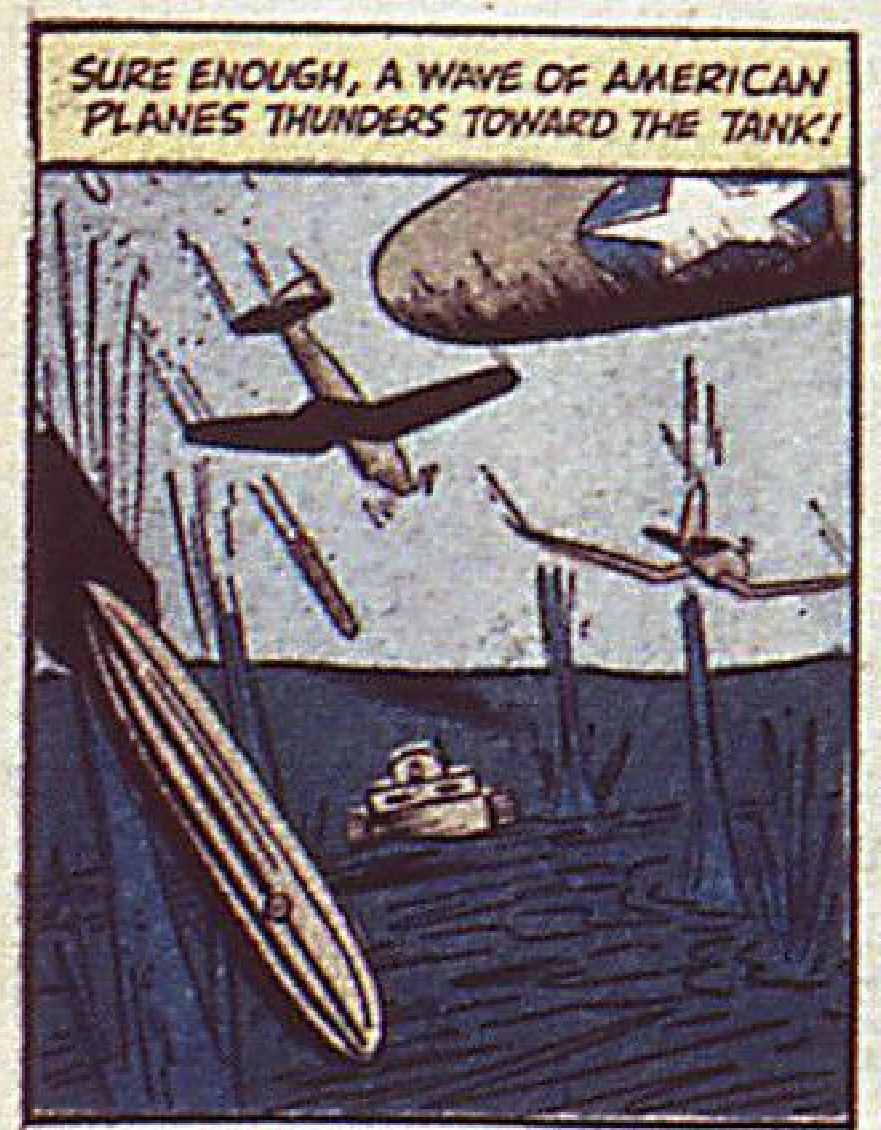

CAUTIOUSLY, SUB-MARINER MAKES HIS WAY TO A BALCONY-----
HMMM--TANKS! A PLANE! AND --WHAT'S THAT?
AH! AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN! -- BOY! WHAT I CAN DO WITH THAT!
WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, HE VAULTS OVER TO THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT CONTROL TOWER!
FIRST TO PEPPER THOSE GUYS AT THE WINDOWS! DIDN'T THEY KNOW CURIOSITY KILLED A JAP?
NOW ---IF I CAN ONLY GET THIS GUN-SIGHT DOWN LOW ENOUGH -- DANG IT! IT WON'T GO DOWN!
THEN, ONE OF THE SEVERAL SMALL TANKS IN THE YARD GETS UNDER WAY, AND GATHERS SPEED!---
WOW!--- AND COMING SMACK AT THIS TOWER! THEY'RE CRAZY!
AND CRASHES ITS 20 TONS INTO THE TOWER PILLARS!...
CRASH!
KA-RUNCH
14

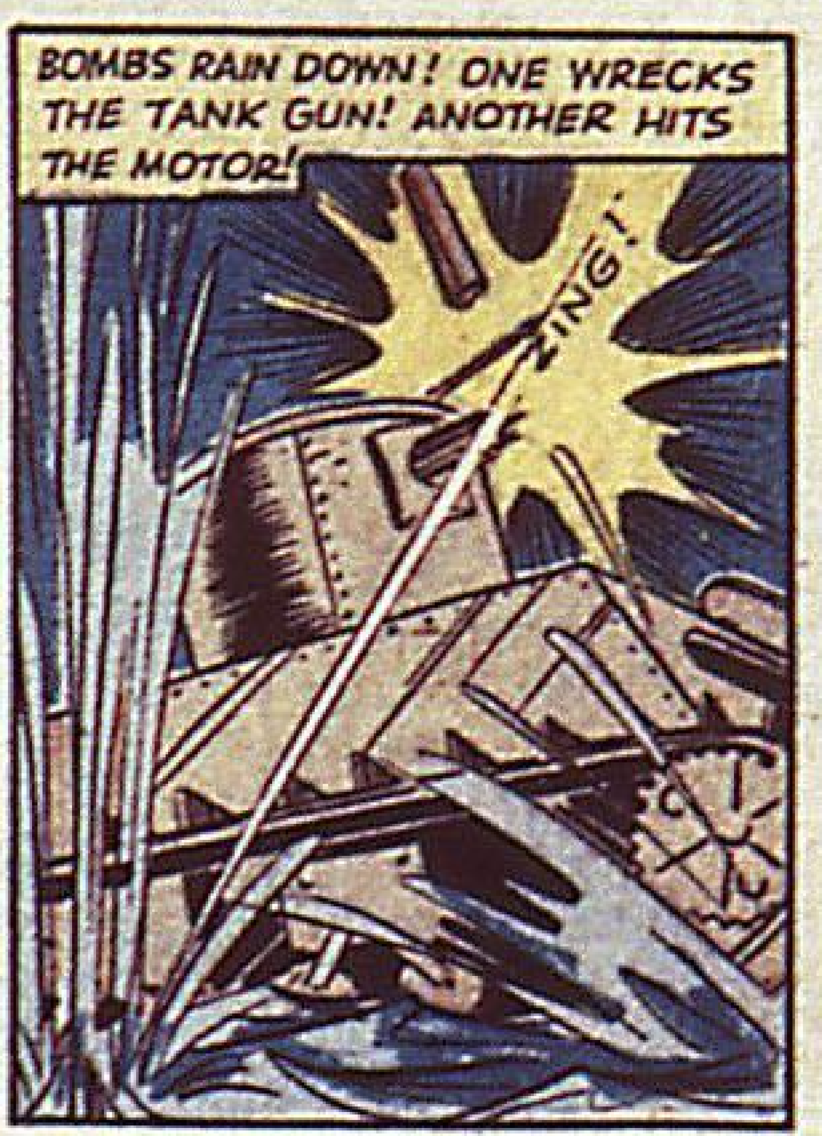

JUMPING OFF THE TOWER BEFORE THE TANK CRASHED IT, SUB-MARINER LEAPS AT THE ONCOMING STEEL MONSTER---
---WHICH STOPS SUDDENLY RIGHT BEFORE NAMOR! AND---
A HAND! A LADY'S HAND---WHAT'S THIS? ANOTHER SCURVY JAP TRICK?
SUB-MARINER FLINGS THE CONNING-TOWER TOP BACK--
MIGHT AS WELL FIND OUT ABOUT THIS!
WELL---I'LL BE-----!
YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU'D GET AWAY WITHOUT ME, DID YOU?
I WAS GOING TO PICK YOU UP WHEN I CLEANED OUT THAT PLACE! HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO ESCAPE?
I WOKE UP, FOUND THE BUILDING DESERTED, AND WALKED OUT!... WHILE THE JAPS HUNTED YOU, I JUMPED INTO THE TANK!
AND NOW I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO INTRODUCE MYSELF!
DON'T BOTHER! I KNEW YOU WERE GI-GI AS SOON AS I MENTIONED BARNEY TO YOU!
GUESS I WENT PALE AROUND THE GILLS!
YOU SURE DID! SAY, WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE-- AND QUICK!

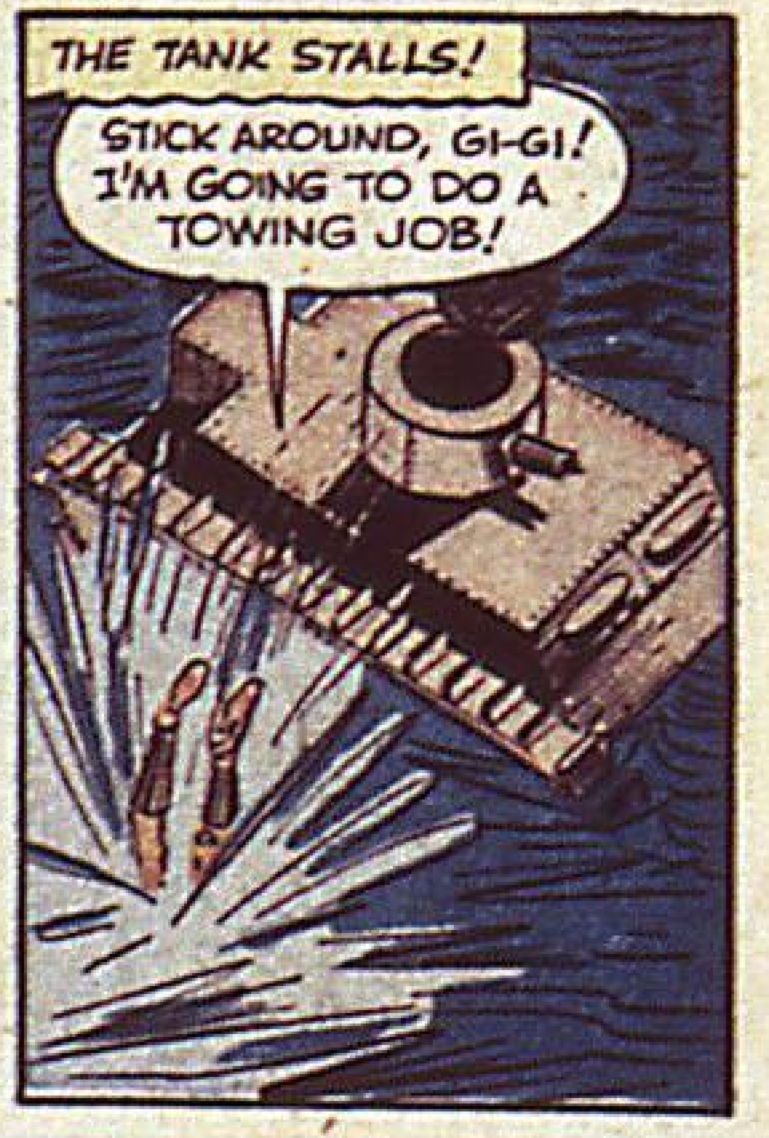

THE TANK SPURTS AHEAD!
TURN ON THAT RADIO, GI-GI! WE MAY CUT IN ON THEIR SIGNALS!
THEY **DO!**
"STOLEN TANK HEADING TOWARD SEA! ... SEND PLANES, PLANES! ... AND MORE PLANES!"
THE AIR BECOMES DARK WITH JAP PLANES! TANKS JOIN THE CHASE!
HOW ARE WE DOING, BIG BOY?
HOLD EVERYTHING, GI-GI!
THE STOLEN TANK RIPS ALONG!
WE'RE NEARING WATER, GI-GI! I CAN **SMELL** IT!
–AND THE JAPS ARE NEARING US! I CAN **HEAR** THEM!
NAMOR'S CROSS-COUNTRY RACE PUT HIM ONLY SLIGHTLY AHEAD OF THE JAPS!
WE'VE REACHED THE DOCKS! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
HEAD DOWN! WE'RE STAYING IN THE TANK!
NAMOR HEADS THE TANK SMACK OFF THE DOCK!
I DON'T WANT TO LOOK!
THE 20-TON TANK PLUNGES INTO THE WATER!
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO? DROWN ME?

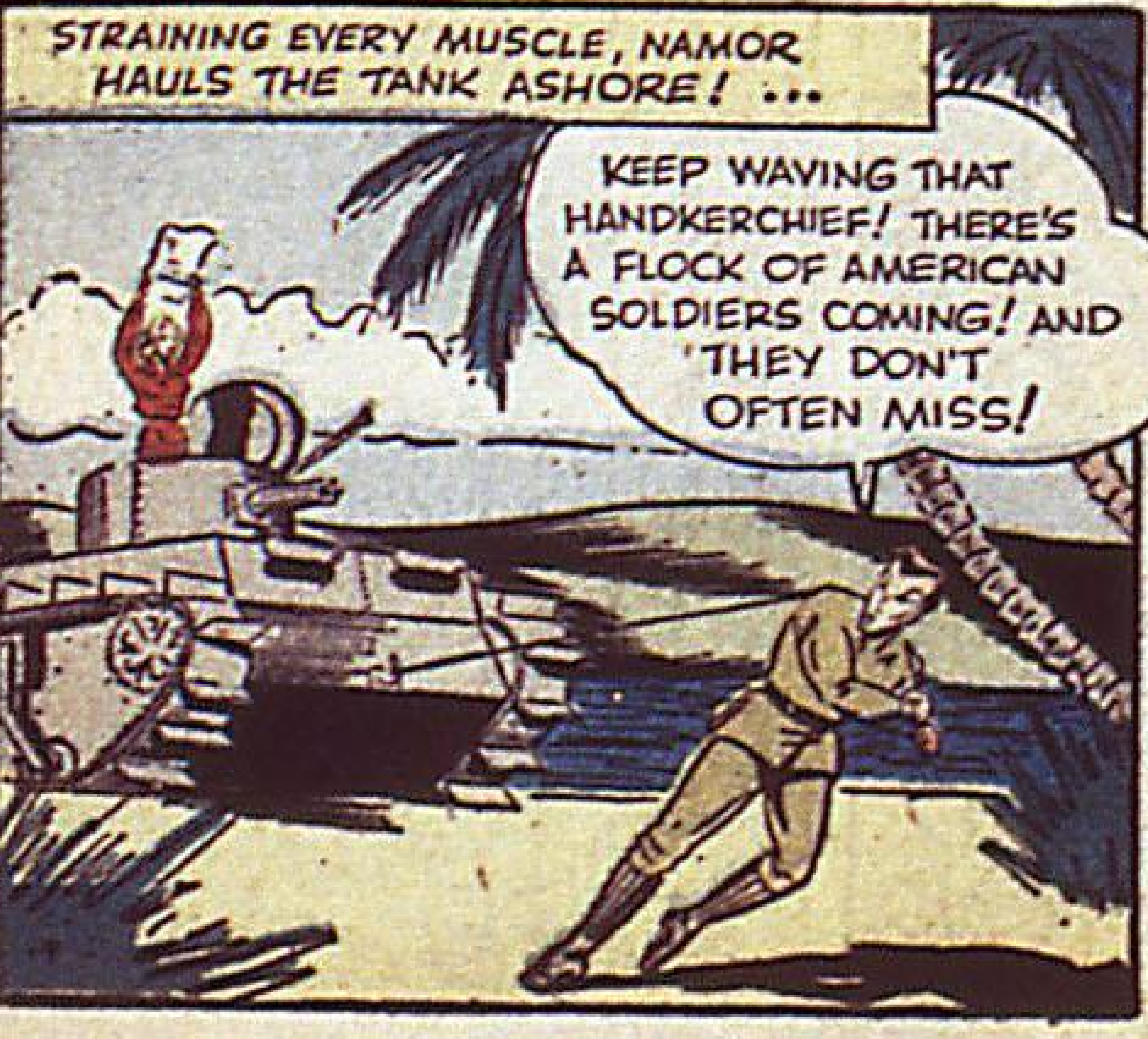

MASTERFULLY SUB-MARINER BRINGS THE TANK TO AN EVEN KEEL ...
THE JOKE'S ON YOU, SISTER! THIS IS AN AMPHIBIAN TANK!

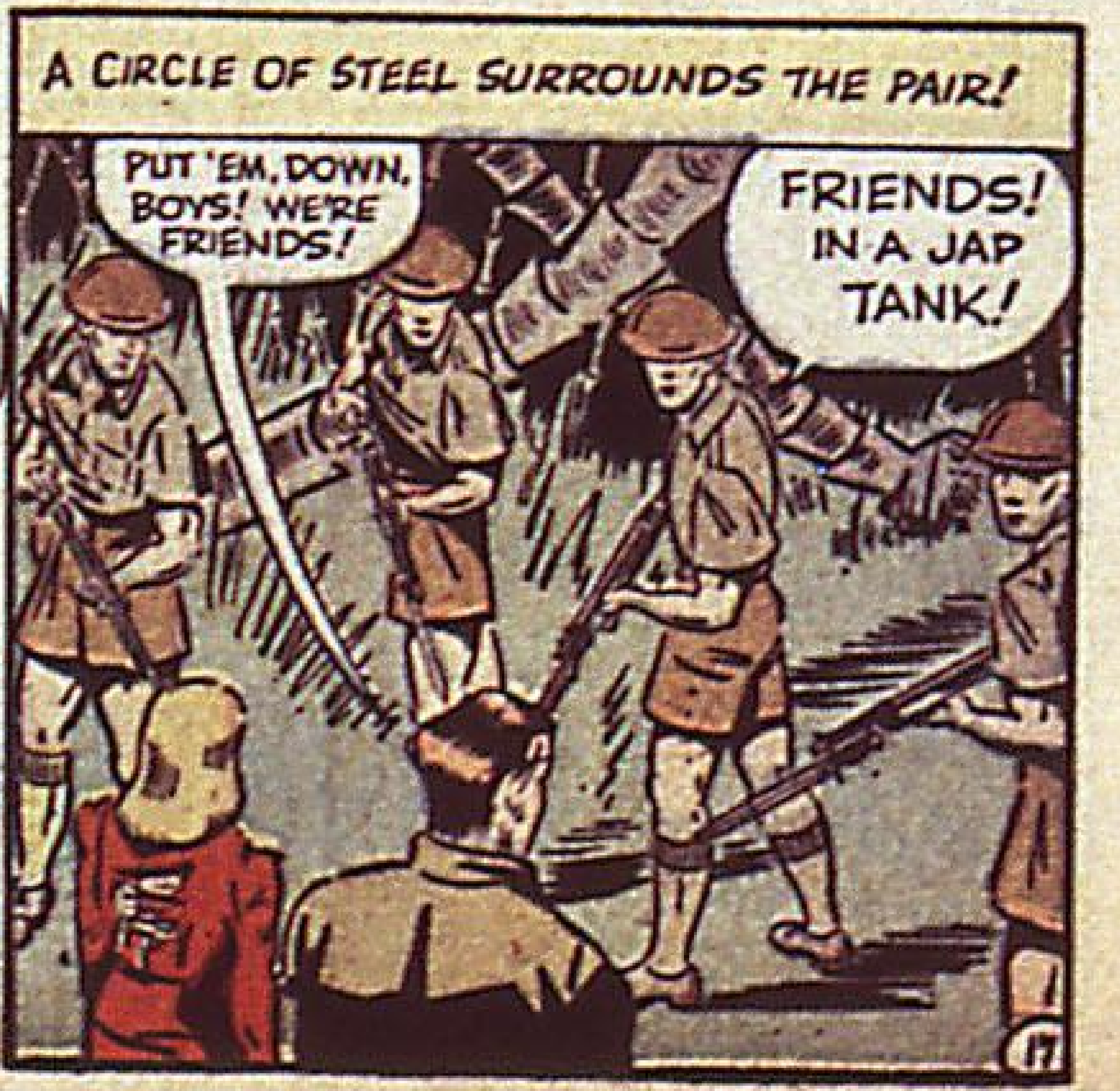

THE STEEL FISH ZOOMS THROUGH THE WATER. IT APPROACHES AN ISLAND ...
SUB-MARINER! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE ?
OLD GLORY! BUT THAT PUTS US ON THE SPOT -- CONSIDERING THAT WE'RE IN A JAPANESE TANK!

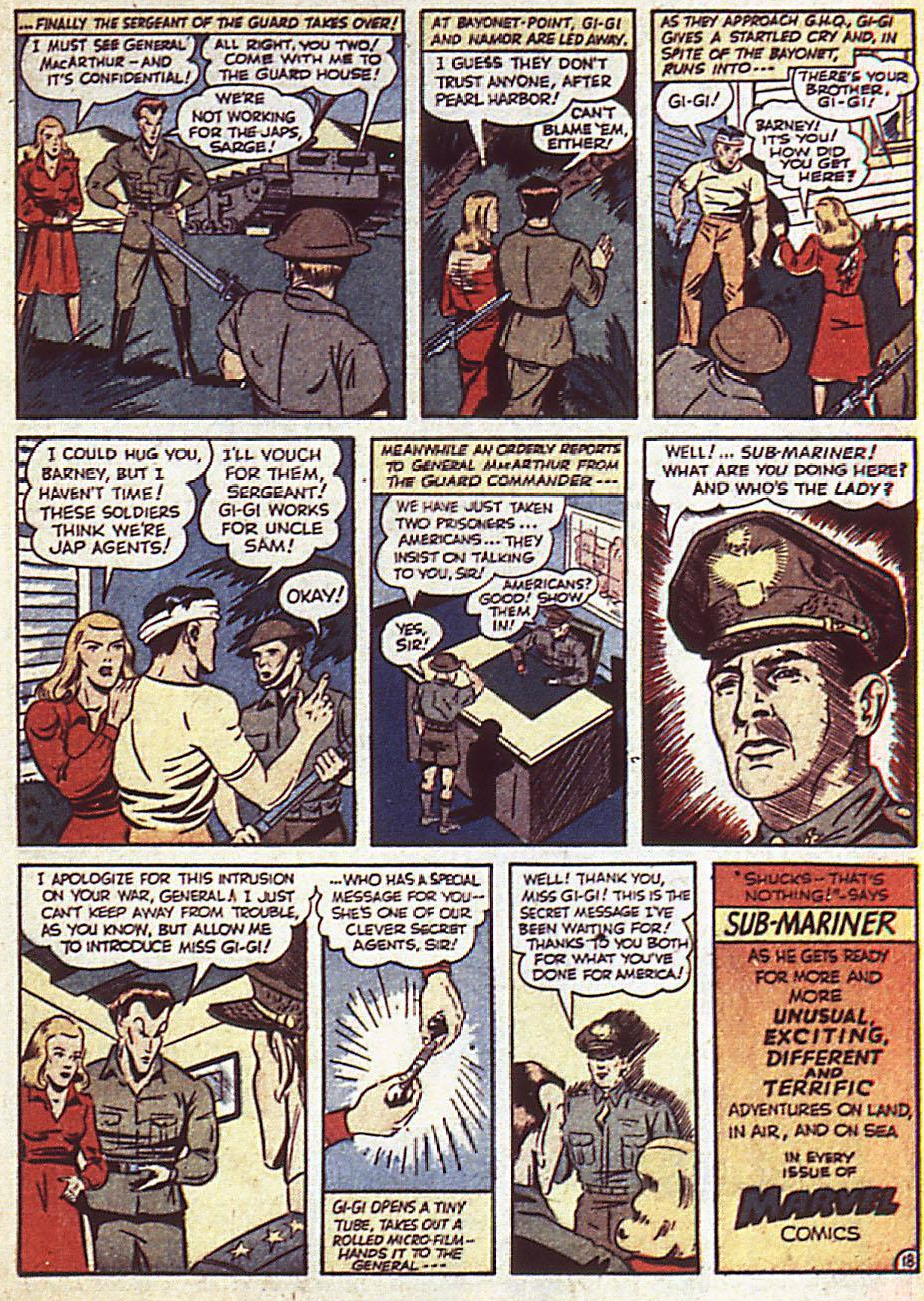

SURE ENOUGH, A WAVE OF AMERICAN PLANES THUNDERS TOWARD THE TANK!


BOMBS RAIN DOWN! ONE WRECKS THE TANK GUN! ANOTHER HITS THE MOTOR!
ZING!


THE TANK STALLS!
STICK AROUND, GI-GI! I'M GOING TO DO A TOWING JOB!


STRAINING EVERY MUSCLE, NAMOR HAULS THE TANK ASHORE! ...
KEEP WAVING THAT HANDKERCHIEF! THERE'S A FLOCK OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS COMING! AND THEY DON'T OFTEN MISS!


A CIRCLE OF STEEL SURROUNDS THE PAIR!
PUT 'EM DOWN, BOYS! WE'RE FRIENDS!
FRIENDS! IN A JAP TANK!


...FINALLY THE SERGEANT OF THE GUARD TAKES OVER!
I MUST SEE GENERAL MacARTHUR – AND IT'S CONFIDENTIAL!
ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! COME WITH ME TO THE GUARD HOUSE!
WE'RE NOT WORKING FOR THE JAPS, SARGE!
AT BAYONET-POINT, GI-GI AND NAMOR ARE LED AWAY.
I GUESS THEY DON'T TRUST ANYONE, AFTER PEARL HARBOR!
CAN'T BLAME 'EM, EITHER!
AS THEY APPROACH G.H.Q., GI-GI GIVES A STARTLED CRY AND, IN SPITE OF THE BAYONET, RUNS INTO---
GI-GI!
THERE'S YOUR BROTHER, GI-GI!
BARNEY! IT'S YOU! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
I COULD HUG YOU, BARNEY, BUT I HAVEN'T TIME! THESE SOLDIERS THINK WE'RE JAP AGENTS!
I'LL VOUCH FOR THEM, SERGEANT! GI-GI WORKS FOR UNCLE SAM!
OKAY!
MEANWHILE AN ORDERLY REPORTS TO GENERAL MacARTHUR FROM THE GUARD COMMANDER---
WE HAVE JUST TAKEN TWO PRISONERS ... AMERICANS ... THEY INSIST ON TALKING TO YOU, SIR!
AMERICANS? GOOD! SHOW THEM IN!
YES, SIR!
WELL! ... SUB-MARINER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? AND WHO'S THE LADY?
I APOLOGIZE FOR THIS INTRUSION ON YOUR WAR, GENERAL! I JUST CAN'T KEEP AWAY FROM TROUBLE, AS YOU KNOW, BUT ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MISS GI-GI!
...WHO HAS A SPECIAL MESSAGE FOR YOU-- SHE'S ONE OF OUR CLEVER SECRET AGENTS, SIR!
GI-GI OPENS A TINY TUBE, TAKES OUT A ROLLED MICRO-FILM– HANDS IT TO THE GENERAL---
WELL! THANK YOU, MISS GI-GI! THIS IS THE SECRET MESSAGE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! THANKS TO YOU BOTH FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR AMERICA!
"SHUCKS– THAT'S NOTHING!"–SAYS
SUB-MARINER
AS HE GETS READY FOR MORE AND MORE UNUSUAL, EXCITING, DIFFERENT AND TERRIFIC ADVENTURES ON LAND, IN AIR, AND ON SEA
IN EVERY ISSUE OF
MARVEL COMICS

# TIGHT SPOT

BY MICKEY SPILLANE

FLYING CADET ROBERT SUTTER stood in line with the rest and received his day's flight instructions. The muscles in his legs and neck were jumping with the excitement of it all, for this was his first day "upstairs". Up till now he was grounded in school, learning the mechanics of airplanes. Now he was ready to *fly!* With cheeks flushed, he listened to Captain Seeley giving instructions.

"These are your orders." Seeley said. "Each training ship will cruise over the circle marked on your maps. Students will obey the instructors to the letter. Make three circles, then release the controls to the officer with you. He will land the plane. All right, men, hop to it!"

Student pilots scrambled madly to their places, eager to be off. At each plane a grease monkey inserted the crank handle, wound the inertia starter, and with a flick of the switch by the pilot, the motors roared into life. One by one, the yellow training ships taxied slowly down the runway. Then they turned and faced the wind. The motor was "given the gun." Tails came up, and the planes poised for a brief second —then shot down the "apron."

LIKE A FLOCK OF DUCKS, they rose high into the blue sky. Each plane was designated to fly over a different area, so when a certain altitude was reached, the ships branched out in a giant fan heading for their own spots. Sutter traced his course with a finger then set the plane on it. Wind swished into the cockpit and blew against his face. "Ahh!" he said, to nobody in particular, "*This* is the *life!*"

After ten minutes of straight flying, the instructor turned in his seat and signaled with his hand. "Right bank" was what it meant. Bobby Sutter touched right rudder and stick, and the plane wheeled in a long, slow turn. Next was a left turn. The cadet went through the maneuvers flawlessly. Never, even for a second, did he falter, or freeze to the stick. In ground school, he had learned his lessons well.

The instructor waved again, and Bobby put the ship through the few tricks he had learned. Long, sweeping figure eights, a stall, and a spin. In the front cockpit the instructor smiled to himself. He rarely got anyone who could handle a ship so smoothly the first time out. Usually the excitement got the better of the cadets and they forced every movement. Several times the kids froze the controls . . . held them in fists that were tightened by fear. Long ago he had given up the practice of conking the student with a fire extinguisher. Now, he kept a full seltzer bottle beside him, and one shot of water in the face would thaw out anybody. But this was not necessary now!

Bobby looked at his watch. A half hour had passed since he took off, minutes that flew like seconds. He leaned over and slapped the top of the fusilage to attract the attention of the officer in front. The instructor turned around, saw what Sutter meant and checked with his own watch. His lips moved. "O.K., you did fine!" he gestured with his mouth.

WELL PLEASED at his performance, Bobby banked and headed back for the field. He saw that other planes were coming in, and he cast a look around to see that his particular section of the sky was clear. Then his heart stood still! Coming at them under full "gun" was another training plane! Bobby could see the mask of fear over the student pilot's face who had frozen solidly to the controls. He reached for the stick and shoved it down. But at that moment the other ship passed overhead. The instructor in front of Bobby looked up, about to yell, when the wheel of the wild plane hit him a blow in the head!

A freak accident! The chances were one in a million that it would ever happen again, yet the *once* it did, it had to happen to *him*. The other plane straightened out, once again, with the instructor at the controls. But, in the front seat of his own plane, Bobby could see only the slumped-over form! He could not tell how seriously the man was hurt. If it *was bad* he'd have to get to a doctor at once...but how? He had *never landed a plane before!*

Of all the maneuvers, *this* was perhaps the most difficult for the student. He had learned how to make a landing in the ground school, but only on *paper!* Now he was here, *alone*, his first time in the air, and with a problem facing him that loomed as large as the Empire State building. It was surprising, he thought, how much confidence one had when someone else was in the plane. He never felt more alone in his whole life, than he did at this moment.

HE SHOT A GLANCE at his gas gauge. There was enough fuel left for another hour's flight. But, he could *not remain aloft!* The man in the front seat needed attention badly. If he circled about until he ran out of gas his instructor might die! He had to land *sometime*, so the sooner the *better!* Bobby shoved his head over the side. On the field the planes were lined up neatly. A knot of men gathered around.

one fellow. That probably was the cadet who froze his controls.

Then someone pointed up to his plane. The rest glanced up queerly, but evidently thought that the instructor wanted to give the student a little more training. Bobby scanned the skies. Spotted around were a few dozen planes. If they were to follow him in, there would be no telling *what* might happen. If he got rattled at all, it might mean a ground loop. The officers had shown them vivid examples of crates that cracked up coming in. And now Bobby wished desperately that he had listened more closely how to avoid such things.

Hoping that the instructor might revive, Sutter leaned forward. The man was still bent over, but now a faint trickle of blood seeped out from under his helmet. Luckily, his body did not interfere with the controls. Bobby was frantic. He looked down again. Still no one noticed anything wrong.

Then he got it. Knowing that no instructor would attempt acrobatics with a new student, he sent the ship up. At two thousand feet he leveled off, held his breath, then pulled the stick back into his stomach. The ground and the sky got all mixed up. Everything whirled around dizzily. With a silent prayer that he was right side up, the cadet centered the controls. He let out a deep sigh of relief. The ground was *beneath* him!

AGAIN HE LOOKED OVER. They noticed him now, all right! Captain Seeley guessed at once what was wrong, and asked all the others whether or not theirs was the plane in the near crash. Nobody answered, so it must be the one "upstairs!" Quickly, the call went out. Fire trucks and an ambulance dashed from the hangers below. Not a very comforting thought, to have a "meat wagon" waiting for you to land!

It took a few minutes for Bobby to get his courage up, but thinking of the officer in the front, and the code of the airmen, he knew he had to do it. He might have taken the coward's way out, and flown to a higher altitude and jumped, but when he saw the men running around below, he knew at once that they didn't believe him to be afraid. They had more confidence in his courage than he had himself!

Steeling himself for the strain to come, Bobby cut the gun and came in. He lost altitude too fast, and he saw Seeley frantically waving him back up. He shoved the throttle forward and hauled gently on the stick. The prop caught, and the plane skimmed the end of the field reaching for height. Bobby muttered to himself. "If I expect to *land* this crate, I'm gonna have to get some *practice* first! Hold tight, down there!"

Once more he started down. This time he cut the gun but slightly, and measured his distance as he went in. Not knowing what he was doing, Seeley waved a red flag. "Up!" he motioned in the groundman's signals. Bobby let the wheels touch, power still on, then he fed it more gas, and went back on the stick. Gracefully, the plane rose over the other end of the apron.

Now those on the ground saw his plan. Every one of them had fingers crossed, wishing him all the luck they could. Captain Seeley had worry lines on his face, for the unconscious instructor had been his friend. The training ship circled sharply. "One more practice shot and I'll come in!" Bobby said to the skies. All eyes were on the flash of yellow coming in under power.

HEADS WERE HANGING out of the control room window, while mechanics and pilots streamed onto the field. Everyone in the locality was present. The firemen had their hoses out, and the doctors were ready with their kits. This *had* to be good, for *two lives were at stake!*

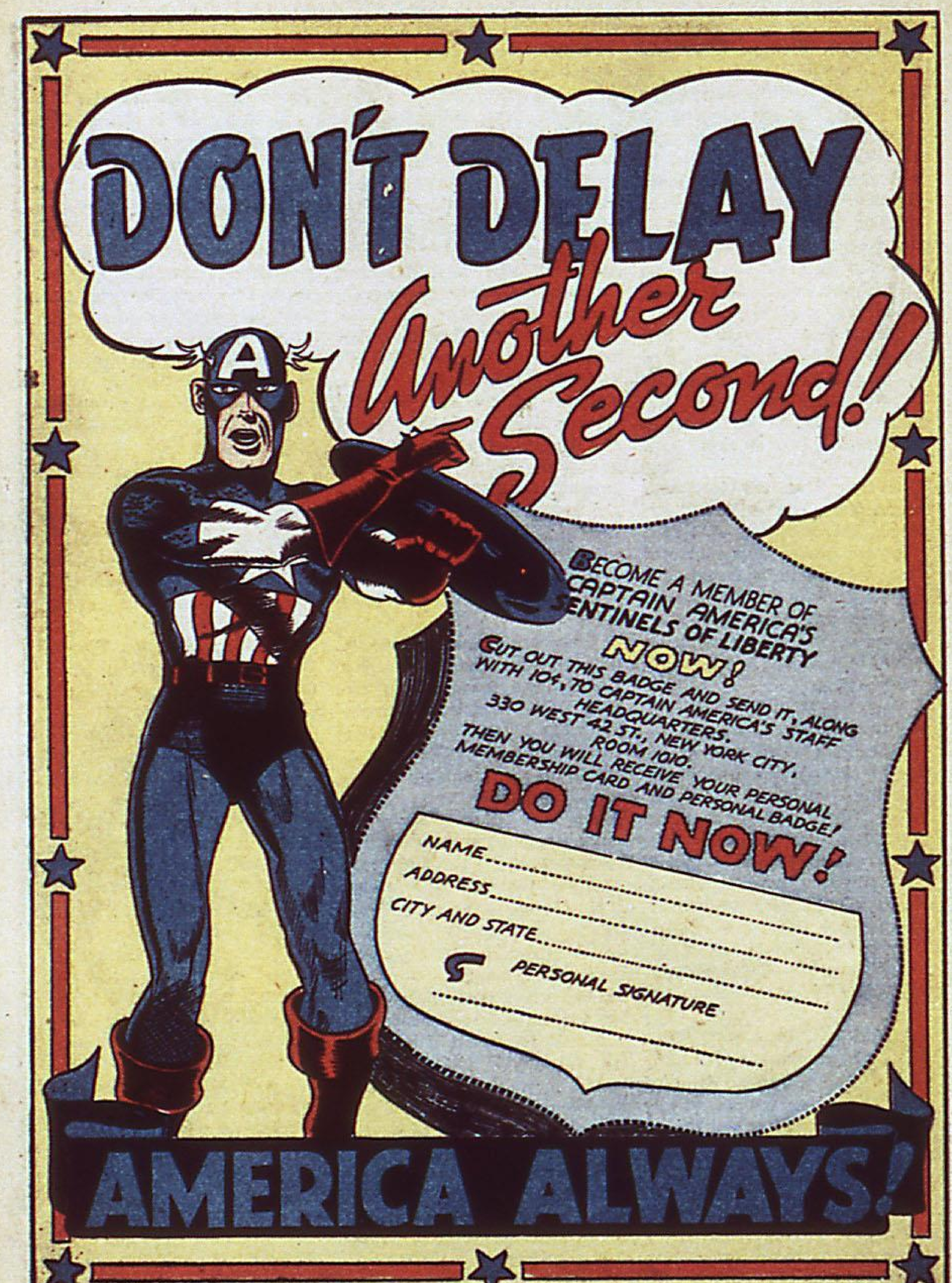
Bobby came in slowly, feeding the motor just enough gas to keep the plane up. At the far end, he swooped over, touched the wheels, ran along a few yards and shot skyward. Now, the time had come! This would be no practice attempt. He would come in under power, throttle down until he lost flying speed, touch his wheels and guide her in. That was all, but it was the biggest job in the world at present!

With his upper lip clenched between his teeth, Bobby Sutter banked. He circled again until he was running upwind on the apron. Five hundred, two hundred, one, then fifty feet above the ground. The white concrete runway was coming up fast. He pushed the stick slightly forward and cut the gun a little more . . . then, slowly, like a great bird, the plane began to settle. The beginning of the apron flashed under him, and a moment later he felt his wheels touch.

He bounced up! But he let her down gently and threw off the switch. He was rolling fast now. The stick came back, the tailskid dug in, and the ship slowed down. Bobby let his breath out all at once. Sweat poured from his face.

IN AN INSTANT THE PLANE was surrounded by the mob. They removed the instructor, and when it was found that he was only knocked out, and had suffered a slight scalp wound, a tremendous yell went up. The mob hoisted Bobby from the cockpit and paraded him around on their shoulders. This was his day. But had they known it, Bobby would have preferred to be standing with them —not riding on their shoulders . . . for nothing seemed sweeter right now, than to have his two feet settin' on the good old *solid ground!*

THE END


DON'T DELAY
Another Second!
AMERICA ALWAYS!

BECOME A MEMBER OF
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY
NOW!

CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG
WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF
HEADQUARTERS,
330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY,
ROOM 1010.
THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL
MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!

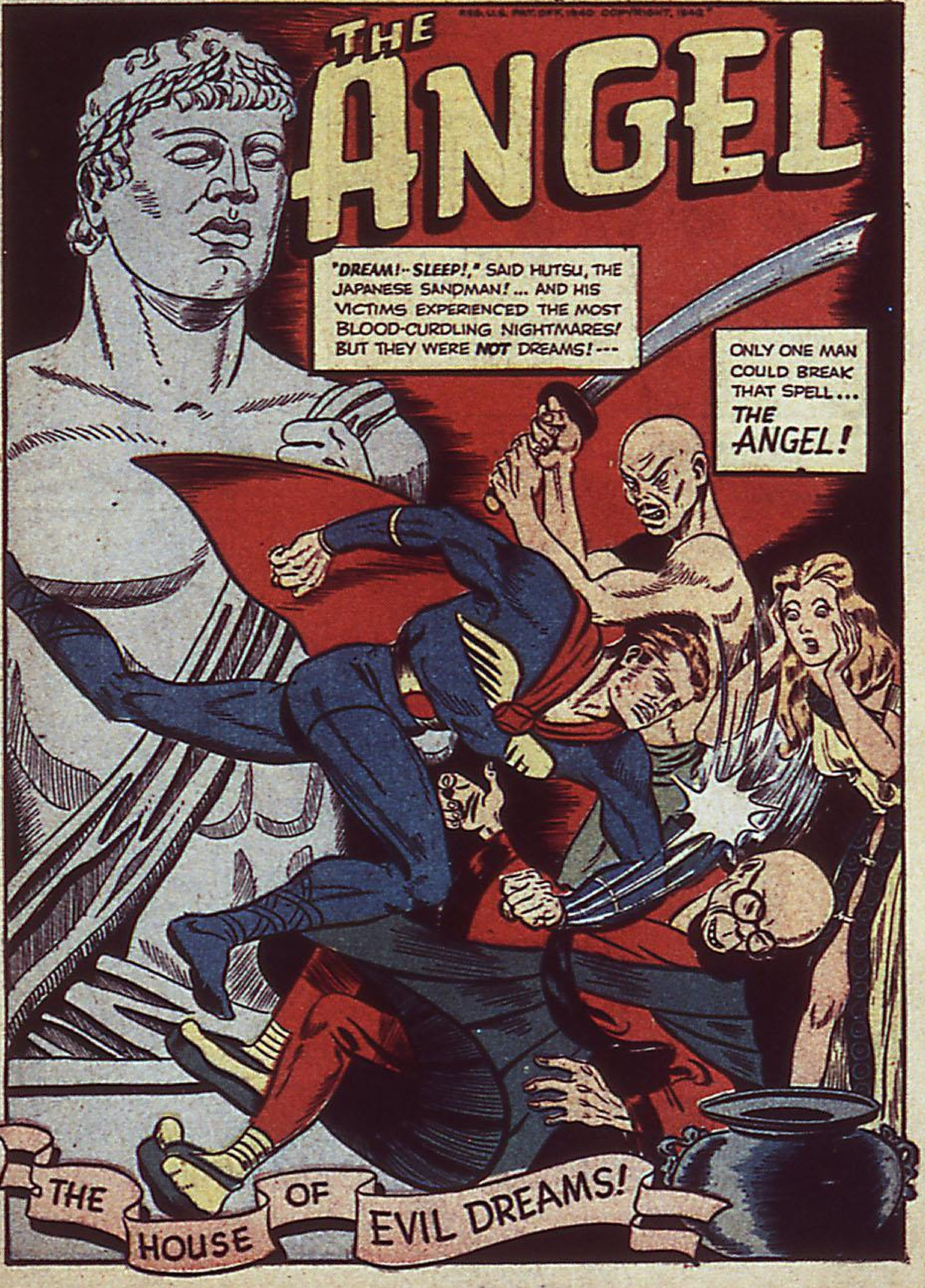
DO IT NOW!

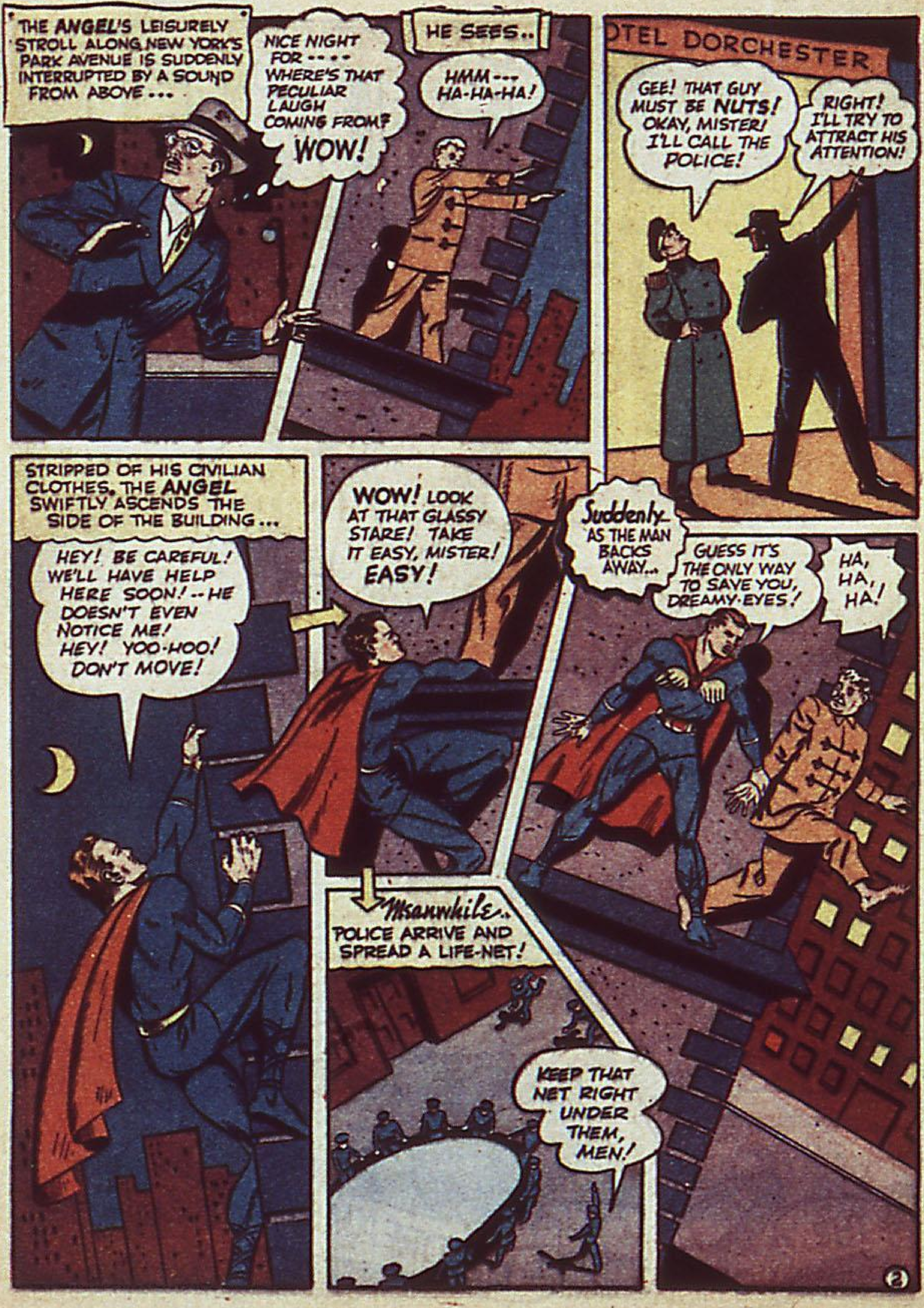
NAME......................................................

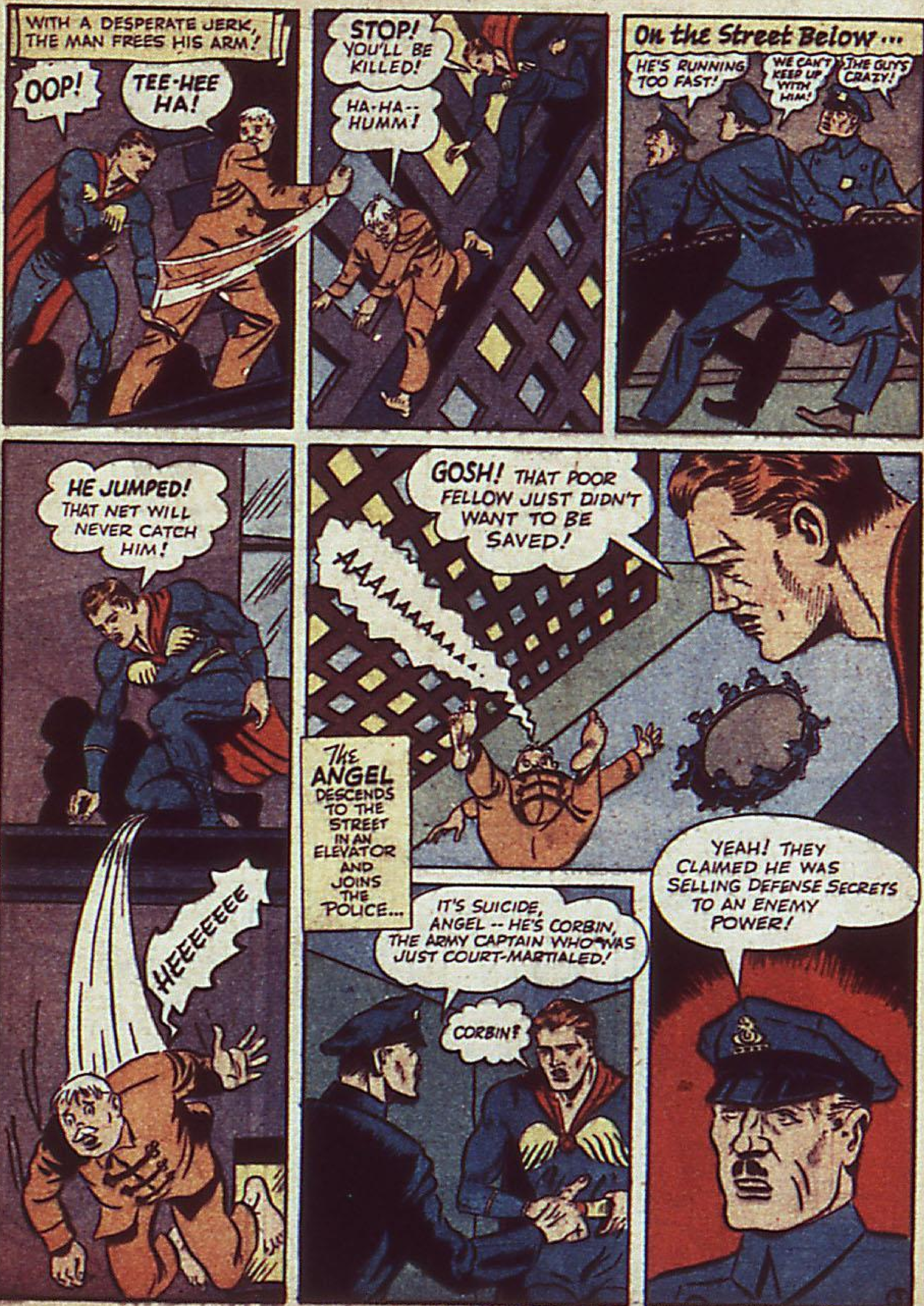
ADDRESS..................................................

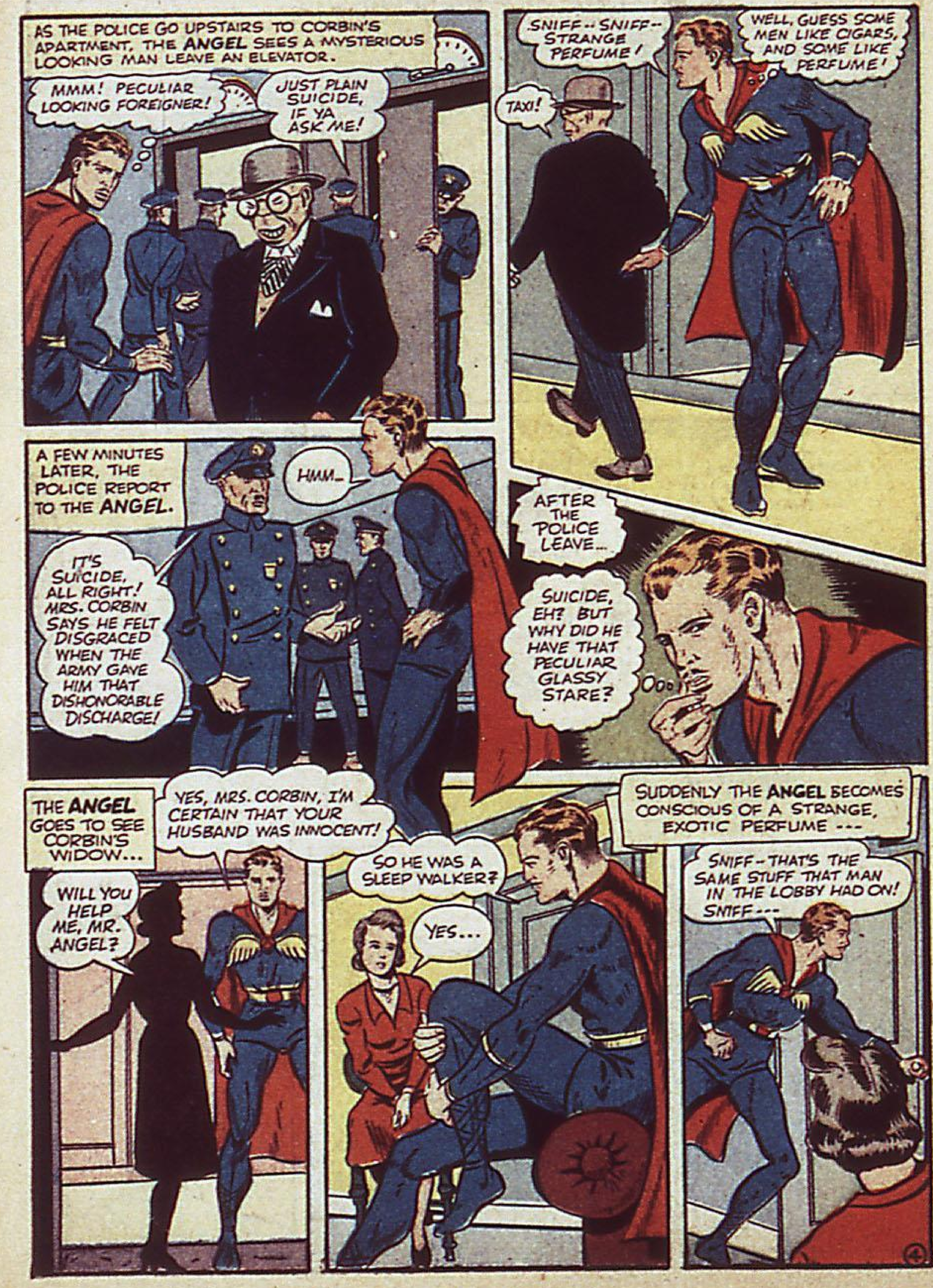
CITY AND STATE........................................

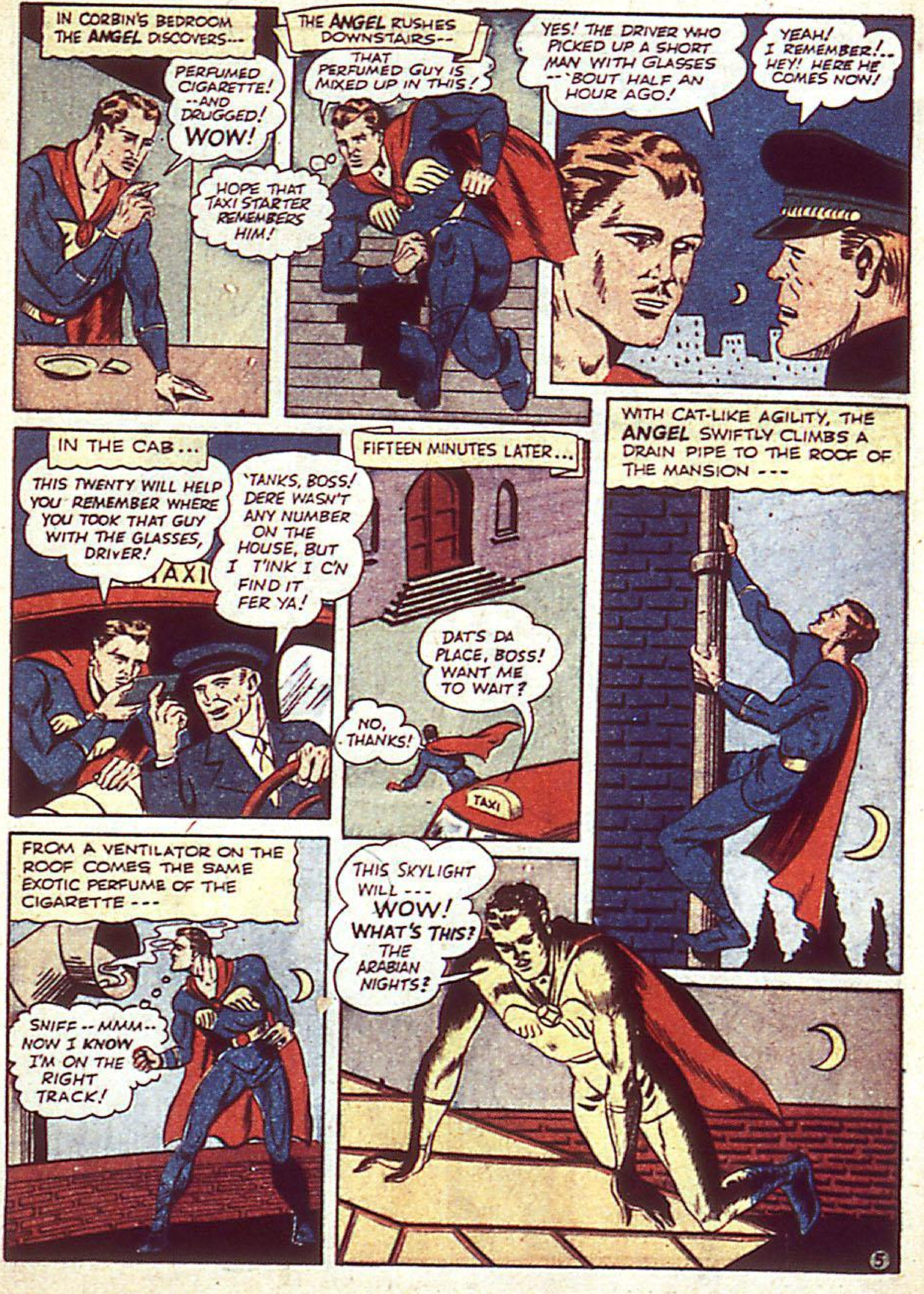
PERSONAL SIGNATURE
..............................................................

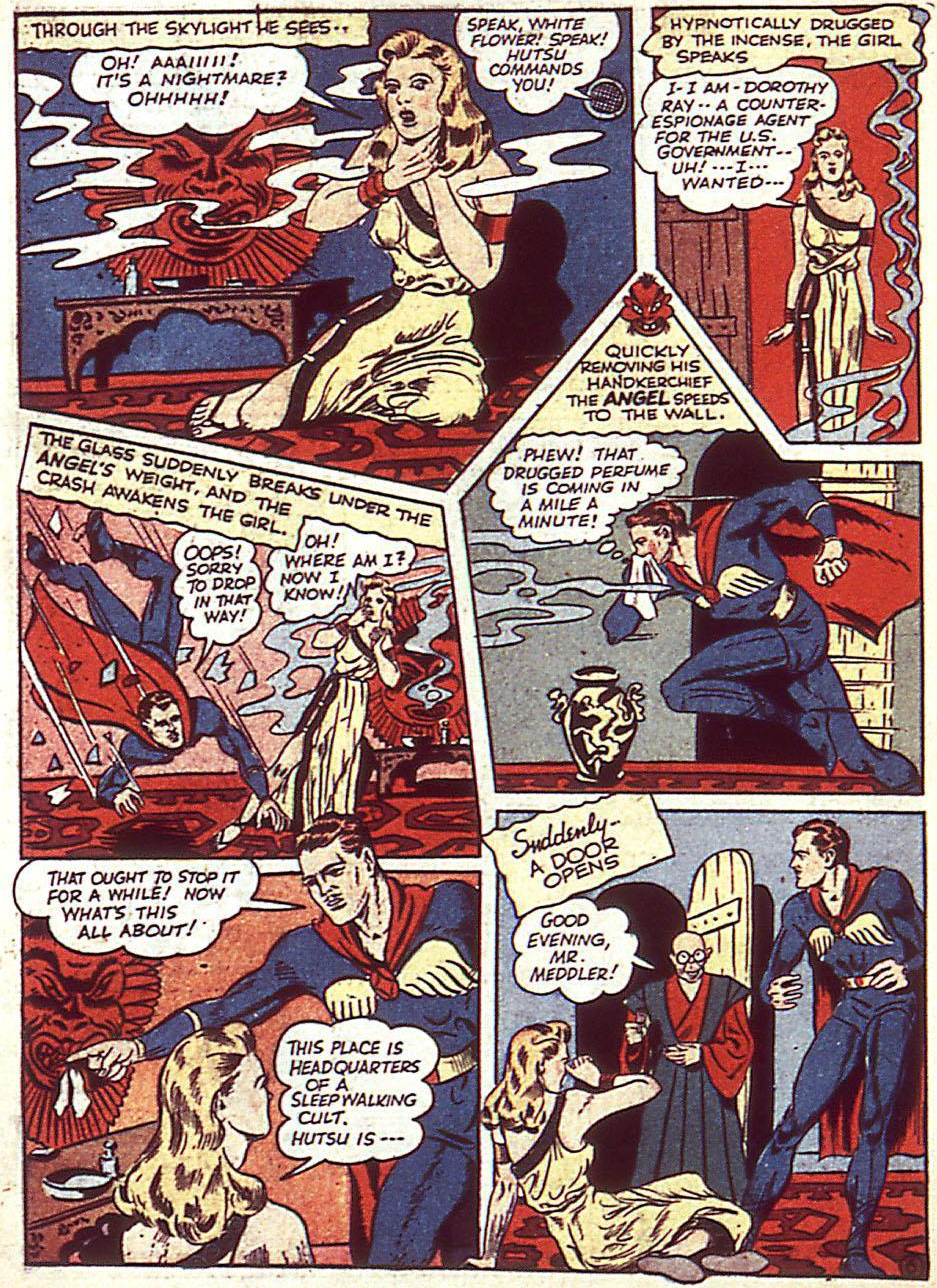

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940 COPYRIGHT, 1942
THE ANGEL
"DREAM!-- SLEEP!," SAID HUTSU, THE JAPANESE SANDMAN! ... AND HIS VICTIMS EXPERIENCED THE MOST BLOOD-CURDLING NIGHTMARES! BUT THEY WERE NOT DREAMS! ---
ONLY ONE MAN COULD BREAK THAT SPELL... THE ANGEL!
THE HOUSE OF EVIL DREAMS!

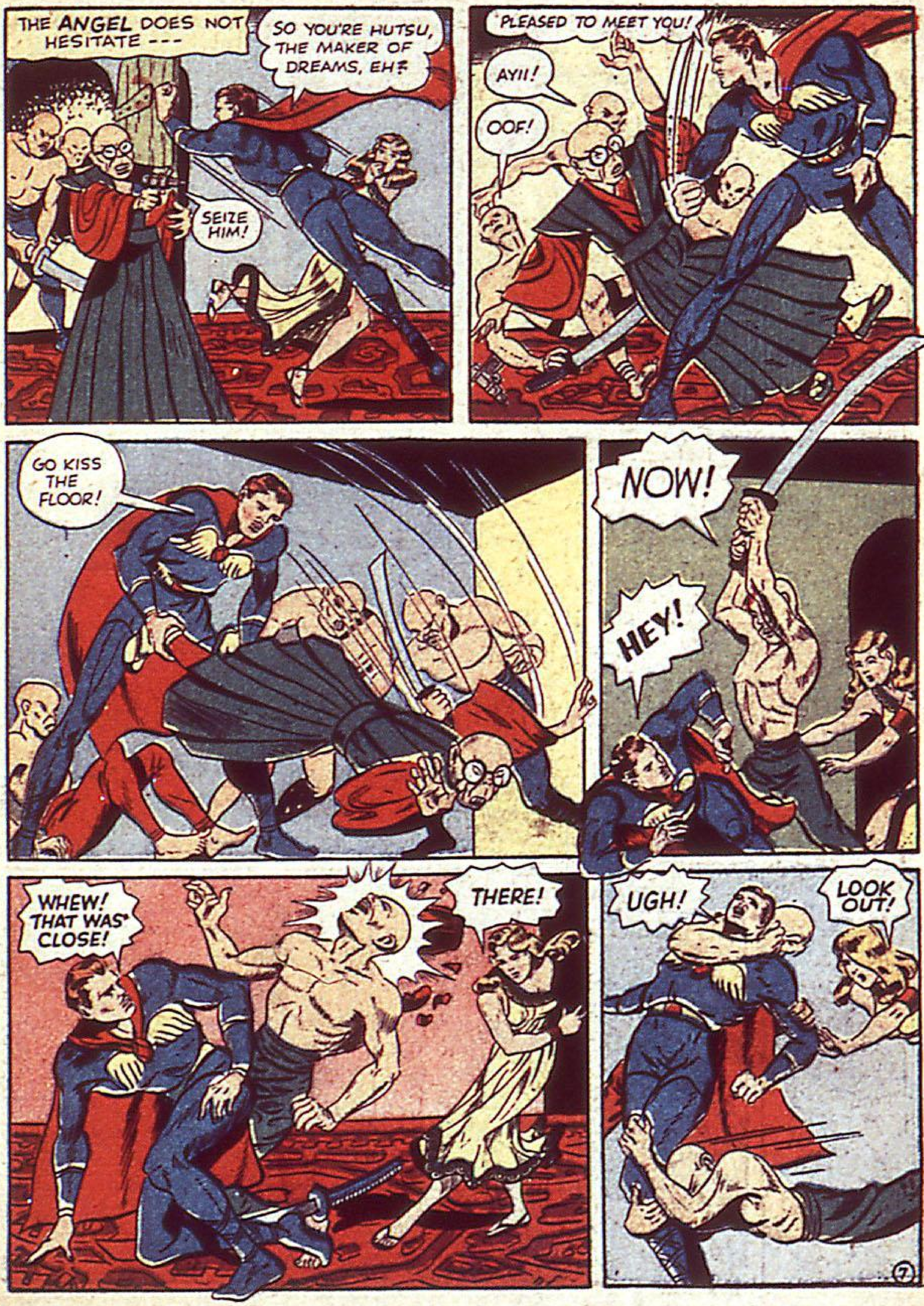

THE ANGEL'S LEISURELY STROLL ALONG NEW YORK'S PARK AVENUE IS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED BY A SOUND FROM ABOVE...
NICE NIGHT FOR - - - WHERE'S THAT PECULIAR LAUGH COMING FROM? WOW!
HE SEES..
HMM --- HA-HA-HA!
OTEL DORCHESTER
GEE! THAT GUY MUST BE NUTS! OKAY, MISTER! I'LL CALL THE POLICE!
RIGHT! I'LL TRY TO ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION!
STRIPPED OF HIS CIVILIAN CLOTHES, THE ANGEL SWIFTLY ASCENDS THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING...
HEY! BE CAREFUL! WE'LL HAVE HELP HERE SOON! -- HE DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE ME! HEY! YOO-HOO! DON'T MOVE!
WOW! LOOK AT THAT GLASSY STARE! TAKE IT EASY, MISTER! EASY!
Suddenly.. AS THE MAN BACKS AWAY...
GUESS IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE YOU, DREAMY-EYES!
HA, HA, HA!
Meanwhile.. POLICE ARRIVE AND SPREAD A LIFE-NET!
KEEP THAT NET RIGHT UNDER THEM, MEN!
2

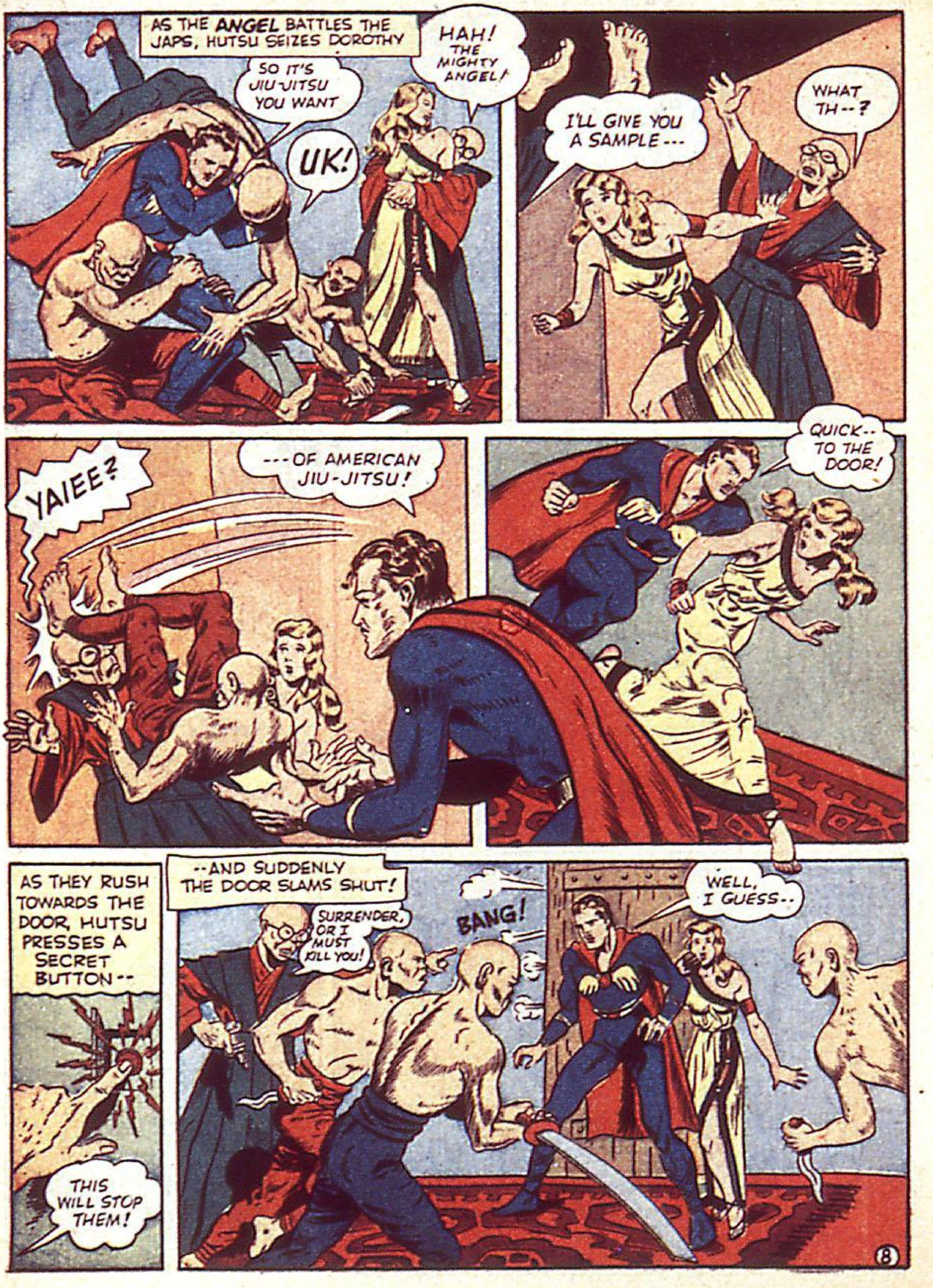

WITH A DESPERATE JERK, THE MAN FREES HIS ARM!
OOP!
TEE-HEE HA!
STOP! YOU'LL BE KILLED!
HA-HA-- HUMM!
On the Street Below...
HE'S RUNNING TOO FAST!
WE CAN'T KEEP UP WITH HIM!
THE GUY'S CRAZY!
HE JUMPED! THAT NET WILL NEVER CATCH HIM!
HEEEEEEE
GOSH! THAT POOR FELLOW JUST DIDN'T WANT TO BE SAVED!
AAAAAAAAAAA...
The ANGEL DESCENDS TO THE STREET IN AN ELEVATOR AND JOINS THE POLICE...
IT'S SUICIDE, ANGEL -- HE'S CORBIN, THE ARMY CAPTAIN WHO WAS JUST COURT-MARTIALED!
CORBIN?
YEAH! THEY CLAIMED HE WAS SELLING DEFENSE SECRETS TO AN ENEMY POWER!

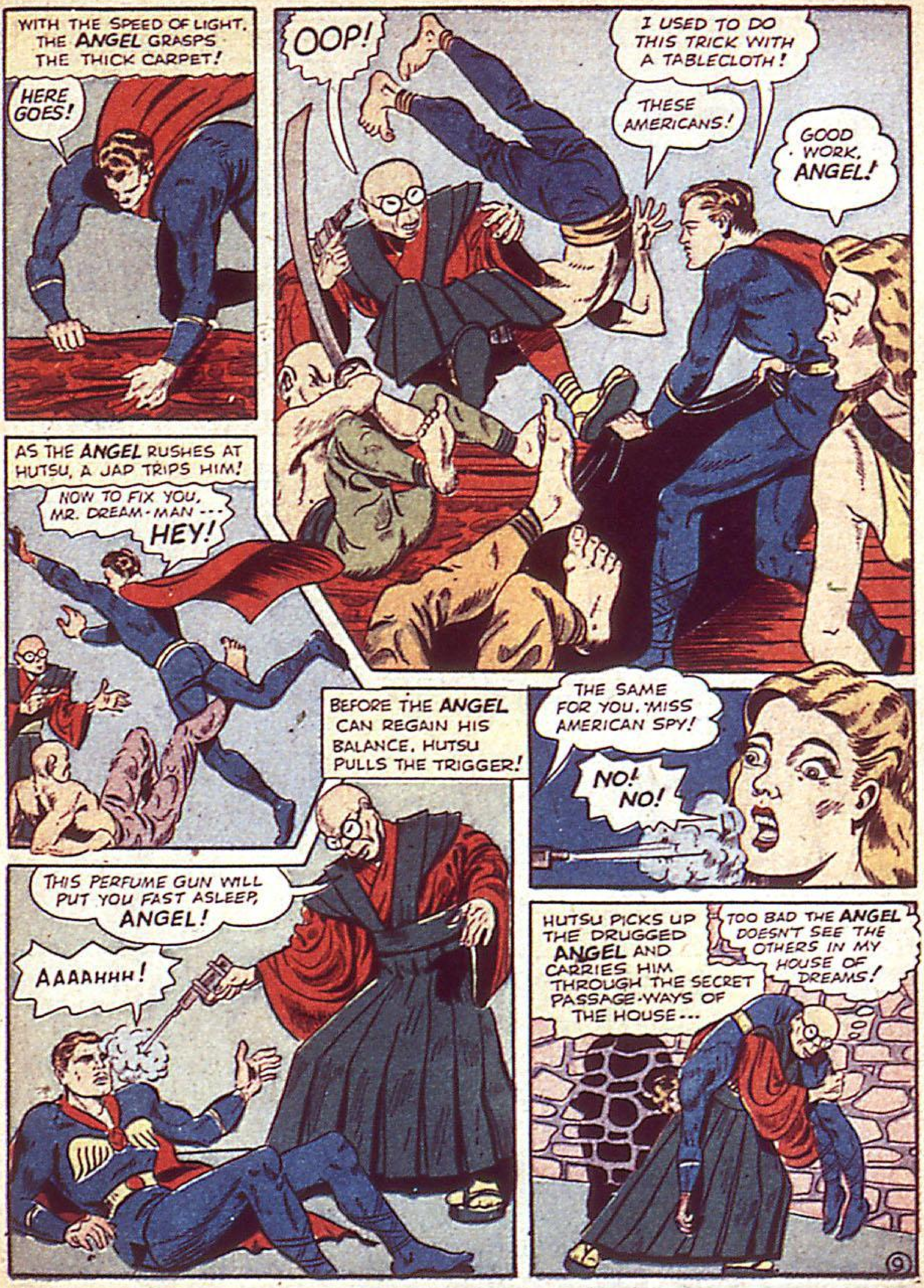

AS THE POLICE GO UPSTAIRS TO CORBIN'S APARTMENT, THE **ANGEL** SEES A MYSTERIOUS LOOKING MAN LEAVE AN ELEVATOR.
MMM! PECULIAR LOOKING FOREIGNER!
JUST PLAIN SUICIDE, IF YA ASK ME!
SNIFF-- SNIFF-- STRANGE PERFUME!
WELL, GUESS SOME MEN LIKE CIGARS, AND SOME LIKE PERFUME!
TAXI!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE POLICE REPORT TO THE **ANGEL**.
HMM_
IT'S SUICIDE, ALL RIGHT! MRS. CORBIN SAYS HE FELT DISGRACED WHEN THE ARMY GAVE HIM THAT DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE!
AFTER THE POLICE LEAVE...
SUICIDE, EH? BUT WHY DID HE HAVE THAT PECULIAR GLASSY STARE?
THE **ANGEL** GOES TO SEE CORBIN'S WIDOW...
YES, MRS. CORBIN, I'M CERTAIN THAT YOUR HUSBAND WAS INNOCENT!
WILL YOU HELP ME, MR. ANGEL?
SO HE WAS A SLEEP WALKER?
YES...
SUDDENLY THE **ANGEL** BECOMES CONSCIOUS OF A STRANGE, EXOTIC PERFUME ---
SNIFF-- THAT'S THE SAME STUFF THAT MAN IN THE LOBBY HAD ON! SNIFF---

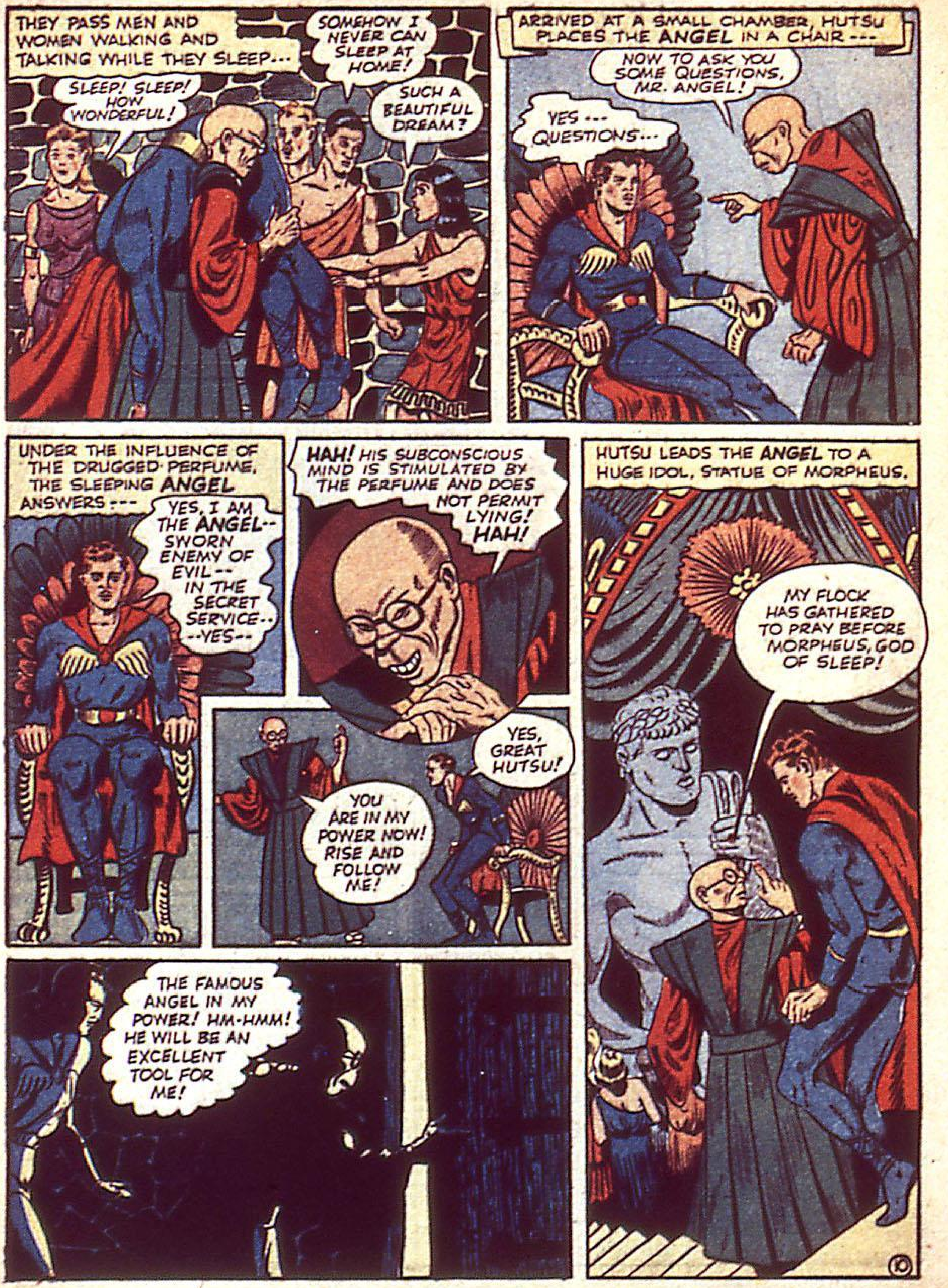

IN CORBIN'S BEDROOM THE ANGEL DISCOVERS---
PERFUMED CIGARETTE! --AND DRUGGED! WOW!
HOPE THAT TAXI STARTER REMEMBERS HIM!
THE ANGEL RUSHES DOWNSTAIRS--
THAT PERFUMED GUY IS MIXED UP IN THIS!
YES! THE DRIVER WHO PICKED UP A SHORT MAN WITH GLASSES --'BOUT HALF AN HOUR AGO!
YEAH! I REMEMBER!.. HEY! HERE HE COMES NOW!
IN THE CAB...
THIS TWENTY WILL HELP YOU REMEMBER WHERE YOU TOOK THAT GUY WITH THE GLASSES, DRIVER!
'TANKS, BOSS! DERE WASN'T ANY NUMBER ON THE HOUSE, BUT I T'INK I C'N FIND IT FER YA!
TAXI
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...
DAT'S DA PLACE, BOSS! WANT ME TO WAIT?
NO, THANKS!
TAXI
WITH CAT-LIKE AGILITY, THE ANGEL SWIFTLY CLIMBS A DRAIN PIPE TO THE ROOF OF THE MANSION ---
FROM A VENTILATOR ON THE ROOF COMES THE SAME EXOTIC PERFUME OF THE CIGARETTE ---
SNIFF -- MMM -- NOW I KNOW I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK!
THIS SKYLIGHT WILL --- WOW! WHAT'S THIS? THE ARABIAN NIGHTS?

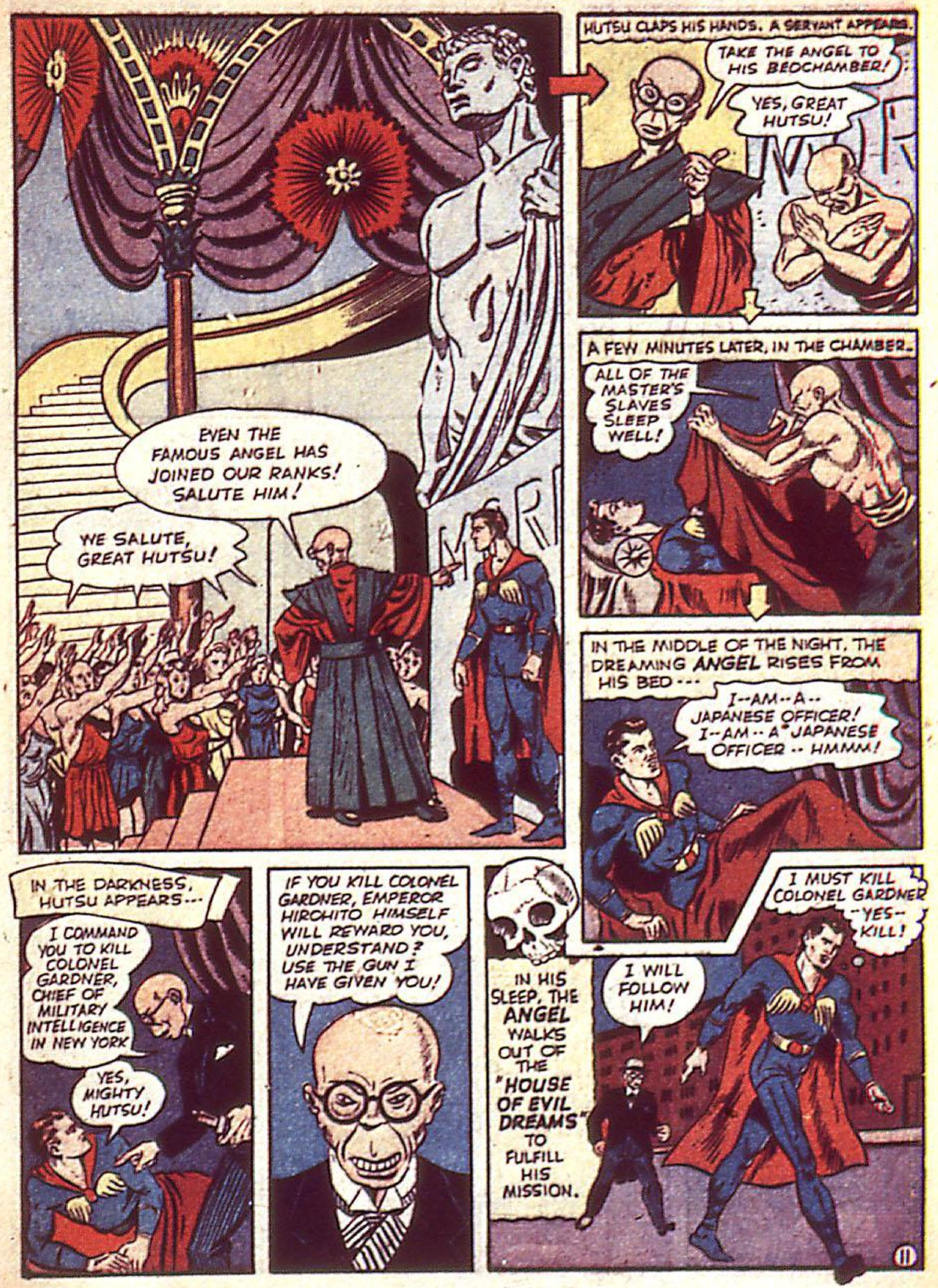

THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT HE SEES..
OH! AAAIIII! IT'S A NIGHTMARE? OHHHHH!
SPEAK, WHITE FLOWER! SPEAK! HUTSU COMMANDS YOU!
HYPNOTICALLY DRUGGED BY THE INCENSE, THE GIRL SPEAKS
I-I AM-DOROTHY RAY -- A COUNTER-ESPIONAGE AGENT FOR THE U.S. GOVERNMENT-- UH! ---I--- WANTED---
QUICKLY REMOVING HIS HANDKERCHIEF THE ANGEL SPEEDS TO THE WALL.
PHEW! THAT DRUGGED PERFUME IS COMING IN A MILE A MINUTE!
THE GLASS SUDDENLY BREAKS UNDER THE ANGEL'S WEIGHT, AND THE CRASH AWAKENS THE GIRL.
OOPS! SORRY TO DROP IN THAT WAY!
OH! WHERE AM I? NOW I KNOW!
THAT OUGHT TO STOP IT FOR A WHILE! NOW WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT!
THIS PLACE IS HEADQUARTERS OF A SLEEPWALKING CULT. HUTSU IS ---
Suddenly- A DOOR OPENS
GOOD EVENING, MR. MEDDLER!

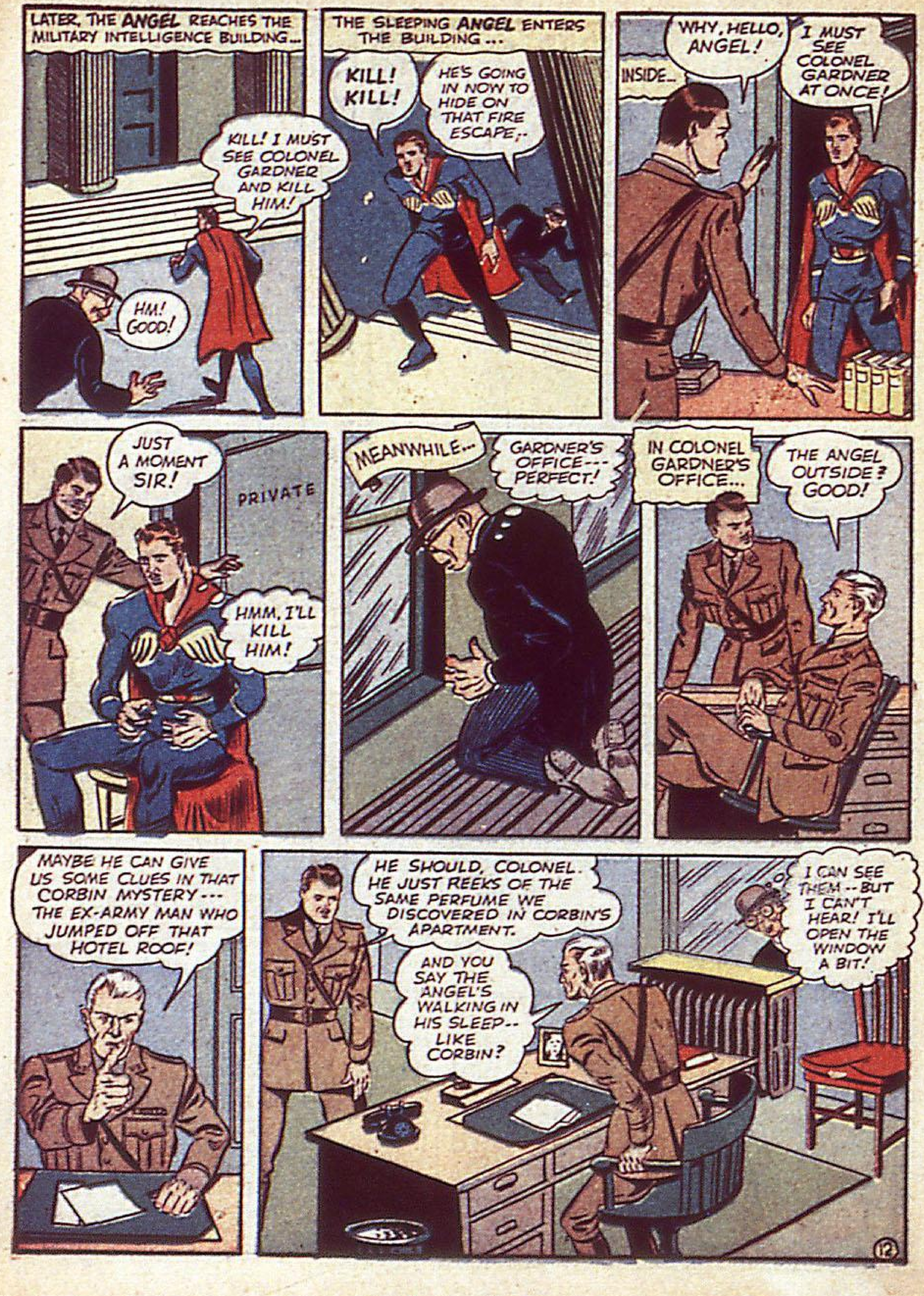

THE ANGEL DOES NOT HESITATE ---
SO YOU'RE HUTSU, THE MAKER OF DREAMS, EH?
SEIZE HIM!
PLEASED TO MEET YOU!
AYII!
OOF!
GO KISS THE FLOOR!
NOW!
HEY!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
THERE!
UGH!
LOOK OUT!

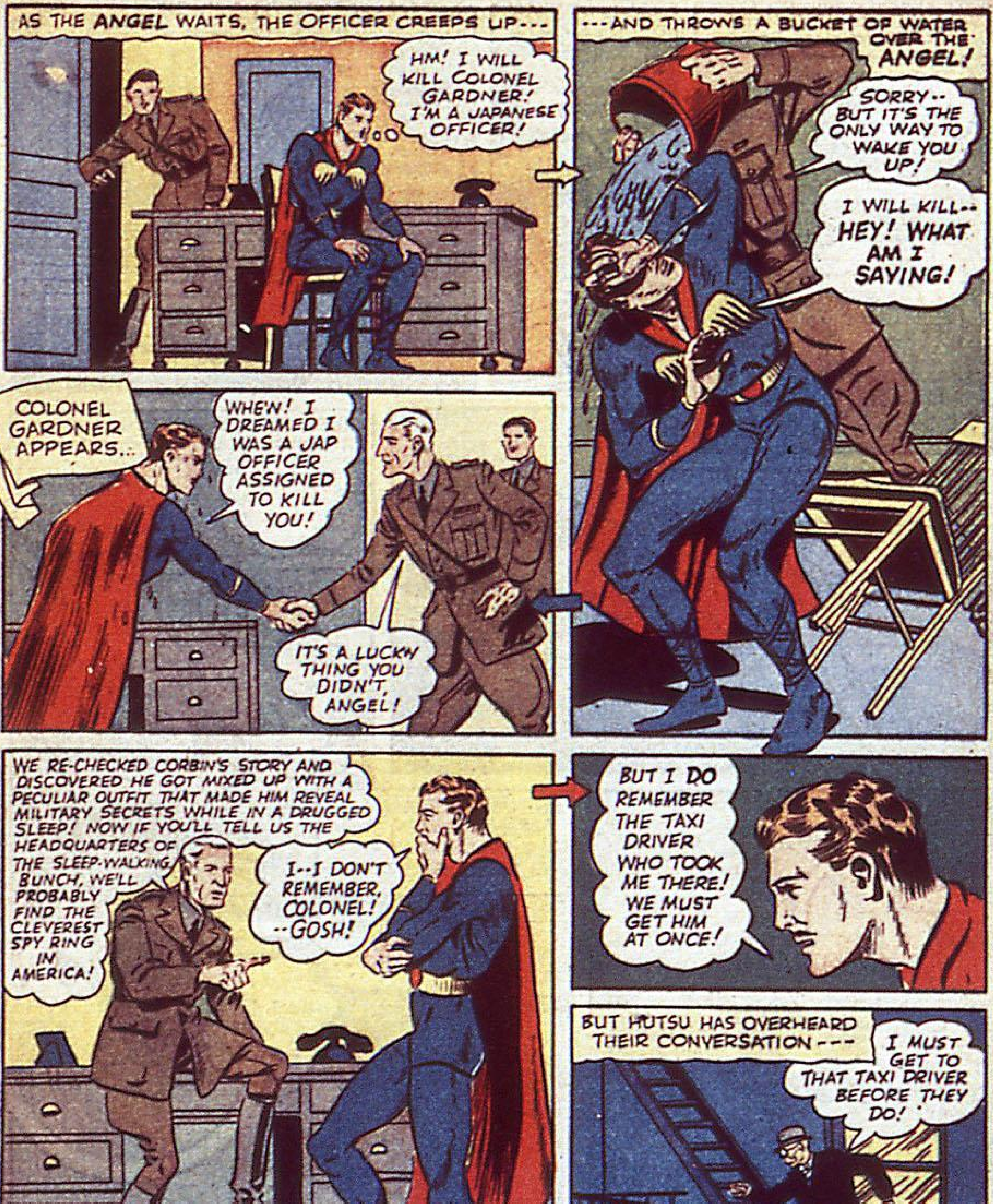

AS THE **ANGEL** BATTLES THE JAPS, HUTSU SEIZES DOROTHY
SO IT'S JIU-JITSU YOU WANT
HAH! THE MIGHTY ANGEL!
UK!
I'LL GIVE YOU A SAMPLE ---
WHAT TH --?
YAIEE?
--- OF AMERICAN JIU-JITSU!
QUICK -- TO THE DOOR!
AS THEY RUSH TOWARDS THE DOOR, HUTSU PRESSES A SECRET BUTTON --
THIS WILL STOP THEM!
-- AND SUDDENLY THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT!
SURRENDER, OR I MUST KILL YOU!
BANG!
WELL, I GUESS --

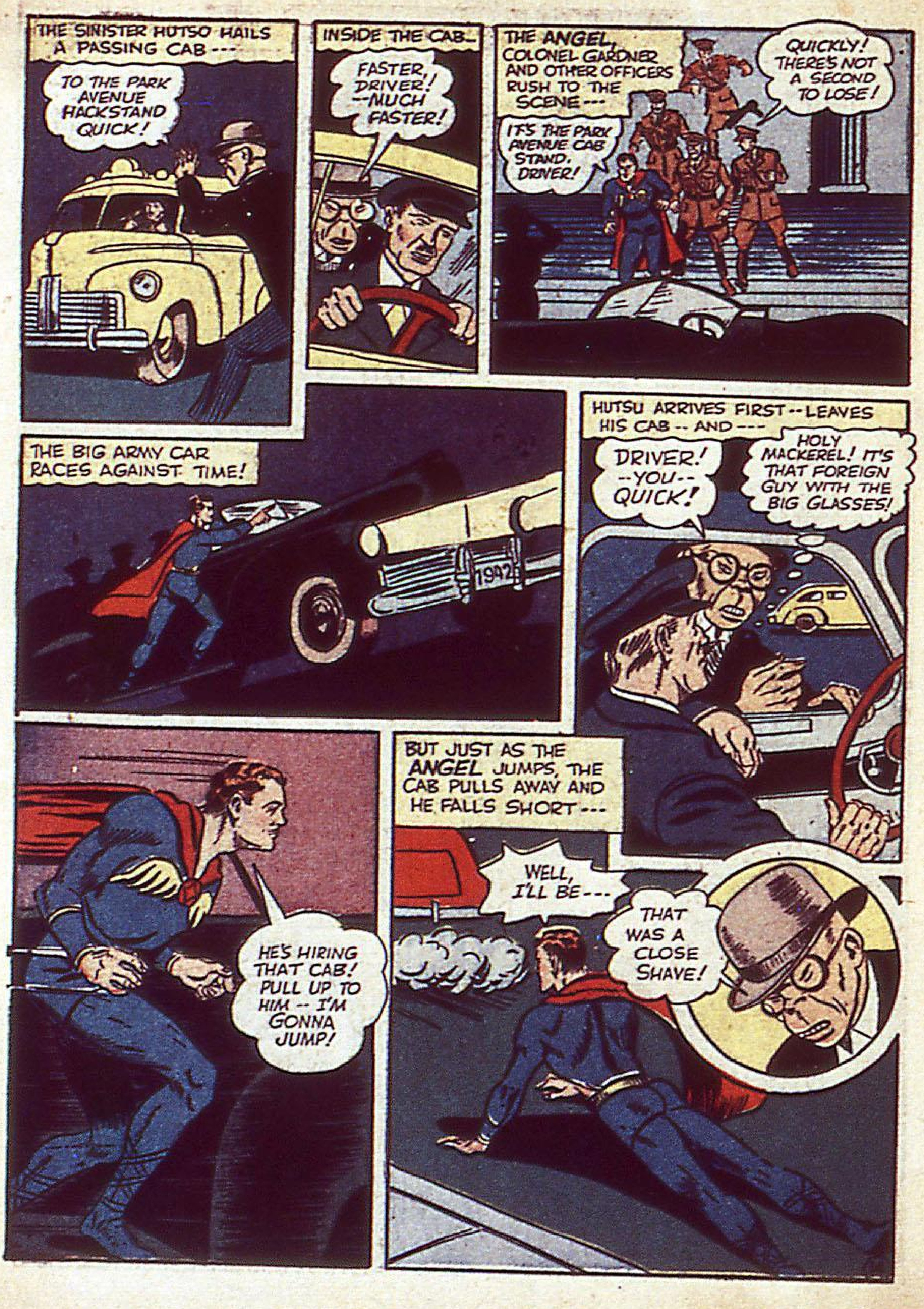

WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE ANGEL GRASPS THE THICK CARPET!
HERE GOES!
OOP!
I USED TO DO THIS TRICK WITH A TABLECLOTH!
THESE AMERICANS!
GOOD WORK, ANGEL!
AS THE ANGEL RUSHES AT HUTSU, A JAP TRIPS HIM!
NOW TO FIX YOU, MR. DREAM-MAN --- HEY!
BEFORE THE ANGEL CAN REGAIN HIS BALANCE, HUTSU PULLS THE TRIGGER!
THE SAME FOR YOU, MISS AMERICAN SPY!
NO! NO!
THIS PERFUME GUN WILL PUT YOU FAST ASLEEP, ANGEL!
AAAAHHH!
HUTSU PICKS UP THE DRUGGED ANGEL AND CARRIES HIM THROUGH THE SECRET PASSAGE-WAYS OF THE HOUSE ---
TOO BAD THE ANGEL DOESN'T SEE THE OTHERS IN MY HOUSE OF DREAMS!

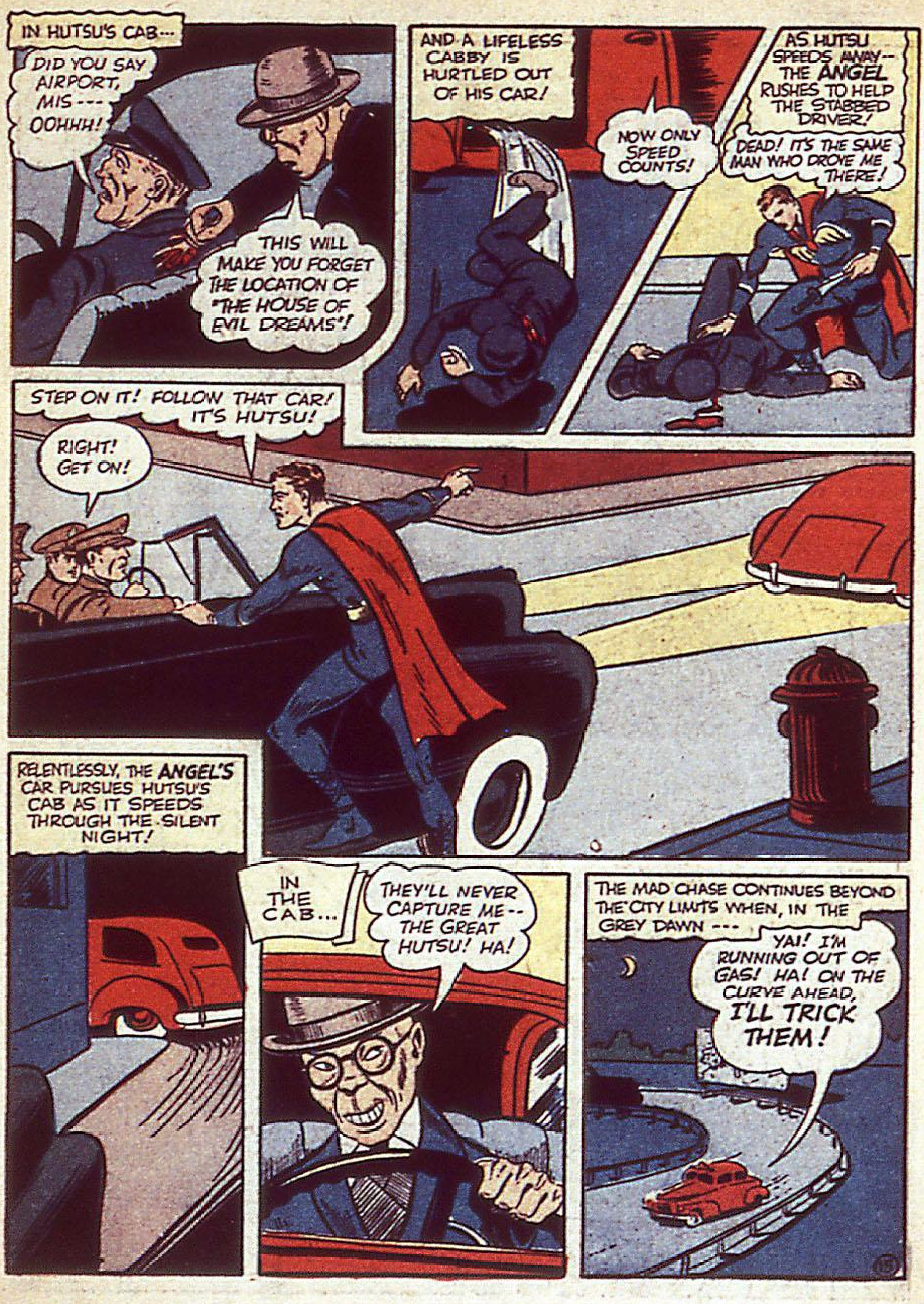

THEY PASS MEN AND WOMEN WALKING AND TALKING WHILE THEY SLEEP...
SOMEHOW I NEVER CAN SLEEP AT HOME!
SLEEP! SLEEP! HOW WONDERFUL!
SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DREAM?
ARRIVED AT A SMALL CHAMBER, HUTSU PLACES THE ANGEL IN A CHAIR ---
NOW TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS, MR. ANGEL!
YES --- QUESTIONS...
UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE DRUGGED PERFUME, THE SLEEPING ANGEL ANSWERS ---
YES, I AM THE ANGEL-- SWORN ENEMY OF EVIL-- IN THE SECRET SERVICE-- --YES--
HAH! HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MIND IS STIMULATED BY THE PERFUME AND DOES NOT PERMIT LYING! HAH!
YES, GREAT HUTSU!
YOU ARE IN MY POWER NOW! RISE AND FOLLOW ME!
HUTSU LEADS THE ANGEL TO A HUGE IDOL, STATUE OF MORPHEUS.
MY FLOCK HAS GATHERED TO PRAY BEFORE MORPHEUS, GOD OF SLEEP!
THE FAMOUS ANGEL IN MY POWER! HM-HMM! HE WILL BE AN EXCELLENT TOOL FOR ME!

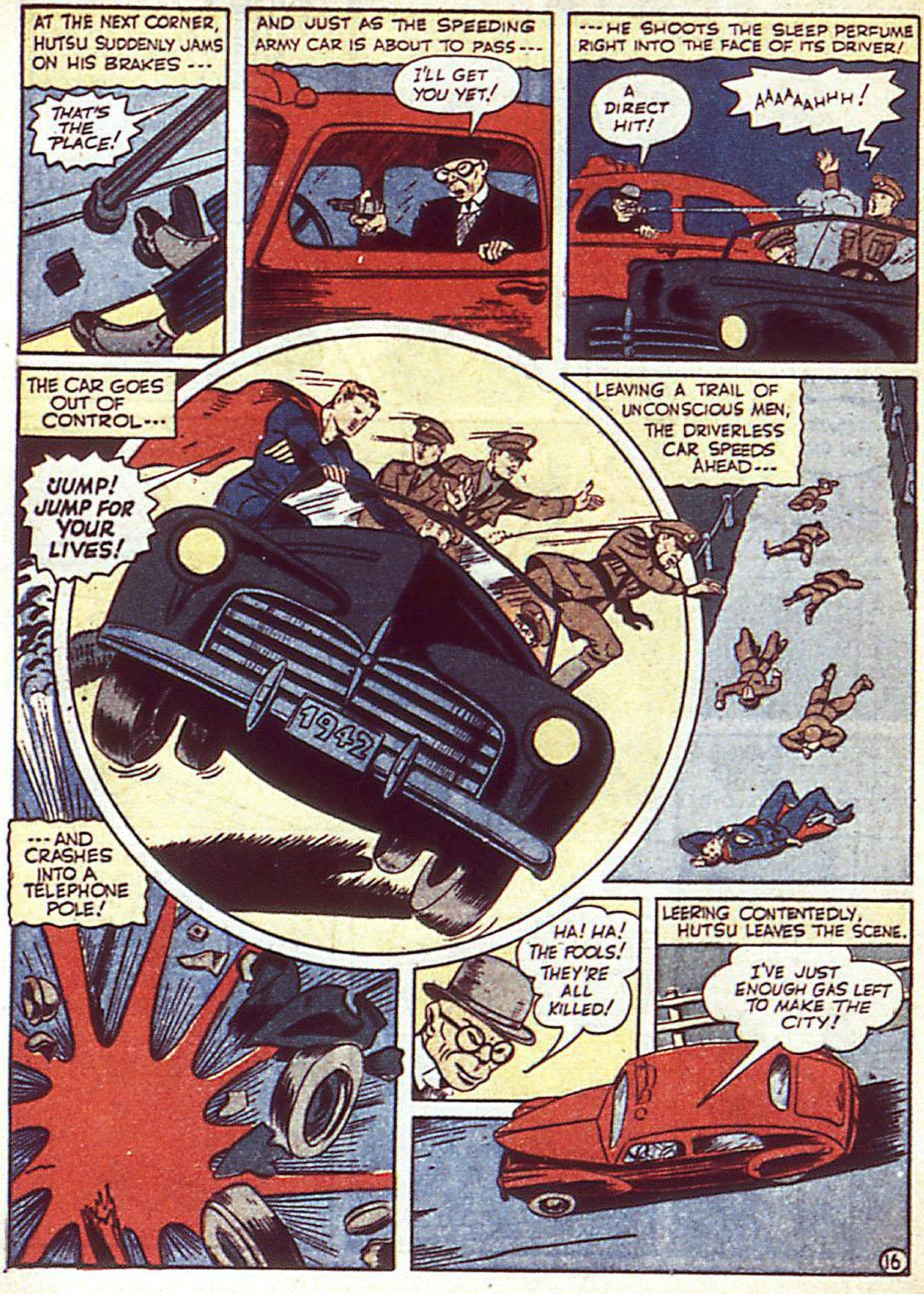

EVEN THE FAMOUS ANGEL HAS JOINED OUR RANKS! SALUTE HIM!
WE SALUTE, GREAT HUTSU!
HUTSU CLAPS HIS HANDS. A SERVANT APPEARS.
TAKE THE ANGEL TO HIS BEDCHAMBER!
YES, GREAT HUTSU!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE CHAMBER...
ALL OF THE MASTER'S SLAVES SLEEP WELL!
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, THE DREAMING ANGEL RISES FROM HIS BED ---
I--AM--A-- JAPANESE OFFICER! I--AM-- A JAPANESE OFFICER -- HMMM!
IN THE DARKNESS, HUTSU APPEARS---
I COMMAND YOU TO KILL COLONEL GARDNER, CHIEF OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE IN NEW YORK
YES, MIGHTY HUTSU!
IF YOU KILL COLONEL GARDNER, EMPEROR HIROHITO HIMSELF WILL REWARD YOU, UNDERSTAND? USE THE GUN I HAVE GIVEN YOU!
IN HIS SLEEP, THE ANGEL WALKS OUT OF THE "HOUSE OF EVIL DREAMS" TO FULFILL HIS MISSION.
I WILL FOLLOW HIM!
I MUST KILL COLONEL GARDNER --YES-- KILL!

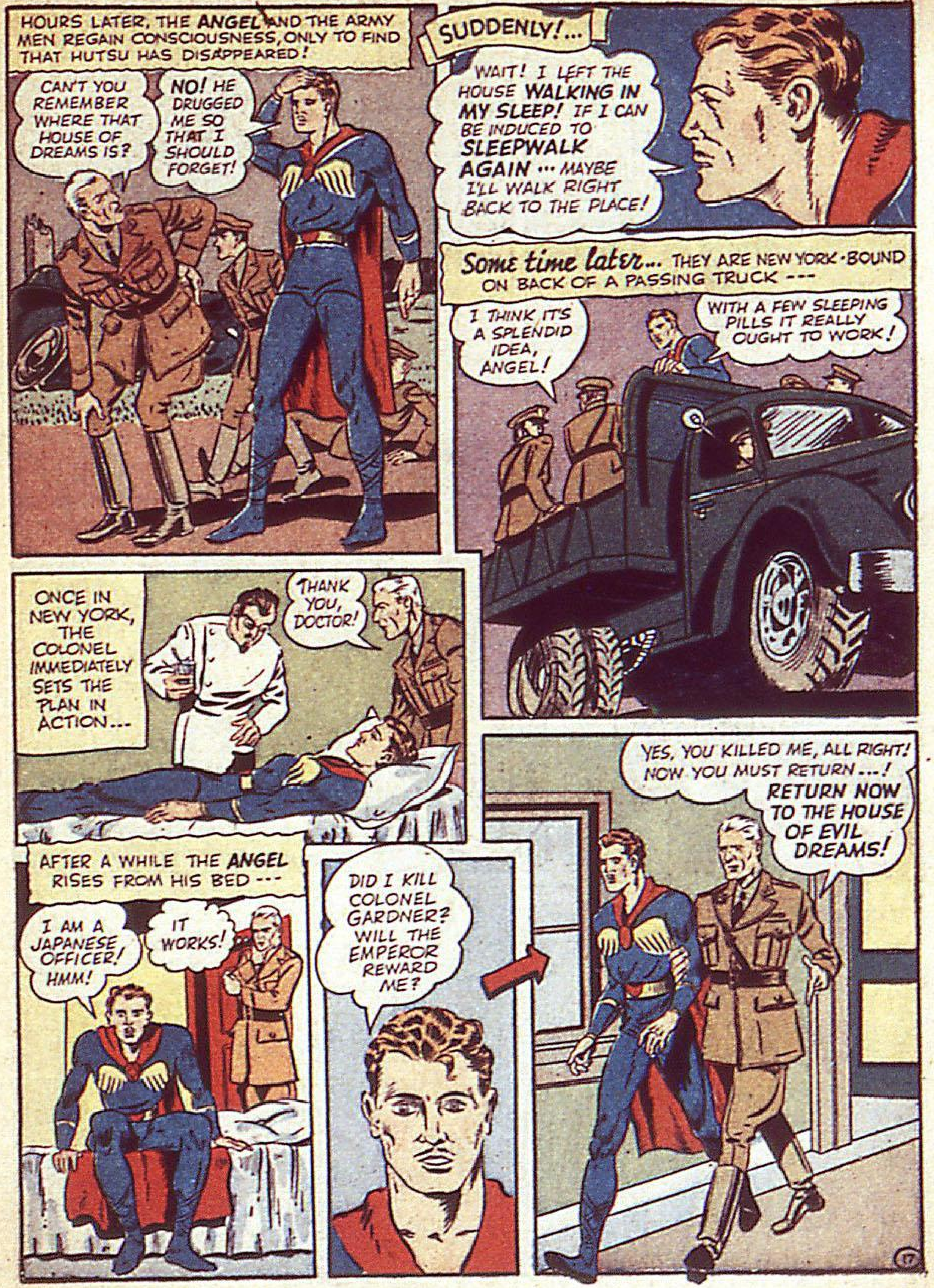

LATER, THE ANGEL REACHES THE MILITARY INTELLIGENCE BUILDING...
KILL! I MUST SEE COLONEL GARDNER AND KILL HIM!
HM! GOOD!
THE SLEEPING ANGEL ENTERS THE BUILDING ...
KILL! KILL!
HE'S GOING IN NOW TO HIDE ON THAT FIRE ESCAPE,-
INSIDE...
WHY, HELLO, ANGEL!
I MUST SEE COLONEL GARDNER AT ONCE!
JUST A MOMENT SIR!
PRIVATE
HMM, I'LL KILL HIM!
MEANWHILE...
GARDNER'S OFFICE--- PERFECT!
IN COLONEL GARDNER'S OFFICE...
THE ANGEL OUTSIDE? GOOD!
MAYBE HE CAN GIVE US SOME CLUES IN THAT CORBIN MYSTERY--- THE EX-ARMY MAN WHO JUMPED OFF THAT HOTEL ROOF!
HE SHOULD, COLONEL. HE JUST REEKS OF THE SAME PERFUME WE DISCOVERED IN CORBIN'S APARTMENT.
AND YOU SAY THE ANGEL'S WALKING IN HIS SLEEP-- LIKE CORBIN?
I CAN SEE THEM -- BUT I CAN'T HEAR! I'LL OPEN THE WINDOW A BIT!

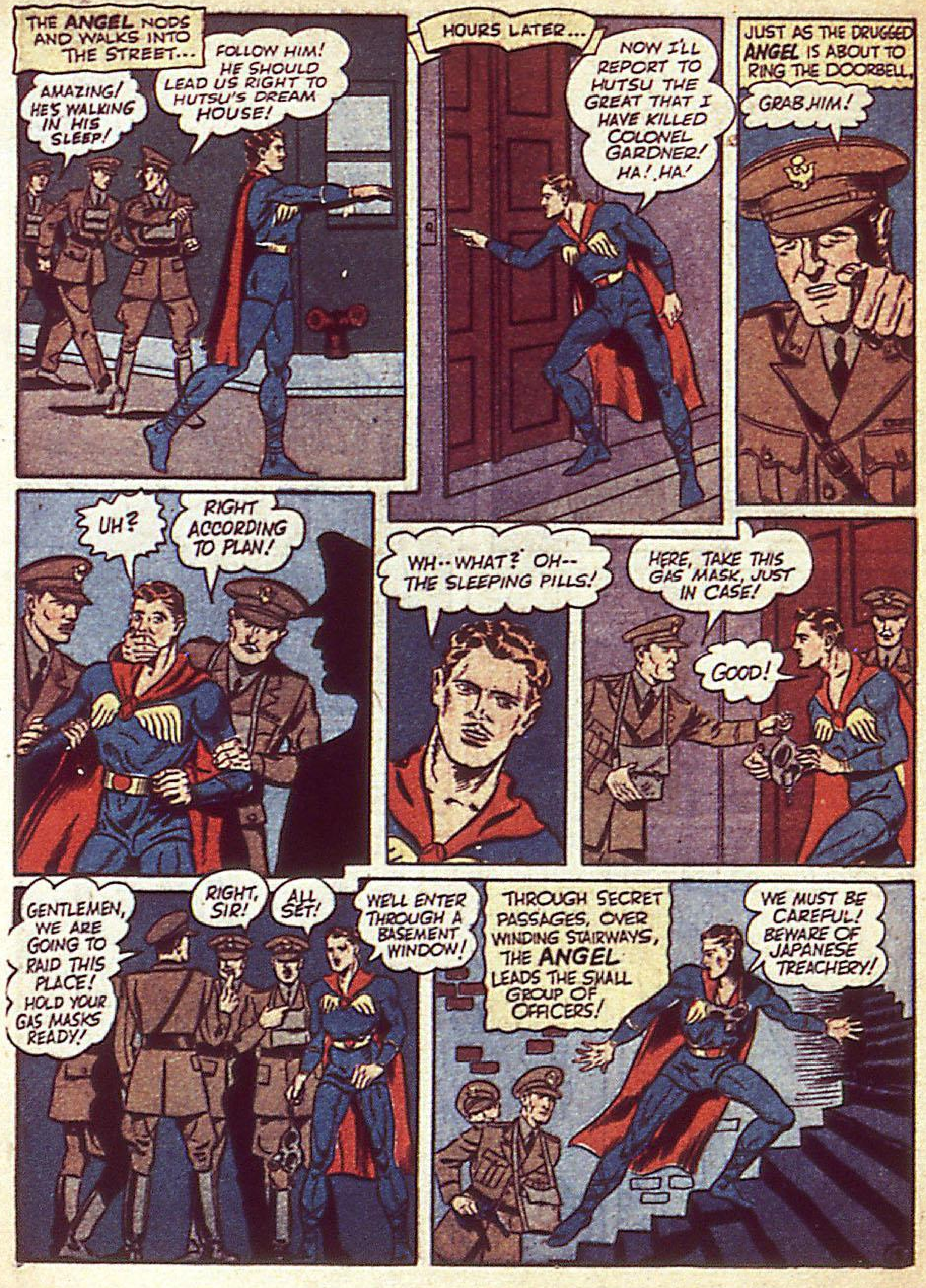

AS THE ANGEL WAITS, THE OFFICER CREEPS UP---
HM! I WILL KILL COLONEL GARDNER! I'M A JAPANESE OFFICER!
---AND THROWS A BUCKET OF WATER OVER THE ANGEL!
SORRY-- BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO WAKE YOU UP!
I WILL KILL-- HEY! WHAT AM I SAYING!
COLONEL GARDNER APPEARS...
WHEW! I DREAMED I WAS A JAP OFFICER ASSIGNED TO KILL YOU!
IT'S A LUCKY THING YOU DIDN'T, ANGEL!
WE RE-CHECKED CORBIN'S STORY AND DISCOVERED HE GOT MIXED UP WITH A PECULIAR OUTFIT THAT MADE HIM REVEAL MILITARY SECRETS WHILE IN A DRUGGED SLEEP! NOW IF YOU'LL TELL US THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SLEEP-WALKING BUNCH, WE'LL PROBABLY FIND THE CLEVEREST SPY RING IN AMERICA!
I--I DON'T REMEMBER, COLONEL! --GOSH!
BUT I DO REMEMBER THE TAXI DRIVER WHO TOOK ME THERE! WE MUST GET HIM AT ONCE!
BUT HUTSU HAS OVERHEARD THEIR CONVERSATION ---
I MUST GET TO THAT TAXI DRIVER BEFORE THEY DO!

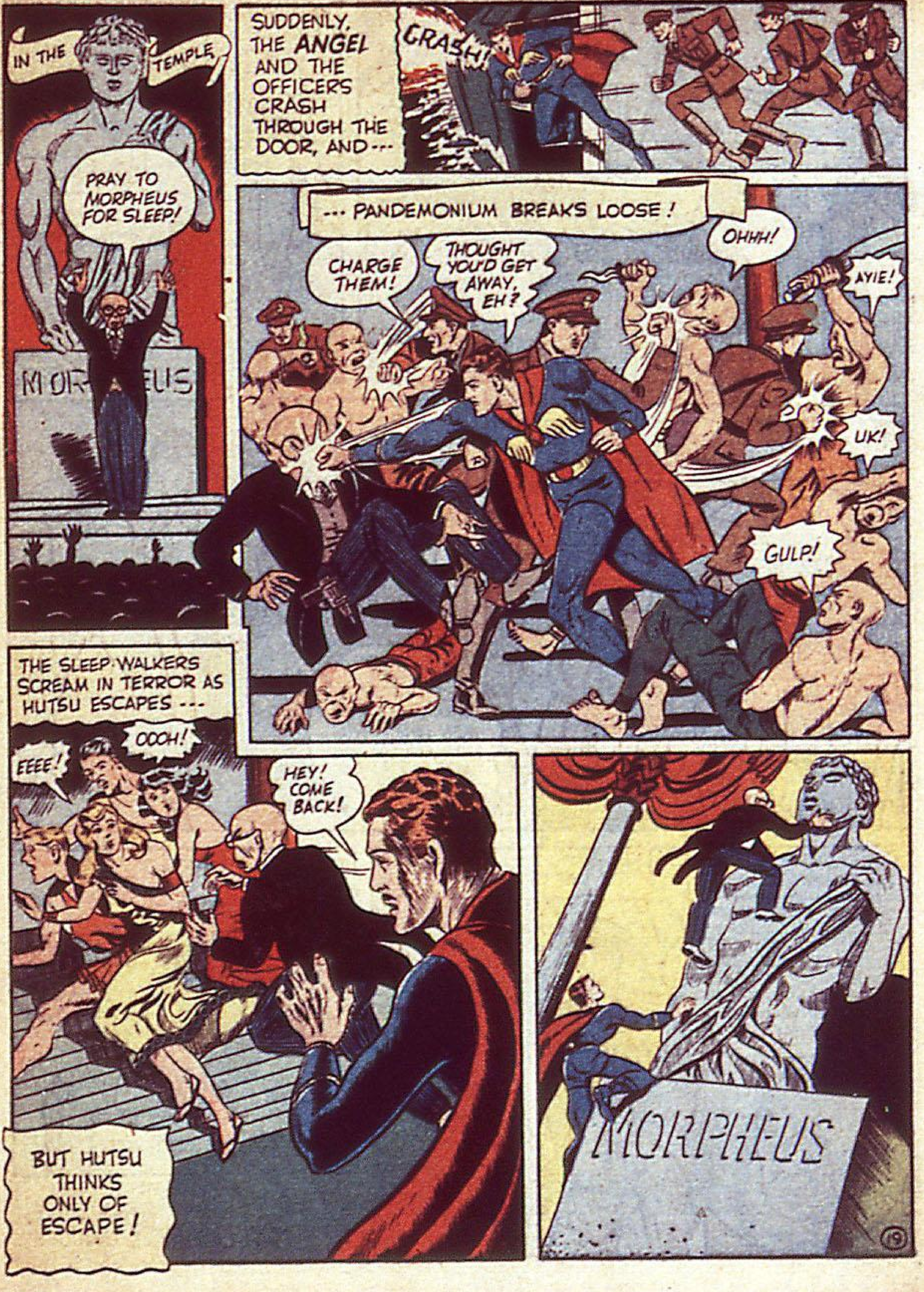

THE SINISTER HUTSO HAILS A PASSING CAB ---
TO THE PARK AVENUE HACKSTAND QUICK!
INSIDE THE CAB...
FASTER, DRIVER! --MUCH FASTER!
THE ANGEL, COLONEL GARDNER AND OTHER OFFICERS RUSH TO THE SCENE ---
QUICKLY! THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO LOSE!
IT'S THE PARK AVENUE CAB STAND, DRIVER!
THE BIG ARMY CAR RACES AGAINST TIME!
1942
HUTSU ARRIVES FIRST -- LEAVES HIS CAB -- AND ---
DRIVER! --YOU-- QUICK!
HOLY MACKEREL! IT'S THAT FOREIGN GUY WITH THE BIG GLASSES!
HE'S HIRING THAT CAB! PULL UP TO HIM -- I'M GONNA JUMP!
BUT JUST AS THE ANGEL JUMPS, THE CAB PULLS AWAY AND HE FALLS SHORT ---
WELL, I'LL BE ---
THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!

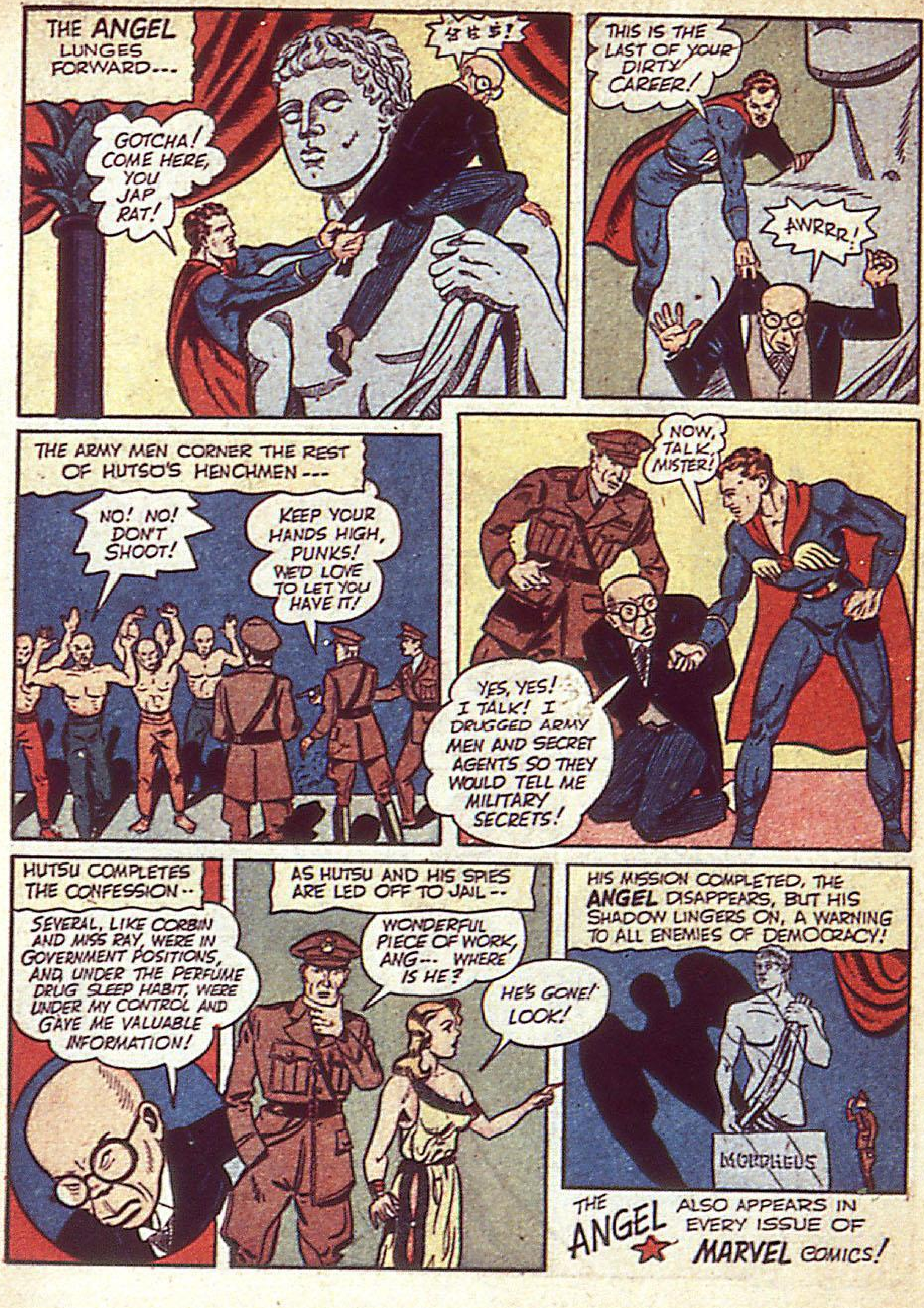

IN HUTSU'S CAB---
DID YOU SAY AIRPORT, MIS--- OOHHH!
THIS WILL MAKE YOU FORGET THE LOCATION OF "THE HOUSE OF EVIL DREAMS"!
AND A LIFELESS CABBY IS HURTLED OUT OF HIS CAR!
NOW ONLY SPEED COUNTS!
AS HUTSU SPEEDS AWAY-- THE ANGEL RUSHES TO HELP THE STABBED DRIVER!
DEAD! IT'S THE SAME MAN WHO DROVE ME THERE!
STEP ON IT! FOLLOW THAT CAR! IT'S HUTSU!
RIGHT! GET ON!
RELENTLESSLY, THE ANGEL'S CAR PURSUES HUTSU'S CAB AS IT SPEEDS THROUGH THE SILENT NIGHT!
IN THE CAB...
THEY'LL NEVER CAPTURE ME-- THE GREAT HUTSU! HA!
THE MAD CHASE CONTINUES BEYOND THE CITY LIMITS WHEN, IN THE GREY DAWN---
YAI! I'M RUNNING OUT OF GAS! HA! ON THE CURVE AHEAD, I'LL TRICK THEM!

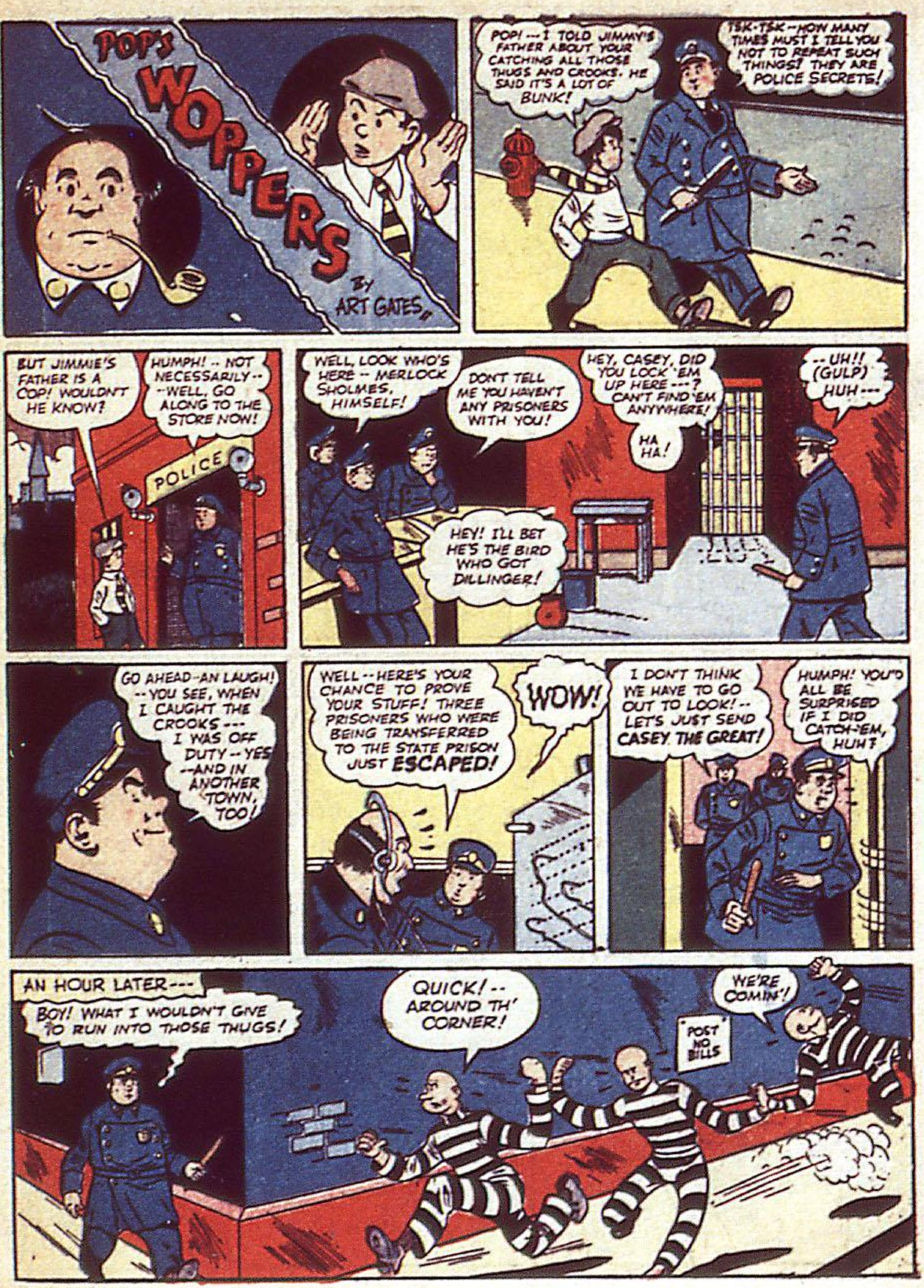

AT THE NEXT CORNER, HUTSU SUDDENLY JAMS ON HIS BRAKES ---
THAT'S THE PLACE!
AND JUST AS THE SPEEDING ARMY CAR IS ABOUT TO PASS ---
I'LL GET YOU YET!
--- HE SHOOTS THE SLEEP PERFUME RIGHT INTO THE FACE OF ITS DRIVER!
A DIRECT HIT!
AAAAAAHHH!
THE CAR GOES OUT OF CONTROL ---
JUMP! JUMP FOR YOUR LIVES!
1942
LEAVING A TRAIL OF UNCONSCIOUS MEN, THE DRIVERLESS CAR SPEEDS AHEAD ---
--- AND CRASHES INTO A TELEPHONE POLE!
HA! HA! THE FOOLS! THEY'RE ALL KILLED!
LEERING CONTENTEDLY, HUTSU LEAVES THE SCENE.
I'VE JUST ENOUGH GAS LEFT TO MAKE THE CITY!

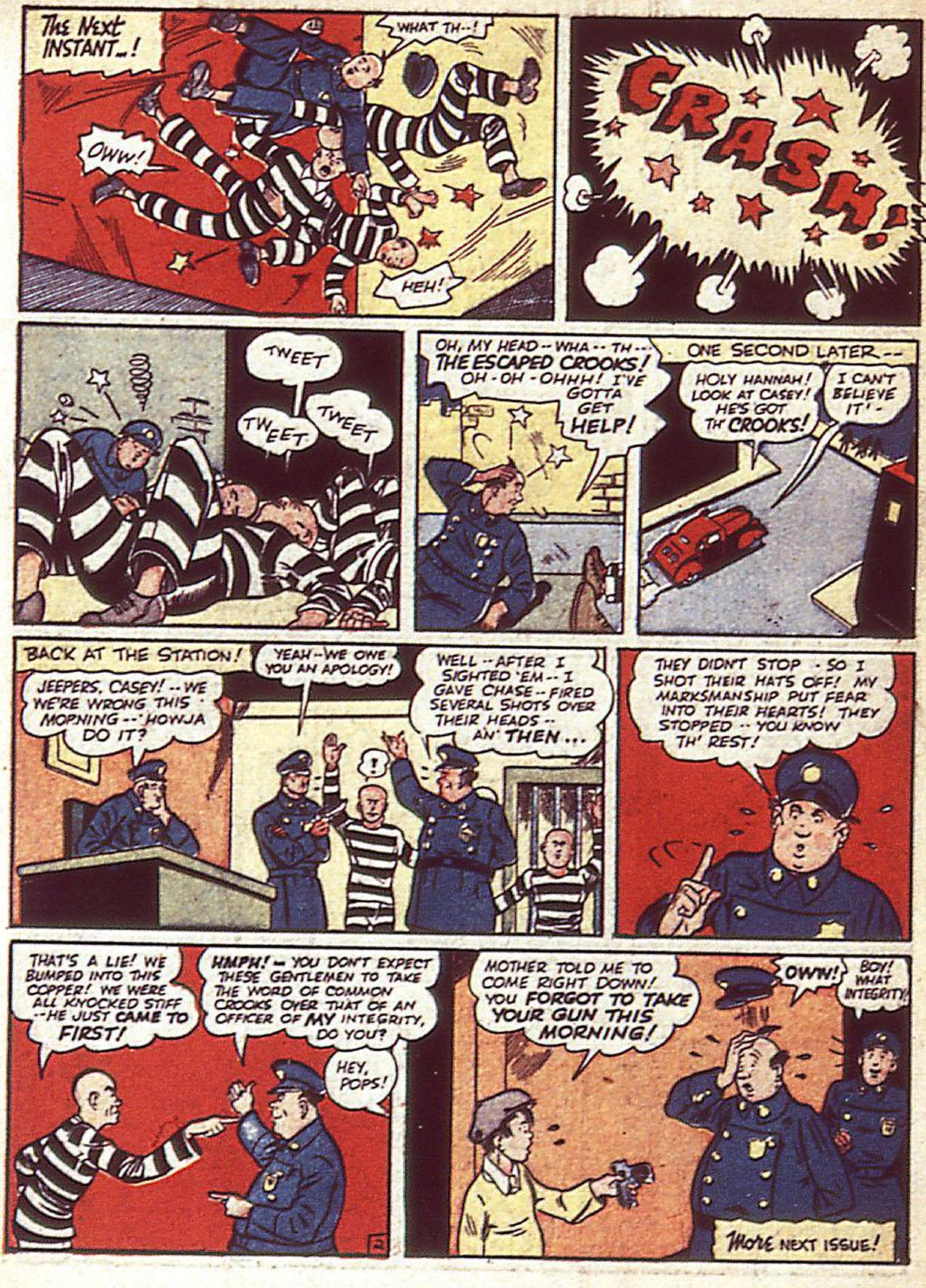

HOURS LATER, THE ANGEL AND THE ARMY MEN REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS, ONLY TO FIND THAT HUTSU HAS DISAPPEARED!
CAN'T YOU REMEMBER WHERE THAT HOUSE OF DREAMS IS?
NO! HE DRUGGED ME SO THAT I SHOULD FORGET!
SUDDENLY!...
WAIT! I LEFT THE HOUSE WALKING IN MY SLEEP! IF I CAN BE INDUCED TO SLEEPWALK AGAIN ... MAYBE I'LL WALK RIGHT BACK TO THE PLACE!
Some time later... THEY ARE NEW YORK-BOUND ON BACK OF A PASSING TRUCK ---
I THINK IT'S A SPLENDID IDEA, ANGEL!
WITH A FEW SLEEPING PILLS IT REALLY OUGHT TO WORK!
ONCE IN NEW YORK, THE COLONEL IMMEDIATELY SETS THE PLAN IN ACTION...
THANK YOU, DOCTOR!
AFTER A WHILE THE ANGEL RISES FROM HIS BED ---
I AM A JAPANESE OFFICER! HMM!
IT WORKS!
DID I KILL COLONEL GARDNER? WILL THE EMPEROR REWARD ME?
YES, YOU KILLED ME, ALL RIGHT! NOW YOU MUST RETURN ...!
RETURN NOW TO THE HOUSE OF EVIL DREAMS!
17


THE ANGEL NODS AND WALKS INTO THE STREET...
AMAZING! HE'S WALKING IN HIS SLEEP!
FOLLOW HIM! HE SHOULD LEAD US RIGHT TO HUTSU'S DREAM HOUSE!
HOURS LATER...
NOW I'LL REPORT TO HUTSU THE GREAT THAT I HAVE KILLED COLONEL GARDNER! HA! HA!
JUST AS THE DRUGGED ANGEL IS ABOUT TO RING THE DOORBELL,
GRAB HIM!
UH?
RIGHT ACCORDING TO PLAN!
WH-- WHAT? OH-- THE SLEEPING PILLS!
HERE, TAKE THIS GAS MASK, JUST IN CASE!
GOOD!
GENTLEMEN, WE ARE GOING TO RAID THIS PLACE! HOLD YOUR GAS MASKS READY!
RIGHT, SIR!
ALL SET!
WE'LL ENTER THROUGH A BASEMENT WINDOW!
THROUGH SECRET PASSAGES, OVER WINDING STAIRWAYS, THE ANGEL LEADS THE SMALL GROUP OF OFFICERS!
WE MUST BE CAREFUL! BEWARE OF JAPANESE TREACHERY!


IN THE TEMPLE
PRAY TO MORPHEUS FOR SLEEP!
MOR EUS
SUDDENLY, THE ANGEL AND THE OFFICERS CRASH THROUGH THE DOOR, AND---
CRASH!
--- PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE!
CHARGE THEM!
THOUGHT YOU'D GET AWAY, EH?
OHHH!
AYIE!
UK!
GULP!
THE SLEEP-WALKERS SCREAM IN TERROR AS HUTSU ESCAPES ---
OOOH!
EEEE!
HEY! COME BACK!
BUT HUTSU THINKS ONLY OF ESCAPE!
MORPHEUS
19


THE ANGEL LUNGES FORWARD---
GOTCHA! COME HERE, YOU JAP RAT!
THIS IS THE LAST OF YOUR DIRTY CAREER!
AWRRR!
THE ARMY MEN CORNER THE REST OF HUTSO'S HENCHMEN ---
NO! NO! DON'T SHOOT!
KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH, PUNKS! WE'D LOVE TO LET YOU HAVE IT!
NOW, TALK, MISTER!
YES, YES! I TALK! I DRUGGED ARMY MEN AND SECRET AGENTS SO THEY WOULD TELL ME MILITARY SECRETS!
HUTSU COMPLETES THE CONFESSION--
SEVERAL, LIKE CORBIN AND MISS RAY, WERE IN GOVERNMENT POSITIONS, AND, UNDER THE PERFUME DRUG SLEEP HABIT, WERE UNDER MY CONTROL AND GAVE ME VALUABLE INFORMATION!
AS HUTSU AND HIS SPIES ARE LED OFF TO JAIL --
WONDERFUL PIECE OF WORK, ANG--- WHERE IS HE?
HE'S GONE! LOOK!
HIS MISSION COMPLETED, THE ANGEL DISAPPEARS, BUT HIS SHADOW LINGERS ON, A WARNING TO ALL ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY!
MORPHEUS
THE ANGEL ALSO APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!


POP'S WOPPERS
BY ART GATES
POP! --- I TOLD JIMMY'S FATHER ABOUT YOUR CATCHING ALL THOSE THUGS AND CROOKS. HE SAID IT'S A LOT OF BUNK!
TSK-TSK -- HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU NOT TO REPEAT SUCH THINGS! THEY ARE POLICE SECRETS!
BUT JIMMIE'S FATHER IS A COP! WOULDN'T HE KNOW?
HUMPH! -- NOT NECESSARILY -- --WELL, GO ALONG TO THE STORE NOW!
POLICE
WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE -- MERLOCK SHOLMES, HIMSELF!
DON'T TELL ME YOU HAVEN'T ANY PRISONERS WITH YOU!
HEY! I'LL BET HE'S THE BIRD WHO GOT DILLINGER!
HEY, CASEY, DID YOU LOCK 'EM UP HERE ---? CAN'T FIND 'EM ANYWHERE!
HA HA!
-- UH!! (GULP) HUH ---
GO AHEAD -- AN LAUGH! -- YOU SEE, WHEN I CAUGHT THE CROOKS --- I WAS OFF DUTY -- YES --AND IN ANOTHER TOWN, TOO!
WELL -- HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE YOUR STUFF! THREE PRISONERS WHO WERE BEING TRANSFERRED TO THE STATE PRISON JUST ESCAPED!
WOW!
I DON'T THINK WE HAVE TO GO OUT TO LOOK! -- LET'S JUST SEND CASEY THE GREAT!
HUMPH! YOU'D ALL BE SURPRISED IF I DID CATCH 'EM, HUH?
AN HOUR LATER ---
BOY! WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO RUN INTO THOSE THUGS!
QUICK! -- AROUND TH' CORNER!
WE'RE COMIN'!
POST NO BILLS


The Next INSTANT...!
WHAT TH--!
OWW!
HEH!
CRASH!
TWEET
TWEET
TWEET
OH, MY HEAD--WHA--TH-- THE ESCAPED CROOKS! OH-OH-OHHH! I'VE GOTTA GET HELP!
ONE SECOND LATER--
HOLY HANNAH! LOOK AT CASEY! HE'S GOT TH' CROOKS!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'-
BACK AT THE STATION!
JEEPERS, CASEY!--WE WE'RE WRONG THIS MORNING--'HOWJA DO IT?
YEAH--WE OWE YOU AN APOLOGY!
WELL--AFTER I SIGHTED 'EM--I GAVE CHASE--FIRED SEVERAL SHOTS OVER THEIR HEADS-- AN' THEN...
!
THEY DIDN'T STOP - SO I SHOT THEIR HATS OFF! MY MARKSMANSHIP PUT FEAR INTO THEIR HEARTS! THEY STOPPED--YOU KNOW TH' REST!
THAT'S A LIE! WE BUMPED INTO THIS COPPER! WE WERE ALL KNOCKED STIFF --HE JUST CAME TO FIRST!
HMPH!--YOU DON'T EXPECT THESE GENTLEMEN TO TAKE THE WORD OF COMMON CROOKS OVER THAT OF AN OFFICER OF MY INTEGRITY, DO YOU?
HEY, POPS!
2
MOTHER TOLD ME TO COME RIGHT DOWN! YOU FORGOT TO TAKE YOUR GUN THIS MORNING!
OWW!
BOY! WHAT INTEGRITY!
More NEXT ISSUE!

# FOOT ITCH

## ATHLETE'S FOOT

***Send Coupon***
***Don't Pay Until Relieved***

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

## BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

SEND COUPON

## DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medecine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

## DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed.

## H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.

M.C.

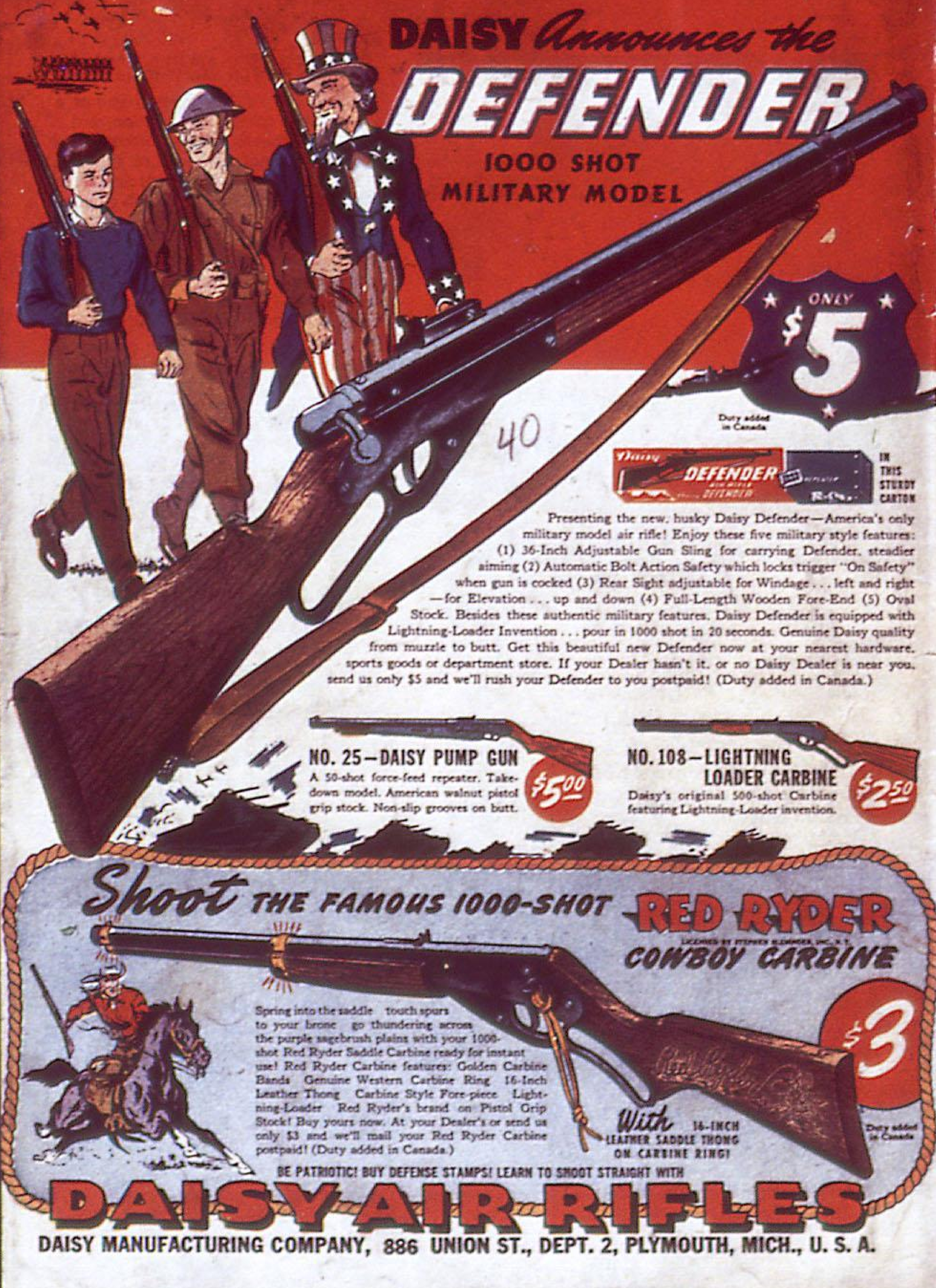
**GORE PRODUCTS, INC.**
835 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ STATE__________



# DAISY *Announces the*

# DEFENDER

**1000 SHOT MILITARY MODEL**

ONLY $5

Duty added in Canada

40

IN THIS STURDY CARTON

Presenting the new, husky Daisy Defender—America's only military model air rifle! Enjoy these five military style features: (1) 36-Inch Adjustable Gun Sling for carrying Defender, steadier aiming (2) Automatic Bolt Action Safety which locks trigger "On Safety" when gun is cocked (3) Rear Sight adjustable for Windage . . . left and right —for Elevation . . . up and down (4) Full-Length Wooden Fore-End (5) Oval Stock. Besides these authentic military features, Daisy Defender is equipped with Lightning-Loader Invention . . . pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds. Genuine Daisy quality from muzzle to butt. Get this beautiful new Defender now at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If your Dealer hasn't it, or no Daisy Dealer is near you, send us only $5 and we'll rush your Defender to you postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)

**NO. 25—DAISY PUMP GUN**

A 50-shot force-feed repeater. Takedown model. American walnut pistol grip stock. Non-slip grooves on butt.

$5.00

**NO. 108—LIGHTNING LOADER CARBINE**

Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader invention.

$2.50

## *Shoot* THE FAMOUS 1000-SHOT RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, INC., N.Y.

Spring into the saddle touch spurs to your bronc go thundering across the purple sagebrush plains with your 1000-shot Red Ryder Saddle Carbine ready for instant use! Red Ryder Carbine features: Golden Carbine Bands Genuine Western Carbine Ring 16-Inch Leather Thong Carbine Style Fore-piece Lightning-Loader Red Ryder's brand on Pistol Grip Stock! Buy yours now. At your Dealer's or send us only $3 and we'll mail your Red Ryder Carbine postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)

*With* 16-INCH LEATHER SADDLE THONG ON CARBINE RING!

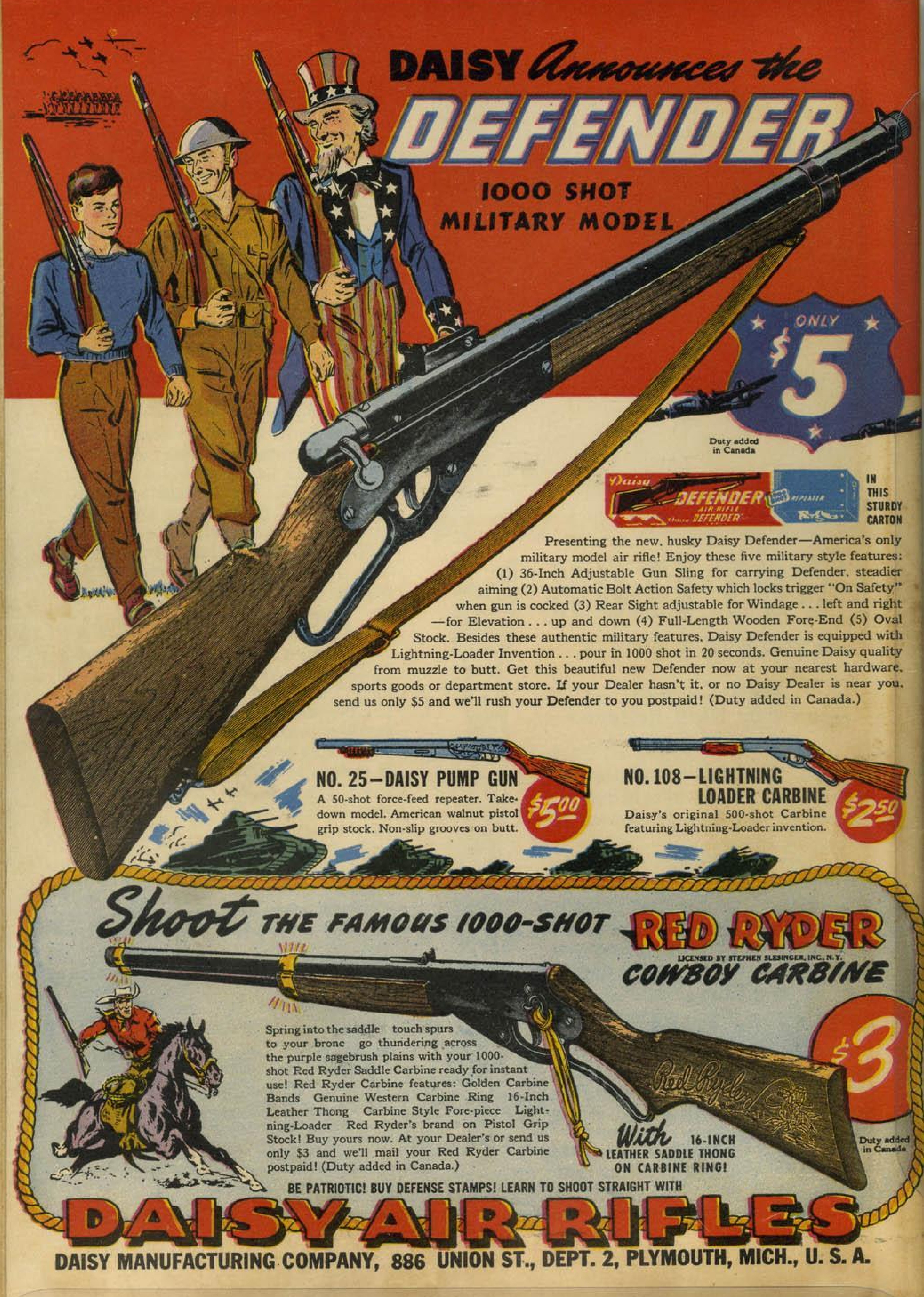
$3

Duty added in Canada

BE PATRIOTIC! BUY DEFENSE STAMPS! LEARN TO SHOOT STRAIGHT WITH

# DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 886 UNION ST., DEPT. 2, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.



# DAISY *Announces the* DEFENDER

## 1000 SHOT MILITARY MODEL

ONLY $5

Duty added in Canada

IN THIS STURDY CARTON

Presenting the new, husky Daisy Defender—America's only military model air rifle! Enjoy these five military style features: (1) 36-Inch Adjustable Gun Sling for carrying Defender, steadier aiming (2) Automatic Bolt Action Safety which locks trigger "On Safety" when gun is cocked (3) Rear Sight adjustable for Windage . . . left and right —for Elevation . . . up and down (4) Full-Length Wooden Fore-End (5) Oval Stock. Besides these authentic military features, Daisy Defender is equipped with Lightning-Loader Invention . . . pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds. Genuine Daisy quality from muzzle to butt. Get this beautiful new Defender now at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If your Dealer hasn't it, or no Daisy Dealer is near you, send us only $5 and we'll rush your Defender to you postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)

**NO. 25—DAISY PUMP GUN**

A 50-shot force-feed repeater. Take-down model. American walnut pistol grip stock. Non-slip grooves on butt.

$5.00

**NO. 108—LIGHTNING LOADER CARBINE**

Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader invention.

$2.50

## *Shoot* THE FAMOUS 1000-SHOT RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, INC., N.Y.

Spring into the saddle touch spurs to your bronc go thundering across the purple sagebrush plains with your 1000-shot Red Ryder Saddle Carbine ready for instant use! Red Ryder Carbine features: Golden Carbine Bands Genuine Western Carbine Ring 16-Inch Leather Thong Carbine Style Fore-piece Lightning-Loader Red Ryder's brand on Pistol Grip Stock! Buy yours now. At your Dealer's or send us only $3 and we'll mail your Red Ryder Carbine postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)

*With* 16-INCH LEATHER SADDLE THONG ON CARBINE RING!

$3

Duty added in Canada

BE PATRIOTIC! BUY DEFENSE STAMPS! LEARN TO SHOOT STRAIGHT WITH

# DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 886 UNION ST., DEPT. 2, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.